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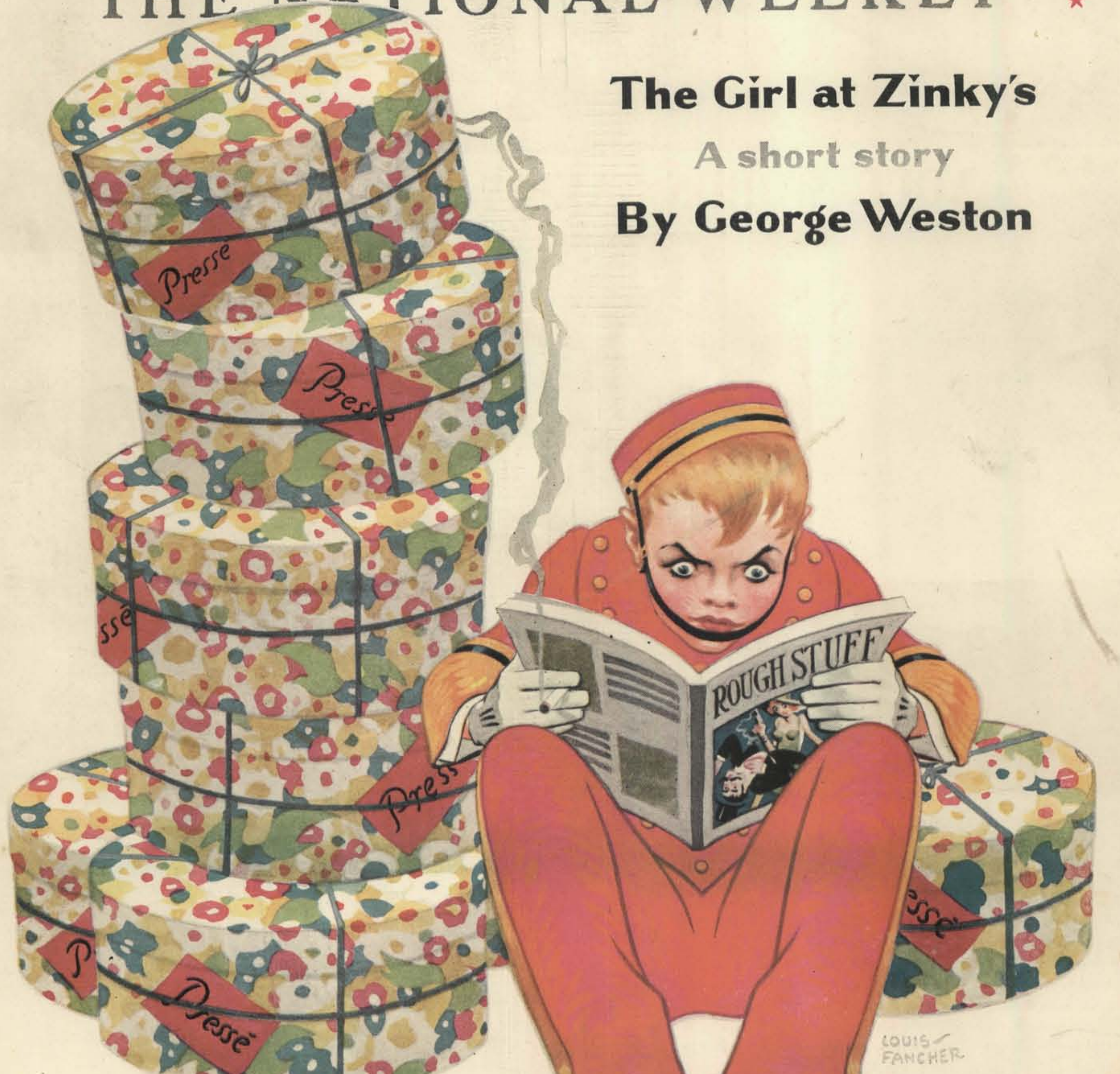
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY ★

The Girl at Zinky's

A short story

By George Weston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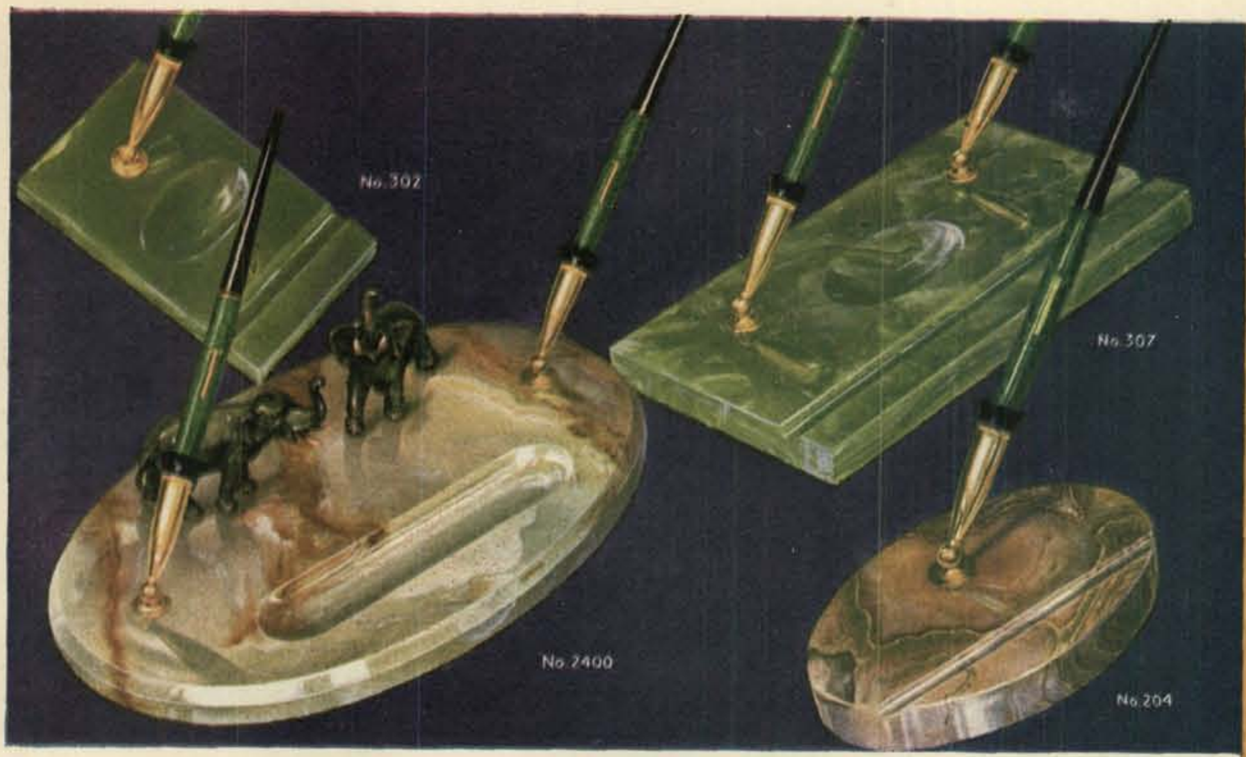
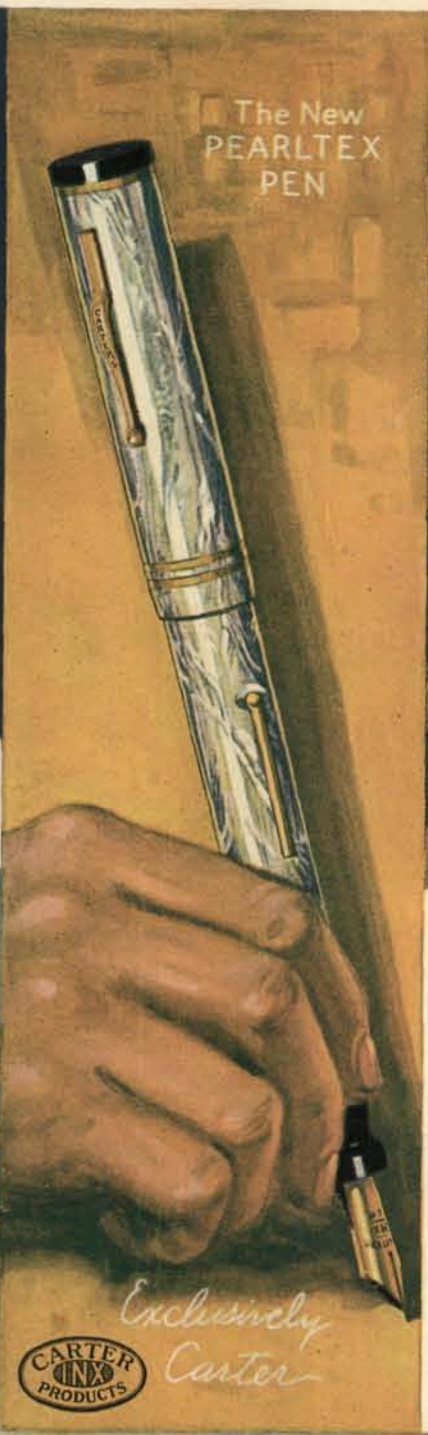
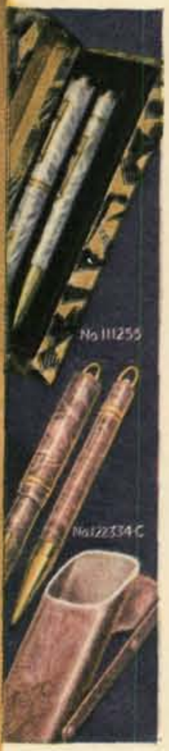
LOUIS FANCHER

War, Perfect War By William G. Shepherd

Oct. 19, 1929







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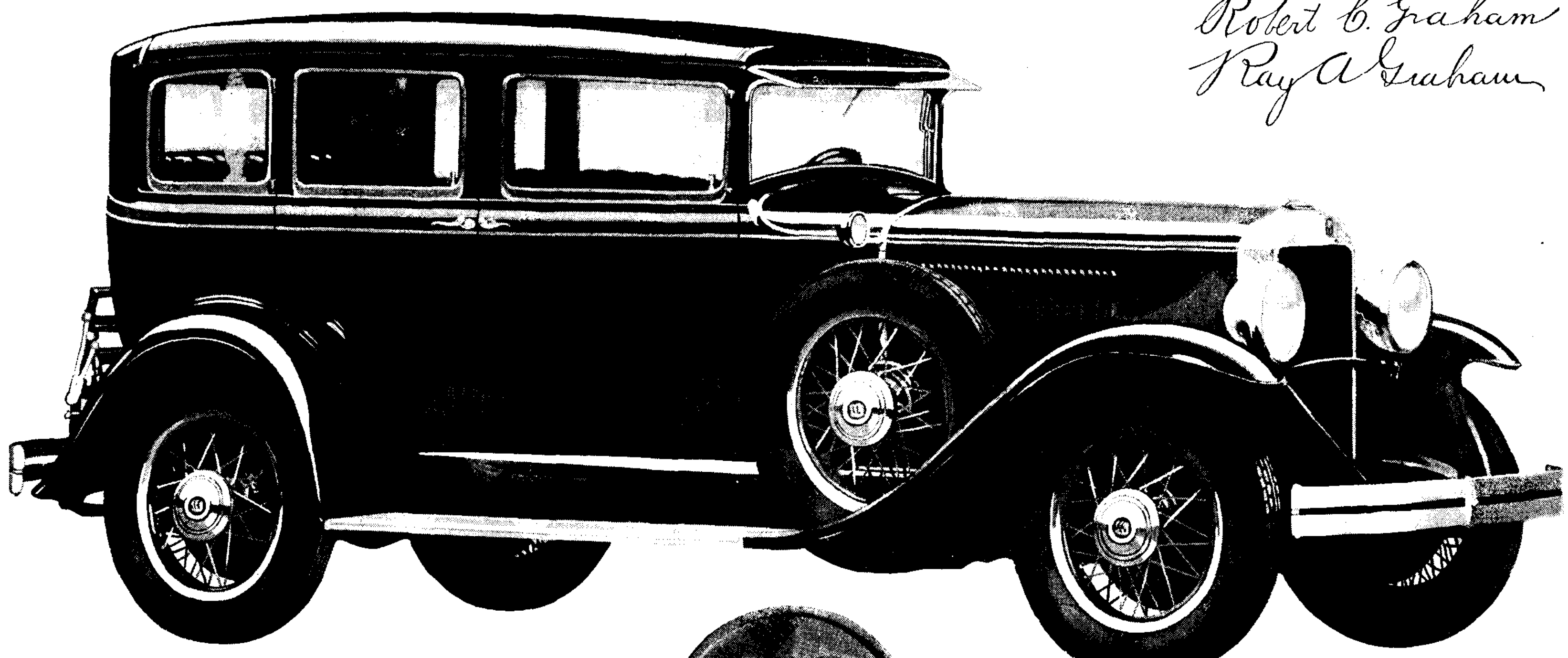

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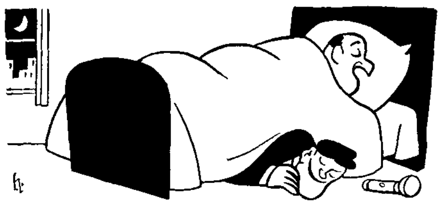
Next Week

IT'S daring fate to play sick when you want to gain some trivial personal end—such as a day off from your job or a night off from home. And that's not superstition—exactly. There's some uncanny trick of justice involved. If you're skeptical, the amazing things that happened to Anthony Reels will cure you. Anthony is the hero of Arnold Bennett's story, "The Night Visitor." If you're not skeptical, read it anyway—for it's grand entertainment, by one of the greatest living storytellers.



DANA BURNET'S story, "Papa," would be classified easily as Young Love if it weren't for Papa. He makes it more difficult and proceeds, evidently, on the assumption that you can't have too much love in a love story. A sound idea, too, and a good story.

—

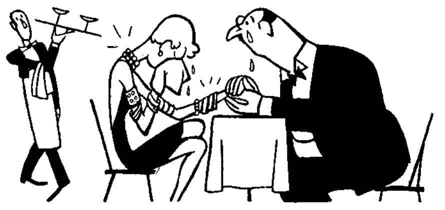
OUR most admired detective, Sir Jasper Slane, has been busy again. And a narrow squeak this time, if you want our opinion. The crime is the looting of a great London bank by a gang of imported gunmen, and the incidental demise of seven bank employes. The clue is a glove button. What a man! The story is "Gentleman Bill," by, naturally enough, E. Phillips Oppenheim.

—

A ZIEGFELD first night is a glamorous spectacle nowadays. Traffic is jammed blocks from the theater; the sidewalks are crowded by the unfavored who come to be dazzled by the clothes and manners of those about to view the newly glorified. But there have been Ziegfeld nights that began and ended with a conspicuous lack of glory and cash. Take the affair of Sandow and the lion named Wallace, for instance. Take everything, in fact, in the delightful piece by Alexander Woollcott, "The Invisible Fish."

—

WE AIM to be fair, even to crime. Therefore we are publishing "Bright Girl," in which Walter Davenport and Emanuel H. Lavine give credit where credit is due. You'll be amazed at the impetus our crime waves get from some of our very best night club hostesses. This hostess racket is one of our favorite thoughts at present.



AND don't overlook—as if you would!—Frank Condon's story which proves that you can't write really convincing love letters unless you have someone to write them to—and Grantland Rice, Zane Grey, George R. Preedy, Charley Paddock, Owen P. White, The Short Short Story, Dr. Ruth F. Wadsworth and the others in what we would call, if we were someone else, a magnificent issue.

THIS WEEK

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PICKED OUT OF THE AIR

Page 74—Editorial

Any Week

THE mantle of the late Walter Camp, Father of Football, now rests securely on the capable shoulders of Grantland Rice. All doubt about it was removed recently in Omaha, Neb.

Mr. Rice, the watermelon-eating champion of Long Island, was returning from the Amateur Golf Championship at Pebble Beach, Cal. As the train stopped at Omaha he heard loud cheering outside. Presently two emissaries of the crowd entered the car calling for Grantland Rice. Discovering him (it wasn't difficult) they took him to the station platform where he was greeted by the assembled admirers of Johnny Goodman, the Omaha youth who had brought glory to his town by humbling the mighty Bobby Jones at Pebble Beach.

Photographs were taken of Mr. Rice reading of the Goodman exploit in an Omaha newspaper, Mr. Rice beaming upon Omaha, which he did very nicely, and Mr. Rice congratulating the young woman who one day will be Johnny Goodman's bride. Grantland would have lingered, but his ticket was bought and paid for. So at the conductor's signal he sprang aboard.

It was then the thing happened. The man nearest Mr. Rice reached out for his hand, shook it and said: "Well, so long. Gladda metcha, Mr. Camp."

PROFESSOR LUCIFER G. BUTTS, the world's most useless inhabitant, was untangling his beard just before appearing in Collier's radio hour the other Sunday when a young man dashed up breathlessly.

"I've come all the way from Pawtucket," he said. "I want your advice, Professor, on an invention I've got here to bob racehorses' tails by electricity. There are two thousand race horses that now take two thousand men two hours—"

"I go on the hair at once immediate," said the professor—and fled.

"Aw," growled the young man from Pawtucket. "He's a nut, anyway."

—

JUST as we had worked ourselves up to a serious mood over loans to sheep ranchers, naval reductions and murders from Palestine to North Carolina and back, comes a letter from Mr. T. L. T. of Hobart, Oklahoma. We appeal to the public, as usual.

When, ask we, did we ever say that Oklahoma girls were "not full of sophistry and were not beautiful"? Mr. T. L. T. threatens to spill bootleg gin on our coat tails and brush our pompadour the wrong way because he made a mess of reading what we said about the letters Dr. Ruth Wadsworth received about her article on cosmetics. All we said was that it didn't surprise us that the girls outside the Hollywood beauty belt and other heavily rouged sectors wrote the doctor for further advice. And now we are taken to task because the inference Mr. T. L. T. takes is that Oklahoma girls need a coat of paint.

He invites us to take a look at the co-eds at Oklahoma A. and M. College and at the State University, knowing perhaps that we'd rather do that than most things. But we're too busy. Still, we'd like to see Mr. T. L. T. brush our pompadour—when he found it.

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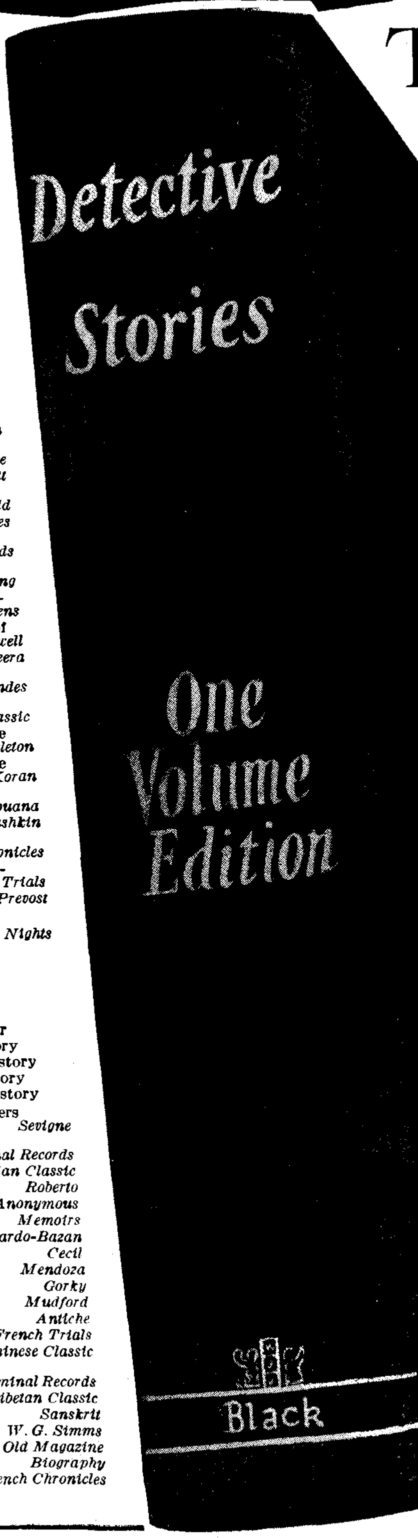

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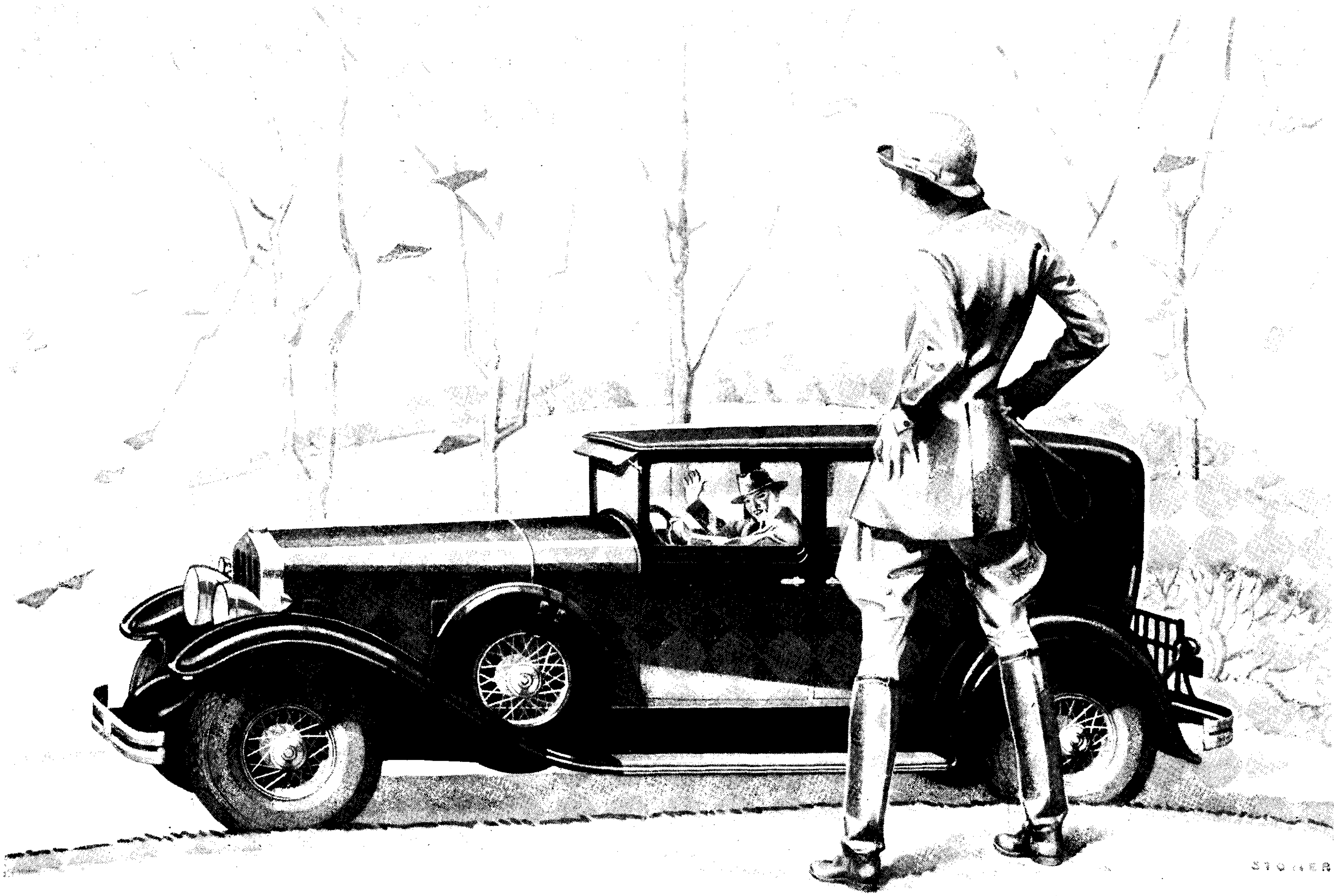

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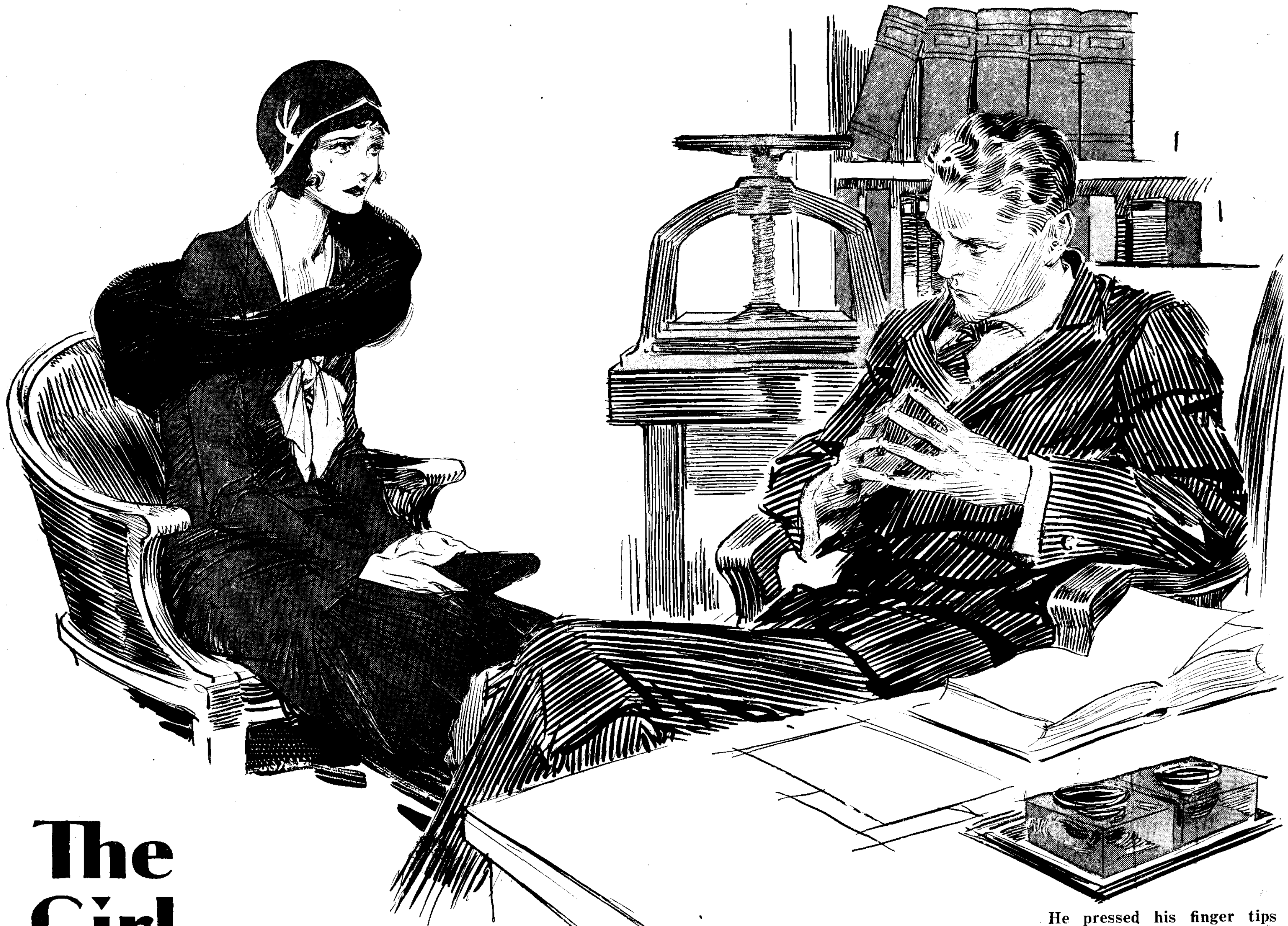


He pressed his finger tips judicially together and let up a little on his facial severity

The Girl at Zinky's

By George Weston

"Double, double, toil and trouble" in a way Bill Shakespeare never thought of

JUDGE CHILTHORN looked at his watch and then he looked at his son—a tableau, if you like, of one who measures Time against Posterity.

"My train leaves in half an hour," he said—his voice, his manner, faintly reminiscent of the dusty solemnity of many a surrogate's court. "It is time I was gone. You are sure you will be all right until you hear from me again?"

If you had been there, you might have wondered if the curly-headed young man at the desk repressed a gesture of impatience—turned it, say, into a rearrangement of the typewritten "Memorandum of Instructions" on the blotter before him.

"Er—reasonably so, sir," he replied.

"My first real vacation in many years," continued the judge, unconsciously continuing his stately numbers. "And whether or not it will be my last depends upon the manner in which you—er—acquit yourself during my absence. As I have stated in my Memorandum of Instructions, you are to take no important step without consulting me. You are to do nothing in a hurry. You are to sign no stipulations for Brewer, Brewer & Brewer. You are to send me copies of all correspondence, both incoming and outgoing. You are to mail me, each evening, a full résumé—"

"Yes, sir, I understand," said the younger man hurriedly. And as though to excuse his interruption: "I don't want you to miss your train." And still further, piling explanation upon exculpation: "And the taxi's waiting outside, you know."

The judge shook his head—more than a shadow of sadness upon him.

"YOUR mother's impatience again," he said. "Remember what I told you yesterday. You should never be in a hurry. Whenever you find yourself inclined to act hastily, read a few pages of that edition of Blackstone's Commentaries which I gave you yesterday. I know nothing more steadying in the English language."

"I have it here," said the young man, smiling as he touched the old volume on the side of his desk—a smile which you might have guessed had also been derived from his mother. "I'll read a few pages as soon as you're gone."

The judge picked up his hat and gloves—a simple act, but Blackstone himself could not have done it with greater dignity.

"I shall wire you upon my arrival in Quebec," he said. "And as soon as I reach the camp, tomorrow afternoon, I shall get in touch with you again. Meanwhile—er— Good-by, Robert." And this rather dryly, "I mustn't keep the taxi waiting longer."

The young man went down the elevator with him—and out to the cab. Then after a last impulsive handshake, he returned to the book-lined room from which he was to rule the destinies of Chilthorn & Chilthorn for the next four weeks.

"Ah!" he sighed, with a deep exhalation which wasn't far from relief. "Now while he's away if I can only do something to show him I've really grown up—!"

The office boy rapped and entered—a visiting card in his hand.

"A lady out here to see Judge Chilthorn," he discreetly announced from the corner of his mouth.

Young Mr. Chilthorn took the card.

"All right, Joseph," he frowningly nodded to the waiting boy—frowning, you understand, because it brought the shadow of age to his brow. "Show her in. . . ."

She entered uncertainly—disturbed already, perhaps, by that rich muttony odor of the law which always seems to emanate from old sheepskin bindings. Young Mr. Chilthorn sat at his desk solemnly reading a few lines from Blackstone's masterpiece:

"When God created man, He endowed him with certain immutable laws of human nature—"

AT THE word "nature" he looked up, expecting to see one of those elderly females who were the backbone of his father's practice—prim old ladies who bought their bonds in fifty thousand dollar lots and took an almost sacred satisfaction in the codicils which they added to their wills. But instead of a testamentary matron he found himself staring at a girl of about eighteen or twenty—one of those girls who make young lawyers think of violets and blue clouds and swords and songs and galloping horses—that is, of course you will understand, young lawyers who take after their mothers. . . .

"Oh—Miss Kernochan?" he said, standing and looking at her card.

"Yes. But . . . I have come to see Judge Chilthorn, please."

"I am sorry, but Judge Chilthorn—my father—has just left for Canada—on a fishing trip—his first vacation for years. Is there any way in which I can be of service to you—during his absence?"

She considered this with a troubled look, her head slightly on one side as she regarded the curly-headed young man who was standing by the side of the desk.

"Will the judge be back soon?" she asked.

"A month from today," he answered.

THE troubled look grew deeper—not far, indeed, from touching the depth of tears.

"And you—are the other Mr. Chilthorn?" she asked, evidently referring to the new firm name which had recently been painted on the door.

"Mr. Chilthorn, Junior; yes."

"Then—perhaps—"

Hesitatingly, she obeyed his gesture toward the chair; and he, too, seated himself, pressing his finger tips judicially together and letting up a little on his facial severity—leaving enough to impress his visitor—but not enough to frighten her away.

"I don't know," she began, "whether you have ever heard of my grandmother, Mrs. Damon Kernochan—"

She was, as a matter of fact, an office classic—and more than once in the journal, her name appeared as Mrs. "Demon" Kernochan. Almost incredibly rich, she had a temper as short as her tongue was long.

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Chilthorn, trying to follow his father's advice and speak without hurrying. "And you are her granddaughter, Mary, of course. Father has often spoken about you—and—er—the sunshine which you shed in your grandmother's house."

She tried to smile at that.

"I'm not so sure about the sunshine," she said. "I'm afraid—just now, for instance—that I'm more like a shadow. Grandmother is very, very strict—especially with me—and there are times—"

Again young Mr. Chilthorn frowned slightly at his finger tips. . . . An office classic. . . . Mrs. Kernochan's only son had been a spoiled darling and his brief career had nearly broken his mother's heart. . . . But Mary's voice recalled him to pleasanter things.

"Yesterday morning," she was saying, "Grandma sailed for Southampton. She goes every year, because Dr. Browning says the sea voyage is good for her. Generally she takes me with her; but this year—just before she sailed—I happened to do something she didn't like—and—she wouldn't take me. She said that I could stay behind to look after the house and if she didn't hear a good report about me when she returned—"

"BUT who would report you?" asked young Mr. Chilthorn, temporarily abandoning his other speculation of what this flower-eyed girl had been doing that her grandmother didn't approve.

"Probably the maids," sighed Mary. "We have three who have been with us ever since I can remember."

"I don't imagine they will have much to report when your grandmother returns," said young Mr. Chilthorn with a gallantry which might have surprised his father, the judge.

Miss Kernochan opened her handbag; and finding her handkerchief, she hurriedly touched it to her eyes.

"I'm not so sure," she said in a small, gulping voice.

"You mean—they have already seen something?" he asked, with an unexpected touch of interest.

"No . . . they haven't . . . but . . ."

A note of desperation suddenly entered her voice. "Oh, it's terrible!" she exclaimed. "It's like a nightmare! But no matter how often I shake myself, I can't wake up. . . !"

This time there was no mistaking the imminent tears; but pretending not to notice them, young Mr. Chilthorn tore off the top sheet of his scratch pad and made sure there was ink in his pen.

"Now as soon as you're ready—" he suggested, his pen poised over the paper.

"Well," she began, "it started last night—the very first night after Grandma sailed. I went out—alone—to see a play. Just to enjoy my freedom, I suppose. Unfortunately I didn't keep my seat check, but—I went to the Forty-ninth Street Theater."

"And the name of the play?" asked young Mr. Chilthorn, making a note of the theater.

"The Forbidden Door," she said, gulping again.

He wrote that down on his pad as well—trying not to look surprised as he did so; and although he didn't look directly at her, he knew that her cheeks were warm with color.

"It was a long performance," she continued. "It was nearly half past eleven when we came out; and it was such a beautiful night that I decided to walk home. We live at the lower end of Fifth Avenue—almost next to the Arch—so you see it's a good two miles."

"IN OTHER words," he understandingly nodded, "it was late when you reached home."

"About half past twelve," she confessed. "And although I had my key, Annie—one of the maids—was waiting up, and she let me in, saying 'Tt-tt-tt!' as she opened the door."

He wrote down "12:30. Annie let her in. Tt-tt-tt!"

"I slept late this morning," continued Mary. "About half past eight, Annie knocked on my door and said that Dr. Browning wanted to speak to me on the telephone. I thought at first that something had happened to Grandma on the ship. So I hurried down to the telephone just as quickly as I could.

"'Are you just getting up?' Dr. Browning asked me. And I told him that I was.

"He thought a little and then he said, 'When did your grandmother leave for Europe?' And when I told him, he said, 'You didn't lose any time; did you?'

"By that time I could tell that he wasn't going to break bad news; so I laughed, too, and I said to him, 'Please don't tell anybody'—meaning that I didn't want him to tell Grandma that I had stayed in bed so late.

"'Oh, I won't tell anybody,' he said. 'But I didn't like to see you with that crowd last night. I wouldn't go there again if I were you.'

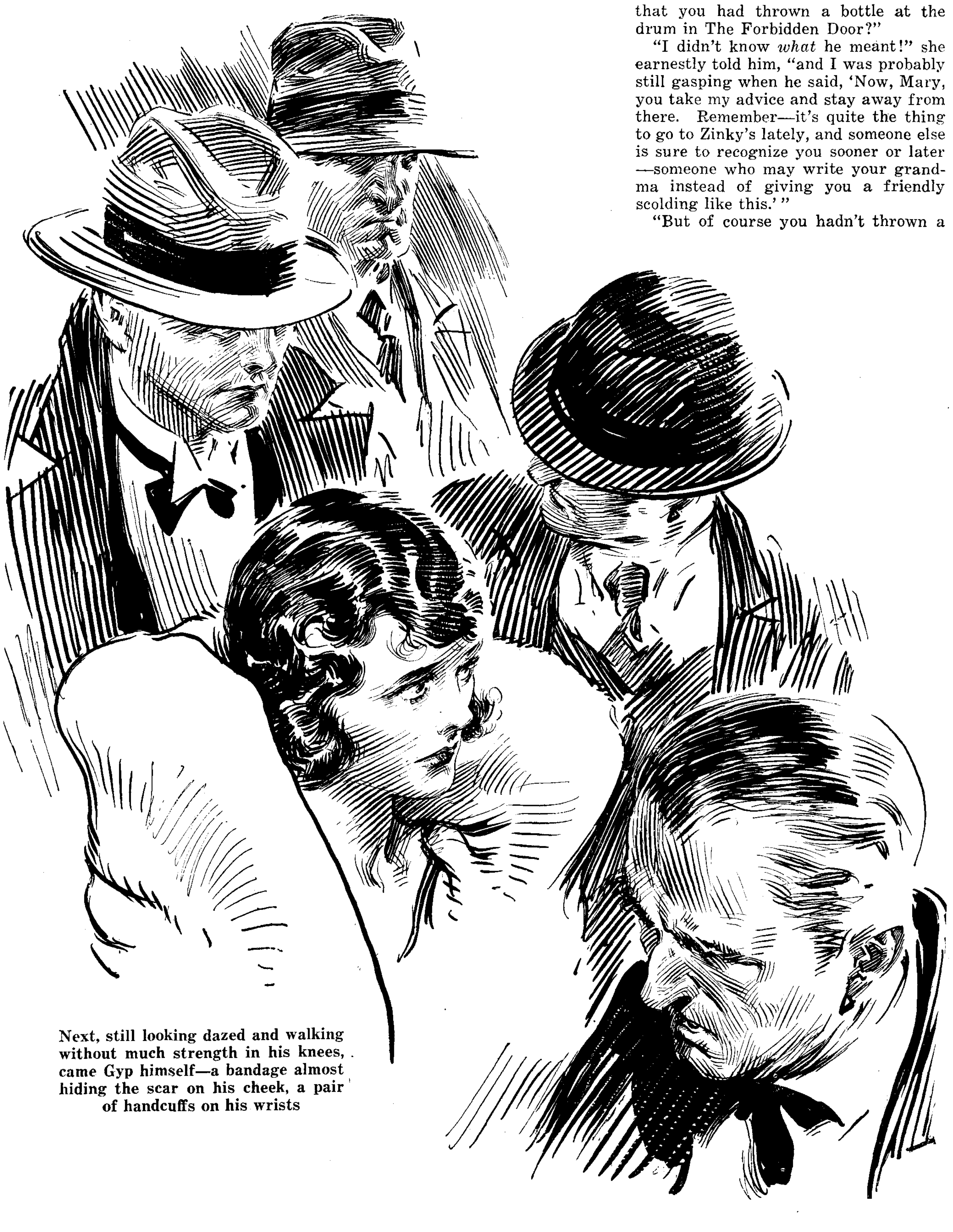
"Of course I thought that he meant the crowd at The Forbidden Door. So I said, 'I didn't see you there.'

"'No,' he said, 'you were pretty well excited when I dropped in. You had just thrown the bottle at the drum.'"

AT THIS, young Mr. Chilthorn stared at her, his professional frown and pad both forgotten. "Did he mean that you had thrown a bottle at The Forbidden Drum?" he demanded. "I mean—that you had thrown a bottle at the drum in The Forbidden Door?"

"I didn't know *what* he meant!" she earnestly told him, "and I was probably still gasping when he said, 'Now, Mary, you take my advice and stay away from there. Remember—it's quite the thing to go to Zinky's lately, and someone else is sure to recognize you sooner or later—someone who may write your grandma instead of giving you a friendly scolding like this.'"

"But of course you hadn't thrown a



Next, still looking dazed and walking without much strength in his knees, came Gyp himself—a bandage almost hiding the scar on his cheek, a pair of handcuffs on his wrists "bottle?" insisted young Mr. Chilthorn with legal persistency.

"Of course I hadn't," said Mary miserably. "I don't care how many people think they saw me! And when I told Dr. Browning that I hadn't, he said, 'Then perhaps you don't remember pouring water in the saxophone, or trying to burn my nose with a cigarette when I went to your table to speak to you?' "

"And did you?" asked young Mr. Chilthorn—almost, one might say, with a touch of hope.

"Of course I didn't," said Mary, more miserably than before. "And to prove to the doctor that he was mistaken, I went to his office as soon as I had my breakfast. But there was a twinkle in his eye all the time I was talking to him, and at last he said, 'It's very unfortunate for you, my child, that you have such an entertaining double.' But at least I got Zinky's address from him—and then I started back home, trying to decide what I should do next."

Young Mr. Chilthorn wrote, "Dr. Browning. Zinky's. Bottle in drum. Water in sax. Cig. burn nose. Tt-tt-tt!"

"And did you?" he continued, turning again to Mary—as though, indeed, he liked to turn that way.

"YES, and when I arrived Annie told me that Mr. Sturgis, the rector at St. Tobias', had called to see me and had said that he would drop in again tomorrow morning at the same hour unless I wished to see him before. It's easy to see what that means. Somebody has told Mr. Sturgis that they saw me throwing a bottle in a drum the night before, and—well—he knows that Grandma's away—and he thought he'd better come to see me, and try to keep me straight. So as soon as I heard that, I said to myself, 'Whenever Grandma's in trouble, she goes to see Judge Chilthorn. So I'll go and see him, too—and he can tell me what to do about it.' "

At this, young Mr. Chilthorn sat back in his chair and pressed his fingertips together again—frowning now at the page of notes on his desk.

"The explanation, of course," he said at last, "is that someone looks very much like you—"

"That's exactly what I told Dr. Browning!"

"And equally of course," he continued—quite the cool if curly-headed young attorney, with his finger tips together, and his professional frown, "the present weakness of your position is this: that you have no supporting, no corroborative witnesses—no one who could definitely swear where you were when this alleged bottle-and-drum affair was taking place. Now it seems to me. . . ."

He paused, inwardly examining in all its phases the perfect defense which had just occurred to him.

"Yes?" said Mary breathlessly.

"It seems to me," he repeated, "that if someone—an unimpeachable witness—were to see you and your double together—no one, however captious, could question the fact that such a double existed. The immediate problem, of course," he continued, still regarding her with his professional frown, "is to get you both together."

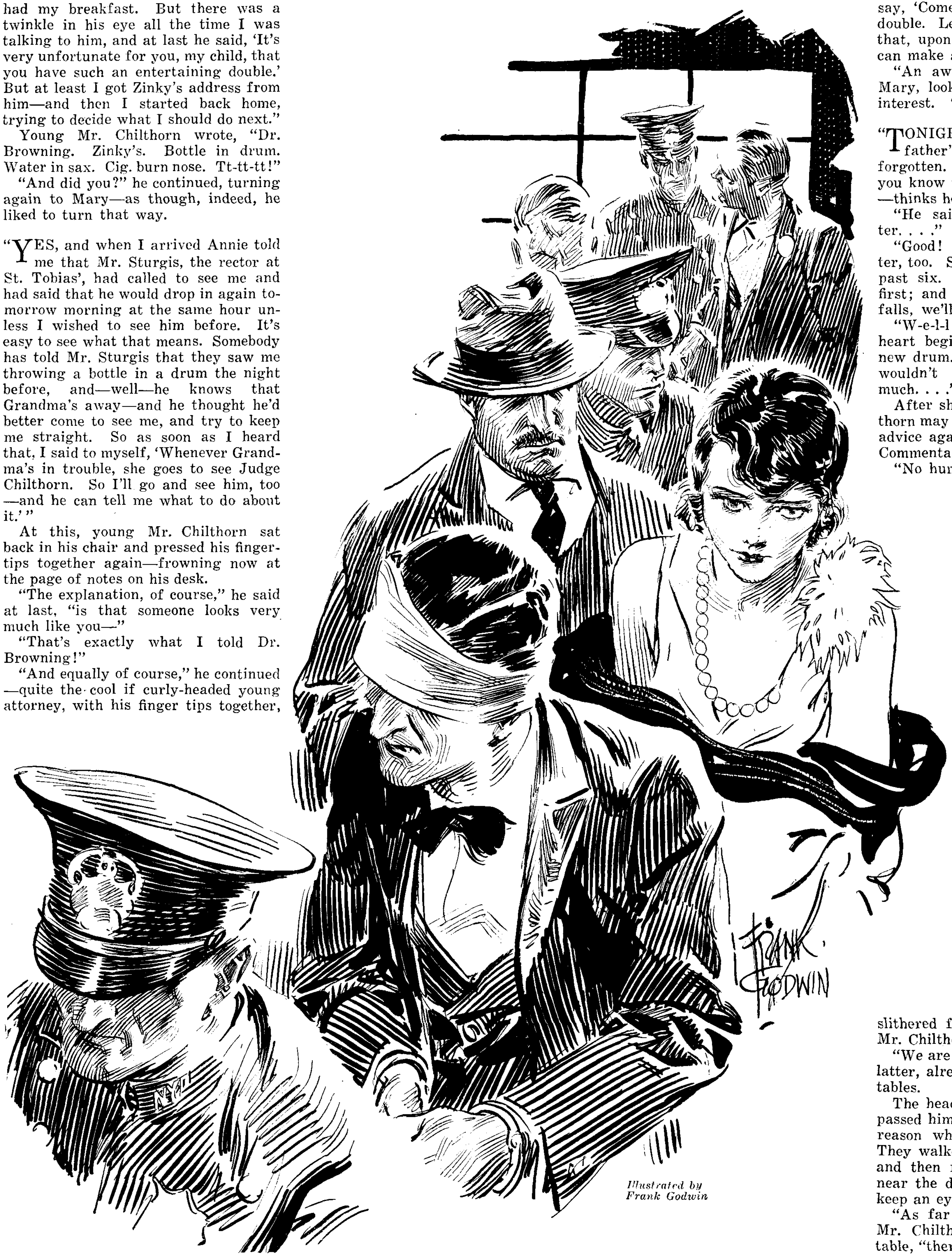
"But I don't even know her name, to say nothing of her address," said Mary doubtfully.

"QUITE so," said young Mr. Chilthorn, "but at least we know that last night she was at Zinky's; and from what you tell me, it's a fair inference that she was more or less familiar with the place and will probably go again."

This time it was Mary's turn to pause and take an inward examination.

"You don't like the idea?" he asked at last.

"Oh, but I do!" she eagerly told him. "I think you're awfully clever to think of it. I was only wondering about the witness. You see, Grandma is so terribly strong-minded when she once gets an idea in her head—that if she didn't like the witness, she might think that he was stretching the truth—to shield me—"



Illustrated by
Frank Godwin

"Not if *I* went with you," said young Mr. Chilthorn, still frowning professionally over his finger tips.

"N-no," murmured Mary. And trying not to look at his curly head, "No—not if *you* went with me."

"You came to see my father about this ridiculous and yet dangerous story," he continued with growing eloquence. "My father is out, but I take charge of the case in his absence. I say, 'Come! Let us go and find this double. Let me see you both together so that, upon Mrs. Kernochan's return, I can make a full and complete report.' "

"An awfully clever idea!" repeated Mary, looking at him with increasing interest. "And when do you think—"

"TONIGHT," he promptly replied, his father's parting advice temporarily forgotten. "The sooner the better. Do you know what time Dr. Browning—er—thinks he saw you there?"

"He said he went after the theater. . . ."

"Good! Then we'll go after the theater, too. Suppose I call for you at half past six. We'll have dinner together first; and as soon as the final curtain falls, we'll go to Zinky's."

"W-e-l-l . . ." breathed Mary, her heart beginning to beat like a small, new drum. "If—if you're sure that it wouldn't be putting you out too much. . . ."

After she had gone, young Mr. Chilthorn may have remembered his father's advice again, for he slowly opened the Commentaries.

"No human law is of any validity if contrary to the law of nature," was the written thought beneath his eyes.

But the junior member of Chilthorn & Chilthorn must have been taking after his mother once more or he wouldn't have sat there dreaming so long without turning the page before him.

When Mary went down the steps into Zinky's at eleven o'clock the following evening, her first impression was one of surprise at the rambling expanse of the place.

From outside it looked like a single basement set deeply in the shadows of the Second Avenue Elevated; but adjoining basements had been added from time to time to accommodate a growing clientele. Some of these additions were a step or two higher than the original floor level; some were a step or two lower; and one floor, the lowest of all, had been partly cleared for dancing. A head waiter slithered forward as Mary and young Mr. Chilthorn entered.

"We are looking for friends," said the latter, already glancing at the near-by tables.

The head waiter bowed; but as they passed him, Mary's heart jumped for a reason which you are soon to know. They walked slowly around the rooms, and then returned to an empty table near the dance floor where they could keep an eye on new arrivals.

"As far as I can see," said young Mr. Chilthorn, leaning well over the table, "there is

(*Continued on page 69*)

War Perfect War

Our peace-time progress never neglects the development of improved methods in warfare. Not that we crave another war—the last was quite enough, thank you. But if we should be drawn into a world conflict tomorrow, the United States (and every other civilized country) would be found prepared with the most modern weapons, most of them perfected since the eleventh day of the eleventh month eleven years ago

By William G. Shepherd

JOSEPH ALOYSIUS JONES is one of the several hundred star newspaper reporters who were suddenly turned into war correspondents by the United States' declaration of a state of war against Germany. He went to France and banged a typewriter there. He learned all about war.

Ever since the end of the Great War he has had a brotherly interest in the institution of war and a decidedly fatherly interest in the future of the United States Army. Wherefore, not many weeks ago, Joseph, rated as a war correspondent in Who's Who—though he's back at peace-time writing again—set forth to see, with his own experienced eyes, just what kind of a war the good old United States Army could put up, if it had to. I won't say that he intended to tell the boys what to do; but he would have given advice, if he had been asked for it.

Thus we find Joseph Aloysius Jones, war correspondent, of the vintage of 1918, standing on a half-moon circle of cement, thirty feet thick, bordering the outer shore of famous old Hancock, artillery fortress of Sandy Hook. Having been present on that occasion this writer, who himself spent almost four years in Europe "writing up" the Great War and thus of necessity gained a considerable knowledge of warfare, can tell just exactly what happened.

Before Mr. Jones' gaze spread the broad sweep of the Atlantic. Beside him stood Colonel J. C. Johnson, Coast Artillery, commanding officer of the Sandy Hook fortifications. Just behind him, sunk down below the rim of the cement wall, was a vast piece of machinery known as a twelve-inch disappearing gun. You know the kind. It rises slowly and majestically on steel grasshopper legs, belches out a cloud of black smoke as big as a Kansas cyclone and then slowly settles back again into its cement nest like a dog going down on its haunches. Cost, $120,000. There were eight or ten of these great guns along the Sandy Hook water front where we stood.

Over the Earth's Shoulder

The coast artillery colonel was giving him a lesson in big gun range arithmetic. It was easy enough for any eighth-grader.

"You take the distance, in miles, of your target. Multiply that by itself. Then take two thirds of the result, and when you read the answer, in feet, you will know how far your target is below the horizon."

"Below the horizon!" exclaimed Jones.

"Why, yes. You know we don't shoot any more at things we see. Our new big guns carry so far that we must fire over the curve of the earth."

"But that curve isn't enough for a battleship to hide behind, is it?" asked the ex-war correspondent.

"It isn't? Look here! We've got American coast artillery guns recently that will throw a one-ton shell twenty-five miles. Let's see how far below the horizon a twenty-five-mile target would be." The colonel worked it out.

"Four hundred and sixteen feet," he said. "A battleship's crow's nest is 135 feet above the surface. So she's got a lot of hiding space above her, at twenty-five miles."

He tried his rule again.

"Why, these battleships can't see each other's masts at a distance of fourteen miles," he declared. "And yet, in a naval engagement, they must be ready to hit each other at that distance, shooting over the shoulder of the earth.

"That's why we have to use airplanes, in the coast artillery, for long-distance spotting; that's one reason why they are indispensable in the navy."

The colonel next took Jones down into the cement depths of the fortifications to an electrically lighted room that looked like a draftsman's workshop, with semicircular tables, rulers, compasses, computing instruments and great chests of plotting paper.

"Here's where we aim. We use our eyes on these scales," he told Jones, "not on the target. We get facts, by telephone or radio, make our estimates and calculations down here, telephone the gunners where to set their gun and exactly when to fire."

Just an Old-fashioned Dodo

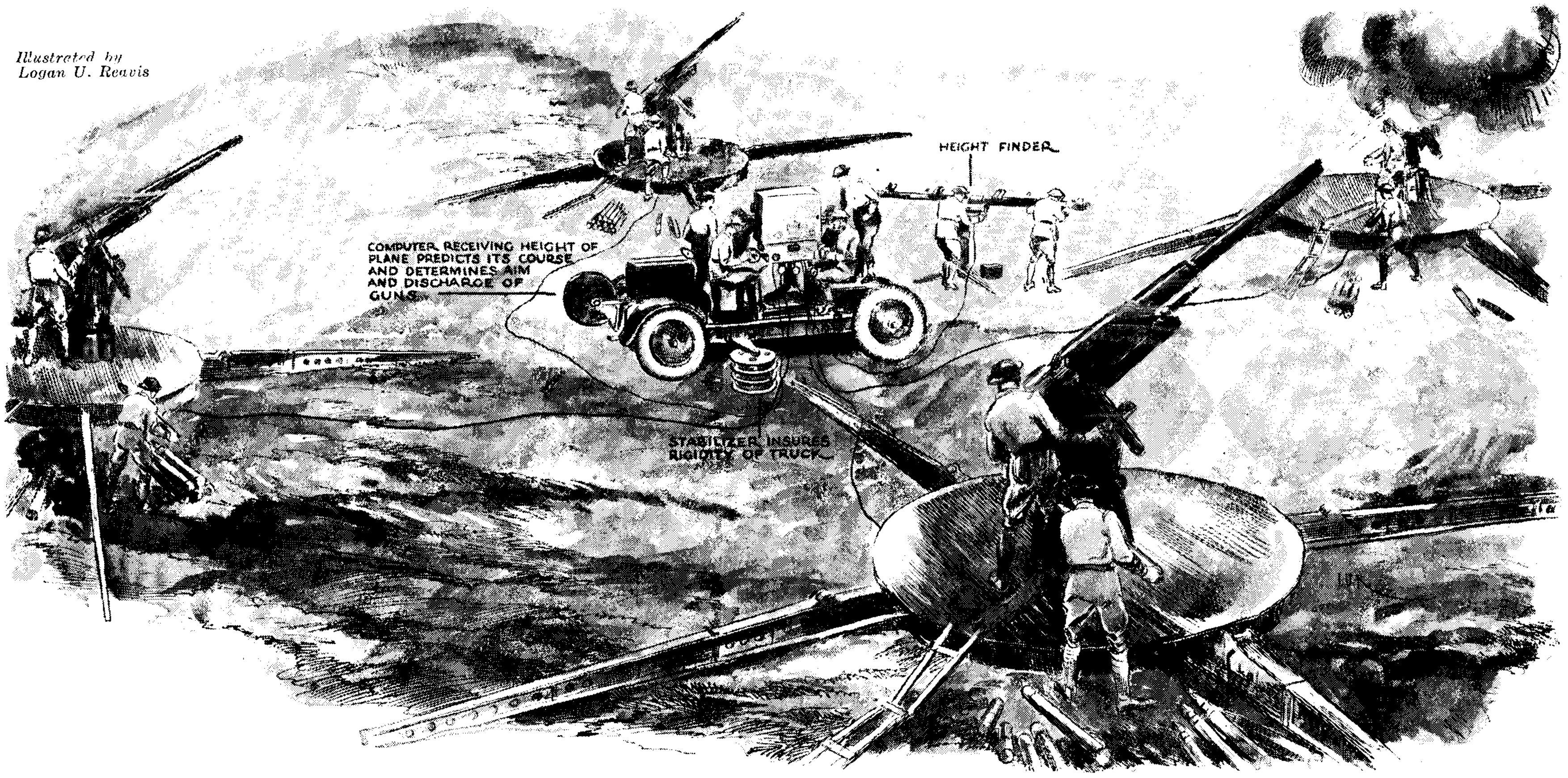
All this time Jones was becoming uneasy. A dozen years before, as one of the many reporters who had gone to Europe to see and report the war, he had learned a good deal about guns and shooting. But when he followed the colonel up into the daylight again, Jones made his slip; showed himself up as an old-fashioned war dodo.

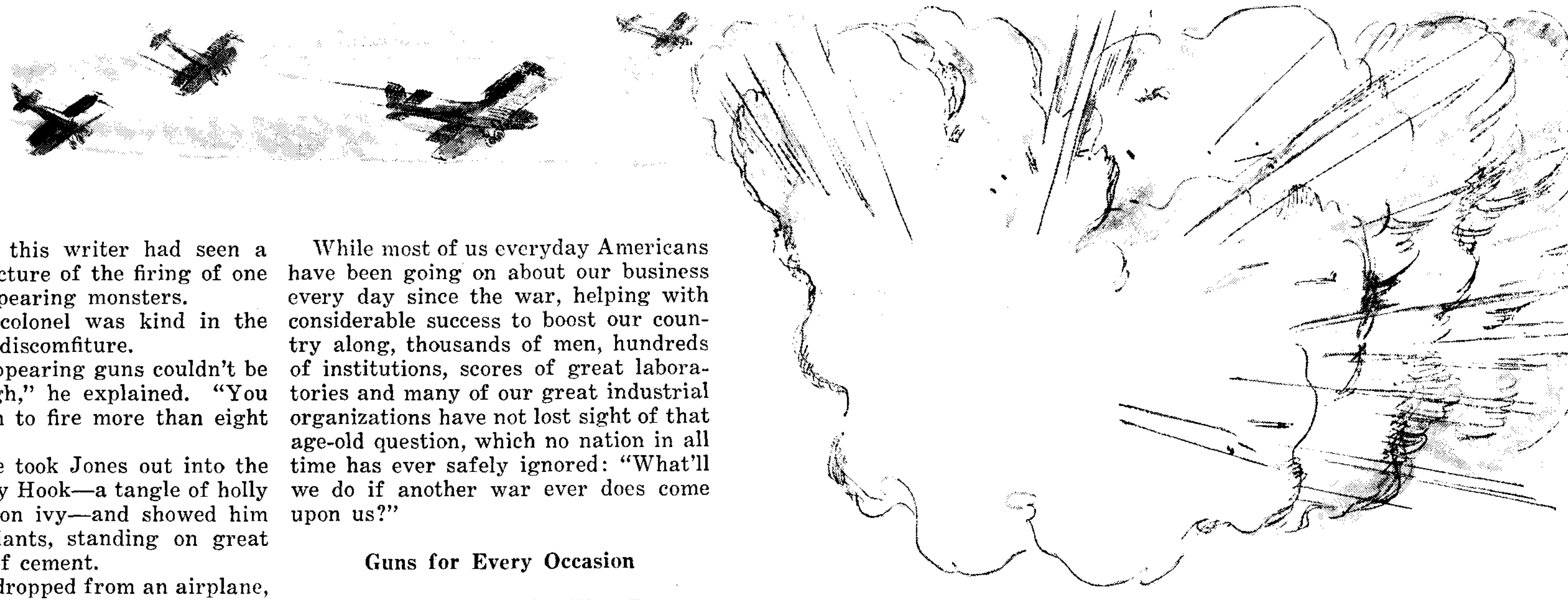
"That's an astonishing lot of big guns," he said, waving a cane generally at the cement-protected giants before which he had been standing. The colonel gave Jones a wondering and then a pitying look.

"Why, those aren't the guns I'm talking about," he said. "Those guns—" and remember he was speaking of the twelve-inch disappearing giants that you and I, and Jones himself a dozen years ago, considered the marvels of the gun age—"those guns are as old-fashioned as bicycle bloomers."

That was a comedown! Only a few

Illustrated by Logan U. Reavis


HEIGHT FINDER
COMPUTER RECEIVING HEIGHT OF PLANE PREDICTS ITS COURSE AND DETERMINES AIM AND DISCHARGE OF GUNS
STABILIZER INSURES RIGIDITY OF TRUCK



nights before, this writer had seen a sound news picture of the firing of one of these disappearing monsters.

The young colonel was kind in the face of Jones' discomfiture.

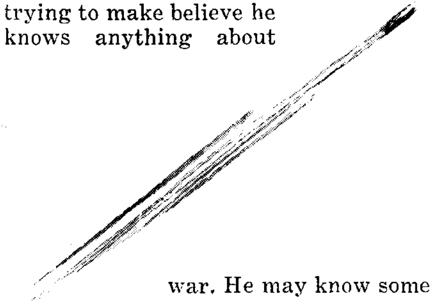
"These disappearing guns couldn't be elevated enough," he explained. "You can't raise 'em to fire more than eight miles."

And then he took Jones out into the woods of Sandy Hook—a tangle of holly trees and poison ivy—and showed him even huger giants, standing on great flat surfaces of cement.

Poison gas, dropped from an airplane, would be less likely here to suffocate the gun crew than in the sunken cement nests of the disappearing weapons.

"This is the kind of new gun that can shoot twenty-five miles," the colonel explained. "It's the newest thing there is. You can point it almost straight up into the sky." Right then and there, Joseph Aloysius Jones became an ex-war correspondent.

He decided that it isn't safe business, these days, for a war correspondent of the Great War to go moving about among American military men, trying to make believe he knows anything about war. He may know something about the late war; but even the most swagger of that earnest little group of reporters who were suddenly turned into war correspondents overnight and went to France with our boys would have to study and work for many days, as this ex-war correspondent has done, running from office to office in the War Department and from army post to army post, to catch up with what our soldier men have done toward improving war since Armistice Day a short eleven years ago.



"Boys"—and this is a message that Joseph Aloysius Jones and this writer as well have to bring, straight from the War Department, to the hundreds of young American newspaper men who pounded typewriters over in France—"speaking of war, the old institution is so changed you wouldn't know it. Everywhere you turn there's something new."

Murdering a Motto

Old-time generals with whiskers, back in the days of horses, used to growl out on occasions that fine old motto, "Trust in God, but keep your powder dry."

It was old-time war, of course, they were talking about. But fashions in war have changed so completely since that last shot was fired on November 11, 1918, that any general of the future, no matter how much he may be inclined to trust in God for victories, may stop bothering about whether his powder gets wet or not.

Among the thousands of new things, a powder has been invented, "so insensitive to water"—I quote Major General C. C. Williams, Chief of Ordnance—that the last five words of that timeworn old motto may go into the discard.

While most of us everyday Americans have been going on about our business every day since the war, helping with considerable success to boost our country along, thousands of men, hundreds of institutions, scores of great laboratories and many of our great industrial organizations have not lost sight of that age-old question, which no nation in all time has ever safely ignored: "What'll we do if another war ever does come upon us?"

Guns for Every Occasion

The result is that the War Department in Washington, after a dozen years of work and peace, is prepared to offer to any questioning ex-war correspondent an amazing mass of facts concerning the new kind of warfare which we would be able to wage if it came to a pinch.

This perfected warfare, though it may kill part of a good old motto, as noted above, would only prove, as righter than ever, what General Tecumseh Sherman said about war in general.

Major General Williams, Chief of Ordnance, whose job it has been to help the army devise or secure new things, gave me a quick panorama of some of them. Among them are:

"Guns varying in diameter of bore from approximately one-third inch to sixteen inches; in weight from eight and three fourths pounds to 170 tons; in muzzle energies from 2,450 foot-pounds to 118,247 foot-tons; ammunition with projectiles and fuses so sensitive as to explode upon impact with the fabric of a dirigible or so inert as to penetrate heavy ship's armor and then explode, ammunition that shows its path through the emission of smoke by day and fire by night, ammunition varying in weight from 395 grains per round to 3,150 pounds per round; powder that will explode in a gun without showing any flash at the muzzle; bombs varying in size from a few pounds to two tons and so designed and fused as to explode when they strike water, land, houses or ships, as the special need requires; gases that make you sneeze, laugh, cry, blister, or die; tanks that need no roads, can bowl over trees that stand in their way, some that can even swim; and finally, aircraft with their tremendous possibilities."

That's the condensed unemotional summary of an old soldier. But there are details that are startling—hundreds of them.

For one thing, perfected war will be noisier than ever, unless someone adds to waterproof powder a powder that is silent. The buck private's rifle of the Great War will be as old-fashioned as that favorite weapon of the Chinese private of a thousand years ago, the stinkpot.

In the recent war a private carried a rifle which contained a clip of five shells. He had to be a good man and a highly practiced rifleman to get rid of ten shots a minute effectively. With that speed as top high the Allies used to dispose of about five million rifle bullets every ten days. That was considered busy shooting. World War generals used to point out that it took the entire Union army in our Civil War almost *four years* to fire this same number of rifle bullets.

But in the next war! Every private a machine gunner; that's the idea!

That deadly little machine gun which you hear of bandits using is one of the types which will be in the hands of ordinary buck privates if we ever have to go to war again. The old ten-shots-a-minute rifle weighed about eight pounds; these new little hand machine guns weigh no more; some weigh even less. They turn each private into a killing machine, ten times more deadly than any private has ever been before, for he can fire one hundred shots a minute.

Airplanes Carrying Poison Gas

Deadly, however, as the next batch of American doughboys may become, the dangers that the private of the future will run will be increased. The soldiers of Cæsar and of Alexander in their hand-to-hand fighting with barbaric enemies ran fearful dangers. Even minor cuts or wounds, almost always infected and rarely treated, meant death. There came a time when it began to look as if war, as compared with the old-time face-to-face slaughter, might possibly become civilized, what with trenches, dugouts, hospitals, nurses, surgeons, disinfectants and so forth. War, for a century or so, seemed to be losing some of its extreme barbarity. A human being tangled up in it *did* get a break.

But, with that new thing, the airplane used with gases, the infantry soldier of the next war, if we have any foot soldiers at all, will not have much of a chance to fight back.

I'm not saying that War Department officials gave Joseph Aloysius Jones all their secrets.

Chief among these are the secrets that concern the possible use of gas by aviators. Mr. Jones will tell you—and he's right—that not one ounce of poison gas was dropped by airplanes on either side in the Great War. The consequences would have been too terrible. Either side *might* have dropped poison gas from airplanes, but neither side was able to protect its troops from gas from the sky. Wherefore no one dared to start the practice.

But each side of course was ready to follow suit if the other side began this terrible game. And this isn't saying that airplanes would not have been dropping gas bombs instead of explosive bombs, if the war had continued.

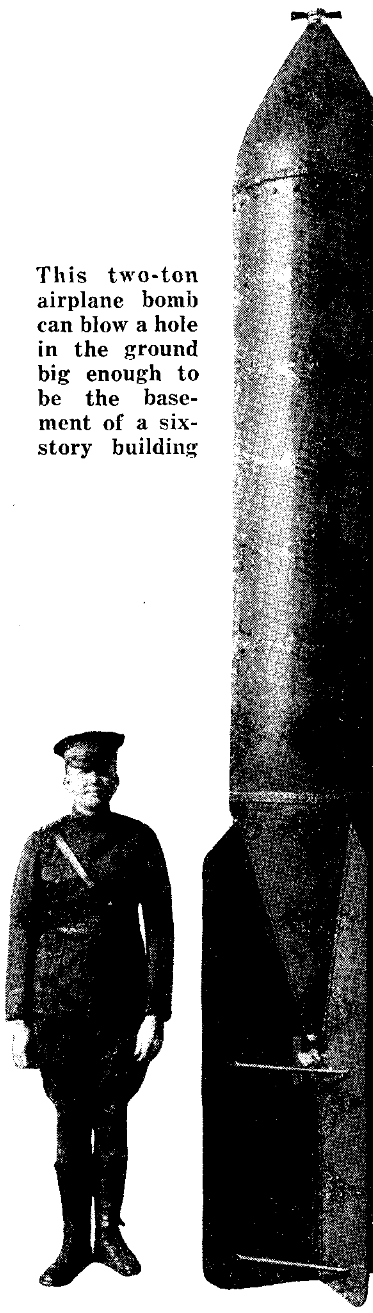
There isn't a war department in the world—and that includes our own—that will admit it is prepared to combine the airplane and the gas bomb, if need be, in whatever war it may find itself engaged.

"That is one subject that simply is not discussed," a leading military man told this correspondent in Washington. "In war you must go the other fellow one better."

But the man in the airplane—no matter what he's dropping—won't have as easy a time of it in the next war as he had in the last, though this is not saying that his stunt was an easy one then.

Eight miles is the height which present-day anti-aircraft three-inch shells can reach—and at the rate of eighteen a minute.

But that isn't all. Four such guns are put together in an electrically aimed battery. A man turns a range finder on an oncoming plane. Just so long as he can see the plane through this finder, the four belching guns, automatically, are pointing their long necks just a little in front of the plane's course of flight. During (*Continued on page 50*)

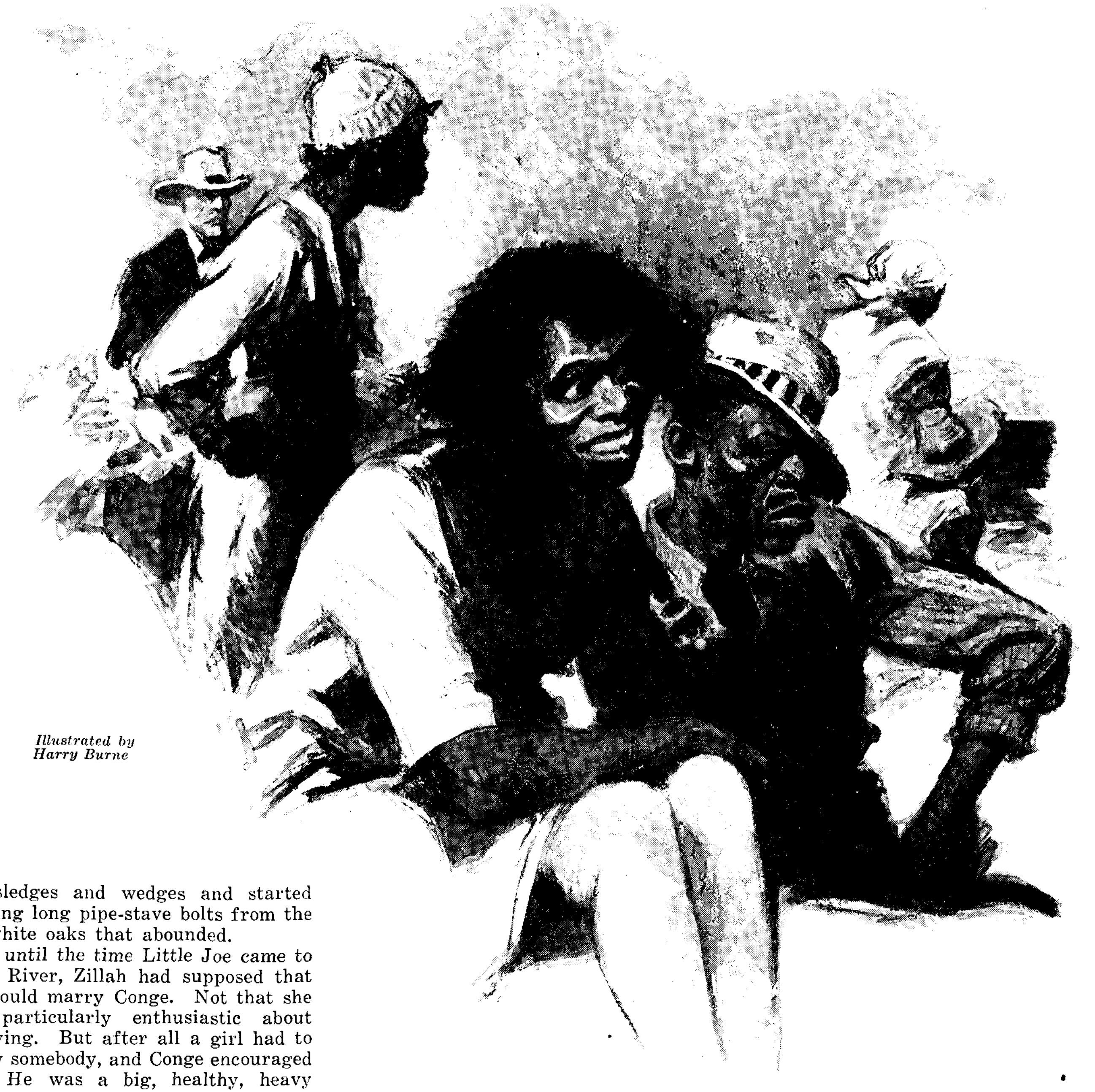


This two-ton airplane bomb can blow a hole in the ground big enough to be the basement of a six-story building

Crazy Gal

By Roark Bradford

If the paddle had broken Zillah's head, Conge might have forgiven it. But when Zillah's head broke the paddle—well, Conge was pretty nearly furious



Illustrated by Harry Burne

LITTLE JOE WHEELER hit Conge with a razor one Saturday afternoon at Hatch's Landing, and Zillah began "keeping steady company" with Little Joe as the result.

Little Joe had been after Zillah ever since he came into the Bœuf River country and Zillah steadfastly had spurned him.

"You too little and runty, Little Joe," she told him. "I likes a big man. I'm a big gal and what'd you look like standin' 'round wid me? Like my little boy, hunh?"

"I might be little but I sho' am loud," argued Little Joe.

A rather complicated situation—a situation that Zillah herself sensed but did not know about—brought Little Joe into the peaceful quiet of Bœuf River and attracted him to Zillah.

Twenty years ago, the upper Bœuf country was one of the richest sections of Louisiana. Cotton grew long and strong and sold at a premium in the New Orleans market. Small packet steamboats made regular trips up the narrow, winding channel, hauling down the staple and hauling up luxuries and necessities from the city. In those days money could be exchanged directly on the steamboats for hell-raising whisky, long strings of beads and fancy dress goods that made the men fight about the women and the women about nothing.

Then the boll weevil struck the cotton and made these long tedious packet trips from New Orleans up the Mississippi and four tributary rivers to the Bœuf unprofitable. The planters had to haul their cotton—or what cotton the boll weevils left them—across land to the railroads, and take a cut in price to counteract the difference in rates.

THERE still was a good living in the land. The boll weevils simply could not eat up all the cotton that the black soil produced. But the people had to work harder for their money, and then not get as much.

A new generation grew up, a generation unaccustomed to the plenty brought in by the steamboats. There was pleasure for them, but of a different sort. A five-pound catfish on the end of a trot-line contained as much potential fun for the new generation as a five-gallon jug of Morrissy's Straight in the chimney corner had contained for the old ones.

Zillah was of the new generation, all right, in matter of years. She was just twenty and she couldn't ever remember having seen a steamboat. But in her heart there was not much fun in a fish fry or a yard dance. The nearest to a good time she had ever had was the time she rode eighteen miles on a cotton wagon to Rayville and sat around eating cheese and crackers and sardine fish out of cans and listening to the dull talk of the little railroad town.

Then one fall a white man came riding in and had a long talk with the Boss Man. They rode about the big woods for days and the white man went away. Not long after that a dozen or more strange Negroes, among them Little Joe, came with axes and saws and sledges and wedges and started splitting long pipe-stave bolts from the tall white oaks that abounded.

Up until the time Little Joe came to Bœuf River, Zillah had supposed that she would marry Conge. Not that she was particularly enthusiastic about marrying. But after all a girl had to marry somebody, and Conge encouraged her. He was a big, healthy, heavy worker and good-natured. She had nothing against him. And a girl ought to marry somebody.

But when Little Joe came she realized that Conge lacked that swagger and fire which thrilled her.

"Zillah, gal," Conge told her, "I'm makin' me fourteen bales er cotton dis fall. Ha'f er dat's de Boss Man's and two bales for de commissary for my credik, and dat leaves five bales for we to git married on. And effn I don't buy you de biggest cookin' stove old Mister Sears and Roebuck got, well, hit's because he ain't got no big'n in his catalogue."

"You gonter do dat for me, hunh, Conge?" Zillah was politely enthusiastic.

"Yeah, and dat ain't all," he added. "I'm gonter buy you a sewin' machine and a heap er yuther stuff, too, maybe."

Zillah heard and appreciated the announcement. But some way or other the talk did not make her heart go pit-a-pat in her bosom like Little Joe's talk did:

"Looky hyar, gal, efn you gonter step out wid me you got to put some shoes on, and git dat stockin' top offn yo' haid. I ain't used to runnin' wid country niggers, nohow. Hyar, take dis money and go to de store and buy you some shoes and stockin's. S'posin' somebody'd see me runnin' wid you, and you lookin' like dat?"

"Aw, Little Joe," protested Zillah. "You sho' do tawk mannish, don't you? You tawks like you's a sho'-nuff big man! Humph!"

"I might be little," he retorted, giving his hat a vicious tilt over one eye, "but I'm sho' is loud! Even de white fo'ks knows how good I'm is. I'm gittin' two and a quarter a day and dese yuther niggers ain't gittin' but two. Dey sont plum' all de way up in Arkansas to hire me to split dese staves! Dat's how good I'm is!"

Zillah was impressed. When Little Joe talked like that Zillah's eyes had a way of tricking her into believing he was six feet tall. But the minute he stopped talking, he settled down to his normal five feet two, and he was *so* runty-looking when big Conge was around!

But she took the money and bought the shoes and stockings, and she quit wearing the top of a stocking turban-wise over her head, as was the style among other young women around Hatch's Landing.

AND of course it didn't take long for the news to get spread abroad. Conge came hot-footing up to see her about it.

"Zillah, gal," he said, "I hyared a lie-tale on you. I hyared dat one er dem stave-boltin' niggers buyed you some shoes."

He stood in the early evening light at Zillah's front gate, and Zillah was sitting on her porch. She never had seen him look so huge and magnificent as he struggled visibly to contain his wrath. His big hands opened and closed and his shoulders bulged and fell with his excited breathing. She almost fainted at the blissful thought of being slapped by that huge, crazy-mad man! Or maybe he would choke her!

"You ain't too mad, Conge, darlin', is you?" she asked sweetly. If he hit her with his fist, she knew she'd be knocked crazy for a week!

But Conge made no move to hit her. He just stood and stared. She decided to goad him further.

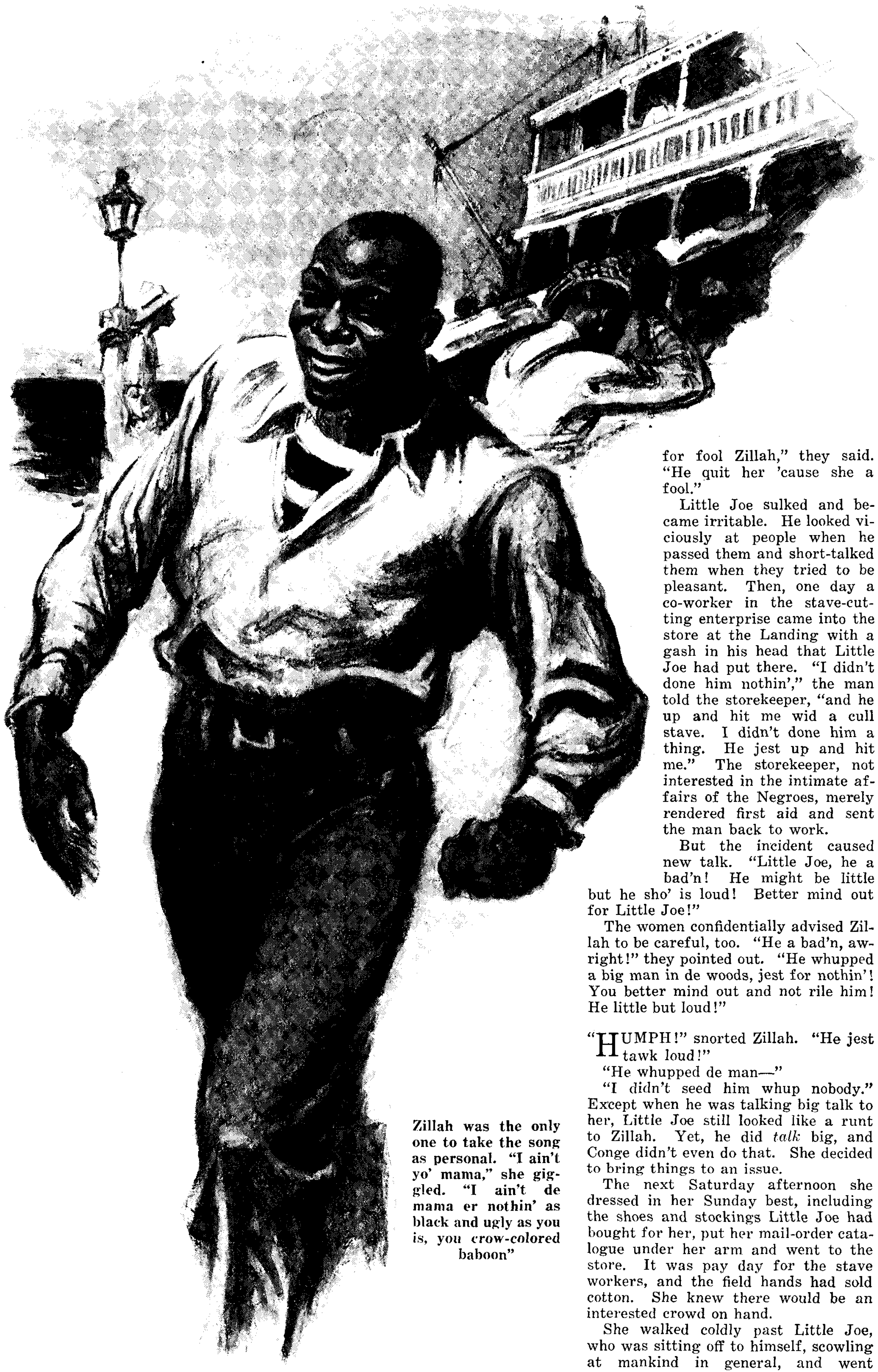
"Yeah," she taunted, "he buyed me dese shoes and stockin's"—she lifted her skirt so he could see the very tops of the pink silk hose—"and he say he gonter whup you do he ketch you hangin' around me."

She closed her eyes, waiting for this big, furious man to strike! But he didn't strike. He just said, "Aw," and then, crestfallen, he turned and wandered sadly away without as much as hitting her one single lick for her infidelity!

Zillah was more than disappointed. She was chagrined. So that was the kind of man she had been wasting her time on, was it? Wouldn't hit her once! Didn't care enough about her to beat her for cutting up! Allowed another man to buy her such intimate things as shoes and stockings, and then just said, "Aw!" and walked away!

"Humph!" she snorted with contempt. And then she broke into a shrill, wild laugh that pierced the very soul of the retreating Conge.

Talk went around. The word was



Zillah was the only one to take the song as personal. "I ain't yo' mama," she giggled. "I ain't de mama er nothin' as black and ugly as you is, you crow-colored baboon"

that the big field hand was "laying" for Little Joe, and Little Joe stayed closely to himself for a while. But as nothing came of the talk, he grew bolder and ventured out. Still nothing happened and he grew bold enough to go around publicly with Zillah. The talk about Conge "laying" for him ceased, and then the talk was that Conge was too good a man for a fool like Zillah and had realized it. "Turned her down 'cause she a fool," the people said. "And den Little Joe tuck up wid her."

That last bit of talk grated upon the enormous pride of Little Joe. He wasn't the kind of man to pick up something that someone else had discarded, and he wanted everybody to understand that. But the people had their talk, just the same. "Conge, he too good and stiddy for fool Zillah," they said. "He quit her 'cause she a fool."

Little Joe sulked and became irritable. He looked viciously at people when he passed them and short-talked them when they tried to be pleasant. Then, one day a co-worker in the stave-cutting enterprise came into the store at the Landing with a gash in his head that Little Joe had put there. "I didn't done him nothin'," the man told the storekeeper, "and he up and hit me wid a cull stave. I didn't done him a thing. He jest up and hit me." The storekeeper, not interested in the intimate affairs of the Negroes, merely rendered first aid and sent the man back to work.

But the incident caused new talk. "Little Joe, he a bad'n! He might be little but he sho' is loud! Better mind out for Little Joe!"

The women confidentially advised Zillah to be careful, too. "He a bad'n, awright!" they pointed out. "He whupped a big man in de woods, jest for nothin'! You better mind out and not rile him! He little but loud!"

"HUMPH!" snorted Zillah. "He jest tawk loud!"

"He whupped de man—"

"I didn't seed him whup nobody." Except when he was talking big talk to her, Little Joe still looked like a runt to Zillah. Yet, he did *talk* big, and Conge didn't even do that. She decided to bring things to an issue.

The next Saturday afternoon she dressed in her Sunday best, including the shoes and stockings Little Joe had bought for her, put her mail-order catalogue under her arm and went to the store. It was pay day for the stave workers, and the field hands had sold cotton. She knew there would be an interested crowd on hand.

She walked coldly past Little Joe, who was sitting off to himself, scowling at mankind in general, and went straight to Conge, who was sitting on the head of a sugar barrel, eating cheese and crackers and talking idly with another field hand. She opened the catalogue at a place marked by her finger, and pointed.

"See dat, Conge, darlin'?" she said, sweetly. "Dat de stove you gonter buy me, hunh? See, hit's already got de kittle on, b'ilin'!"

Conge grunted his surprise, and then looked at the picture of the stove. The air suddenly became chilled and a hush fell over the gabbling Negroes. He cut one eye sidewise at Little Joe and then said in a loud voice: "You like dat stove, hunh? I buy you dat. Now find somethin' else for me to buy you, baby."

Zillah began turning the pages of the catalogue, but she kept her eyes raised to watch both Conge and Little Joe. Little Joe was not long in grasping the situation, and he got up, casually, and swaggered toward Conge. He stopped suddenly and glowered.

"What you fixin' to buy my woman?" he demanded.

Conge said not a word; he pushed out his big hand and shoved the little man well back to where he had been sitting.

"Now, le's find dat sewin' machine, honey," he said to Zillah, as though Little Joe did not exist.

BUT Little Joe had a reputation to uphold. He was a bad one. And everybody that didn't know it would soon find it out. He unpocketed a razor, opened the blade clear back so it would not close on his hand, and advanced, swinging it with exaggerated sweeps.

"I'm gonter see what you looks like on de insides," he told Conge noisily, feinting and slashing as he advanced.

Conge had not expected a razor. "Take away wid dat thing, man!" he exclaimed. "Mind out, now!"

But Little Joe kept advancing, slashing and feinting as he came.

Whether he really intended to cut Conge, no one knew. Conge rather suspected that he was bluffing and was reluctant to give ground. Yet, a razor was a dangerous thing, swinging like that, and he could not resist throwing up his arm to protect himself when Little Joe kept getting closer and closer. And when he raised his arm unexpectedly, the razor ripped through his sleeve and laid open a long, shallow gash in his arm.

It was scarcely more than a scratch but it was too much for Conge. He fell backward over the barrel and raced for the woods.

Some of the other men caught Little Joe, who offered nothing but verbal resistance, and the razor was taken from him.

Then, as soon as he was freed, Little Joe walked up to Zillah and without a word of preliminary warning, he hit her a resounding smack in the eye with his fist. "Dat," he announced, "will keep you more hotter dan a cookin' stove! Now git on back to de house before I gives you dat sewin' machine in de yuther eye!"

Zillah whimpered. "Aw, Little Joe," she begged. "I was jest—"

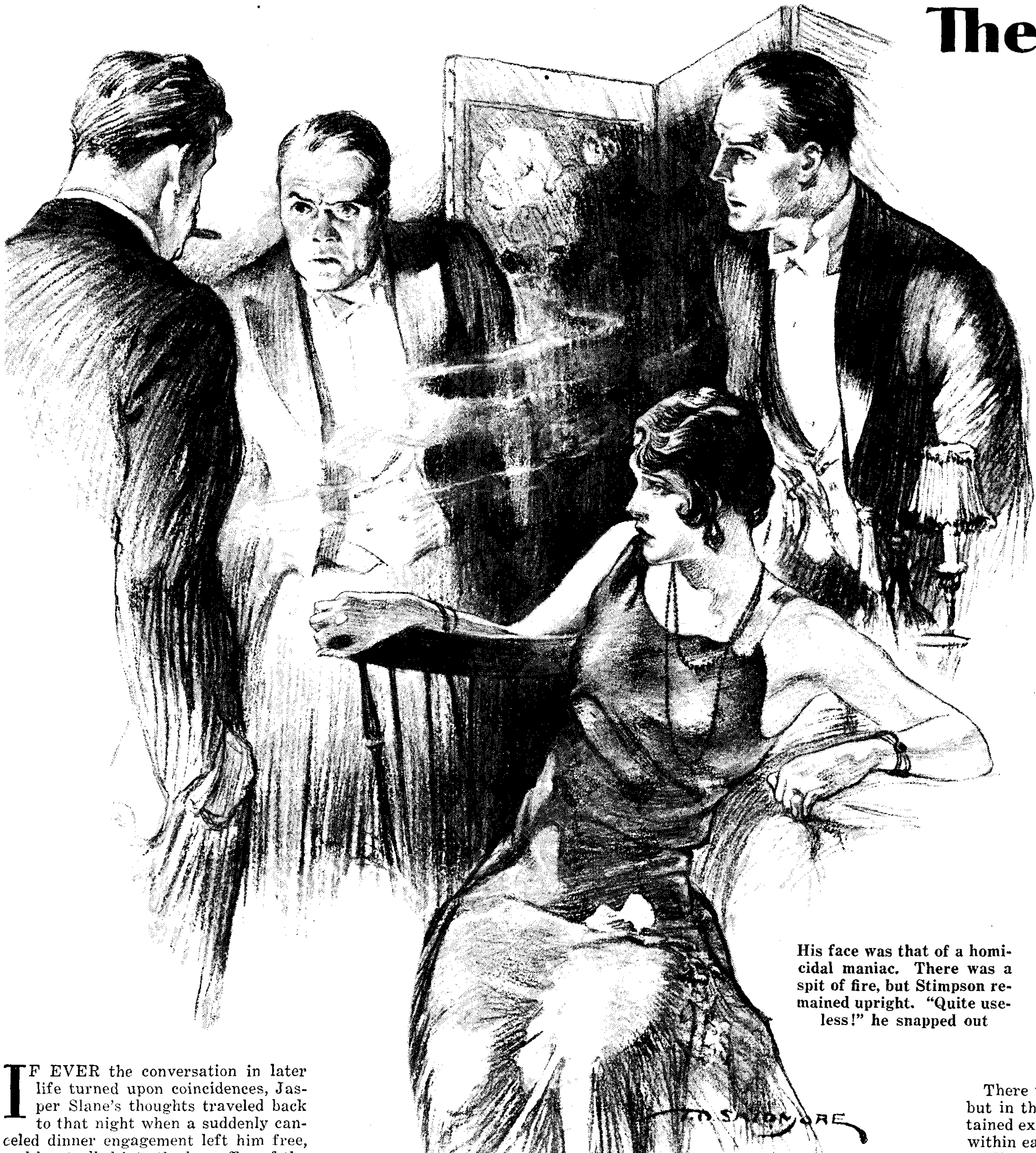
Another smack from Little Joe, and Zillah knew that she loved the little stave-splitting man because he was so bad!

"Dat jest what dat fool Zillah gal need, too," the women said. "She need a good whuppin' ev'y now and den, and Little Joe, he sho' kin whup her good!"

CONGE faded out of the romance, entirely. He sold his cotton and banked nearly four hundred dollars from his five unencumbered bales. And, with nothing definite to do until time to plant the next year's crop, he decided to indulge in a little plain fishing. Most of the other field hands sought work with the stave cutters, sawing and splitting. But Conge had money in the bank and he didn't need the two dollars a day.

Conge was not a great fisherman, nor was he particularly interested in catching fish. What he liked to do was get into a little bateau and paddle well out of hearing of Zillah's shrill, crazy laugh, and of the gossip and talk-talk of the others. If he caught a fish he ate what he (*Continued on page 71*)

The Spider



His face was that of a homicidal maniac. There was a spit of fire, but Stimpson remained upright. "Quite useless!" he snapped out

IF EVER the conversation in later life turned upon coincidences, Jasper Slane's thoughts traveled back to that night when a suddenly canceled dinner engagement left him free, and he strolled into the box office of the Globe Theater to see if by any chance there was a vacant seat for the famous crook play to which everyone in London was streaming. He found one near the end of the third row, and it was not until the finish of the first act that he was even conscious of his neighbor—a neatly dressed, spruce-looking man of early middle age, a little heavy in the cheek and jowl, perhaps, but with clear, bright eyes, an intelligent forehead and a straight, hard mouth. At the fall of the curtain on the first act he leaned back in his place with a murmur of disappointment. Slane glanced toward him questioningly, and caught his eye.

"Rather thrilling!" he remarked.

The other agreed readily.

"IT WAS quite all right until the end of the act," he pronounced. "That third-degree stuff, though, was punk. An American detective who's on the job doesn't act like that."

"Overdid the bullying, eh?" Slane asked. "I rather thought that was what they went in for."

The other smiled. The interval was only a very short one, and few people were leaving their places.

"It was the start of the gruelling that was so bad," he explained. "I tell you there's no honey bee in this world with a sweeter hum than the American detective when he opens up with his victim. He isn't going to bully or frighten him—not he. He'd like to be friendly—like to help him and get him out of any scrape he might get into. He pretends to be the kindest fellow that ever carried a hip flask. That's how he kids the other along, until he feels at ease, and begins to open up a little, maybe.

"They crack a few jokes. They're good fellows together. The detective pats his friend on the shoulder. The poor devil feels he's found a pal who'll help him—and a pal in the Force too! What luck! And so they go on, and all of a sudden the victim, talking now as easily as though he were chatting to his sister, says just the one thing the other's waiting for, and then, like a pistol shot, comes the change. The fellow's dazed beneath a fire of questions. He doesn't know where he is, whether he's on his head or his heels. Before he can collect himself, he's given himself away. A few seconds later, he's given somebody else away. Before the detective's finished with him, he's told the whole story. That's the way they do it in New York. They don't commence by shouting and bullying like that fellow on the stage did."

"HOW do you happen to know so much about it?" Slane asked with interest.

The man picked up his program. The bells were ringing through the house, and the lights were lowered.

"Ah!" he murmured meditatively, as the curtain went up. . . .

After the next act, his neighbor reached for a hat under the seat, and turned to Slane.

"If you care for a whisky and soda," he said, "I'll tell you how I happen to know."

Slane accepted with a certain amount of alacrity. The two men made their way along the crowded passage to the saloon. Conversation was impossible, and Slane found himself taking the opportunity of trying to place his prospective host. He was a broad-shouldered, well set-up man, a trifle under medium height, and he had the air of having passed much of his life in cruder places. Nevertheless, he wore his well-cut clothes with the air of a man accustomed to them, and seemed perfectly at his ease. He did not attempt the long coat mostly affected by men at fashionable theaters, and his collar, notwithstanding its long points, was that of the variety grudgingly accepted for use in the home dining-room by the arbiters of fashion. Everything about him, however, was very clean and neat. Slane put him down as a successful American business man who had learned enough by travel to conceal the evidences of a possibly indigent youth. His eyes were perhaps his most unusual feature. They were almost as dark as sloes, and they seemed to appear unexpectedly in his head without definite setting like floating pools from which came flashing sudden lights. His voice was never obtrusively transatlantic.

"Guess we'll have to stand up," he said. "No, there's a corner—and a waiter. Two Scotch and soda, waiter."

They were fortunate enough to find two just vacated chairs. Slane offered his cigarette case.

"Now tell me how you happen to know so much about American detectives," he begged.

There was only a second's hesitation, but in that second the other had ascertained exactly who was and who was not within earshot.

"I'm one myself," he confided.

He drew from his waistcoat pocket a small case, and passed a card to his companion. Upon it was engraved in plain block letters:

DETECTIVE EDWARD CROSS
POLICE HEADQUARTERS, CHICAGO

"Well, you ought to know all about it," Slane remarked, as he pocketed the card. "Slane, my name is—Jasper Slane."

"I've had twenty years' experience," the other continued. "I guess I ought to know a good deal about it. Chicago's as good a school as any, these days."

"Are conditions there exaggerated?" Slane asked. "Some of the newspaper stories are hard to believe."

The American laughed—not an effort of mirth at all—a hard and bitter laugh.

"Well," he answered, "you can't believe everything you read. Still! Mr. Slane—I think you said your name was Slane?"

"That's right."

"There's a lot that happens in Chicago that doesn't get into the papers. It's

and the Flies

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

a great place, if you like excitement. But I'm quitting. I've had enough."

The bell rang, and they returned to their places. At the next interval it was Slane who became host. He found the conversation of his neighbor intensely interesting. They left the theater together later on.

"Care for a sandwich and a glass of wine somewhere?" Slane suggested.

"Great!" the other assented heartily. "Wait one moment, will you?"

THEY stood on the steps of the theater, Detective Cross looking around him. A man on his right, indistinguishable, glided up and whispered in his ear. Cross nodded. Another came from the other side—another whispered word.

"That's all right," the detective said to his companion. "Now I'm ready. Just a couple of reports I had to receive, that's all. How about going to the Milan?"

They entered a taxicab and drove off.

"Reports?" Slane repeated. "I thought you'd retired from the Force?"

Detective Cross moved a little uneasily in his seat. Suddenly he sat up.

"Slane," he murmured—"Jasper Slane. Say, have you got a handle to that name?"

The other nodded.

"Yes," he admitted. "Sir Jasper Slane I suppose you would address me if you were writing."

The detective's face seemed to relax.

"Say, that's great!" he exclaimed, leaning back. "And to think of me sitting next to you at the theater! We don't get many like you over on the other side. I think the professionals would freeze them out, or try to. Sir Jasper Slane—gentleman detective. You were in that Young case—and I always say that they'd never have nabbed Billy Neilson but for your work at the start."

"Neilson was a foul brute," Slane declared. "He deserved what he got."

"Sir Jasper Slane," his companion repeated, as the taxicab turned in at the Milan courtyard. "Well, well! Let's get out at this entrance. I hate the restaurant at this time of night. Too much jazz about it. Can't hear yourself talk. We'll find a quiet spot in here."

They selected a table in the grill room, and ordered a light supper. Detective Cross was obviously very much interested in his companion.

"Have you been down to Scotland Yard yet?" the latter asked.

"Not yet," Cross admitted. "I'd like to meet some of your men, but—of course I didn't know whom I was talking to, or I wouldn't have been so careful—I'm not over here for my health."

AGAIN those strange-looking eyes were floating round the room. With a curious instinct for selection Cross had chosen a table between two theatrical groups, and out of possible hearing of any outsiders.

"I'm after Chandler," he confided, under his breath—"Josh Chandler."

"What, is he on this side?" Slane exclaimed.

The detective nodded.

"He made even Chicago too hot for him. He killed a deputy sheriff last month, and got orders to skip. So he did. We meant to get him, all the same. He shot two of our men the night after. Damned good fellows too! Shot 'em like cold pigs. They'd have torn him to pieces if they'd found him in Chicago. He made a get-away though. I can't tell you now how he managed it, but he's in London."

Jasper Slane, titled detective, faces death and finds excitement in an unexpected quarter

"Have you any line on him?"

"Not at present. I'm working on one of my own theories. There's one thing Josh could never keep away from, and that was a crook play. He saw every one that came to Chicago, and he'd travel all the way to New York to see a new one. That's why every night I'm here at a crook play. I have a man at each end of the boxes and a man up in the dress circle, and I guess that ought to be enough. Josh wouldn't use a cheap seat. They know where I am, and they'd report after the first act if they came across him. In the meanwhile I'm trying a few other stunts."

"What sort of place do you suppose he'd stop at?" Slane asked.

"Here, as likely as not," was the taciturn reply.

"Have you ever seen him? Any description to go by?"

"Yes, I've seen him," the detective admitted. "I'm not sure that I'd know him at a glance, but I'd know him if I was in his company for five minutes."

THE influx of a gay little company of chorus ladies absorbed the whole attention of the American for some time, and conversation during the rest of the service of supper drifted away from the, to Slane, engrossing subject of the famous criminal. Over their cigars he ventured to return to professional matters.

"Surely you ought to call at Scotland Yard?" he suggested. "Isn't it sort of etiquette?"

"Maybe so," the other acknowledged. "But I'm not much on etiquette. I'm here to get my man, and the more I keep away from Scotland Yard the more likely I am to get him. You English are all right. I'm not saying anything against you, but you get so darned superior if you see a man in the same job as your own up against it."

"I think you're rather severe on us," Slane observed. "I know one of the best men at Scotland Yard very well indeed, and I'd like you to meet him."

"What's his name?"

"Stimpson—Detective Inspector Stimpson."

"I've heard of him," Cross admitted. "He's a good fellow. If I have any luck with my job I'll give a little party for a celebration, and you can bring him along."

"I'd like to," Slane agreed, "but—if you'll forgive my saying so, Mr. Cross—I can't understand your not communicating with Scotland Yard in any way. It seems to me that they might give you no end of help."

There was a faint suspicion of banter in his guest's smile.

"They might," he murmured, "but I'd rather get my man myself."

Slane paid his bill, and rose to depart. He took a card from his pocketbook, and laid it upon the table.

"Well," he said, "there's my address and phone number. Any night you feel like it, I'll get Stimpson to come up and dine with us. You won't find him trying to steal any of your thunder. He's a good chap."

Mr. Cross shook hands with his departing host warmly.

"I'll call you up in a day or two," he promised. "If I can't get on without help, I'll ask you to bring Stimpson along, and we'll have a talk. And if," he added, more slowly, "I get my man, then I'll give you both a dinner you won't forget. Good night, Slane—I beg your pardon—Sir Jasper."

"Slane to the profession," was the smiling rejoinder.

It amused Slane, during the remainder of that week, to visit one or two more of the crook plays which were just at that moment so popular in London, and at nearly every one of them he saw Detective Cross, seated always on the left-hand side of the stalls; trim, spruce and intent. Once or twice they exchanged greetings, but the detective had rather the air of desiring to escape observation, and though his manner was always perfectly friendly, there was something about it which warned Slane that he preferred to be left alone. One Sunday evening, however, when passing through the grillroom, a waiter ran after him, and tapped him on the shoulder.

"A gentleman would like just a word with you, sir, if you please," he said. "He is sitting just round the corner."

Slane recognized Cross, seated with a lady. He made his way to the table.

"Want you to know my wife, Sir Jasper," the detective announced. "She arrived from New York yesterday on the Megantic."

The lady was small, dark, inclined to be a little sallow, but with beautiful eyes and an exceedingly vivacious manner.

"I'm very glad to meet you, Sir Jasper," she said, "and I hope you'll try to persuade Ned to do as I want him to do."

"You're on your way to dinner, I can see," the detective remarked, with a glance at Slane's attire. "Sit down for a minute and take a cocktail with us. Waiter, one dry Martini."

Slane accepted the invitation willingly. There was a change in Cross. He was looking a little tired, and he had the air of a man who has passed sleepless nights.

"No luck yet?" Slane asked.

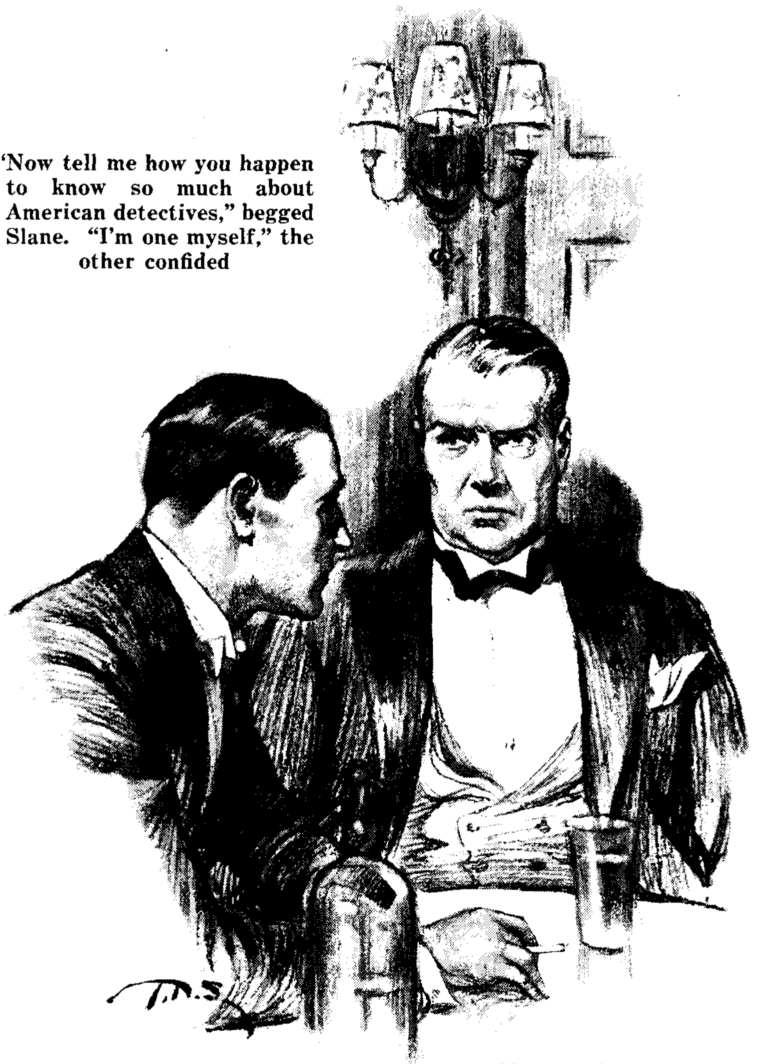
The other shook his head. The woman became almost vehement.

"WHAT luck do you suppose there ever could be," she demanded, "sitting about waiting to be plugged by a tough like Josh Chandler? When I learned Ned had come over here after him, just when he'd made up his mind to retire and take me through France and Italy, I just bought a steamer ticket, got on the Limited, and here I am. Ned's done good work for twenty years. He could take his pension tomorrow. I'm taking him right away."

Slane looked at Cross.

"Have you met with any luck at all?" he asked.

"I can't say as I have," Cross acknowledged, "but I've got ideas, and that's what I'm not often plagued with. I've got ideas all the time that Josh is there, at my elbow (*Continued on page 44*)

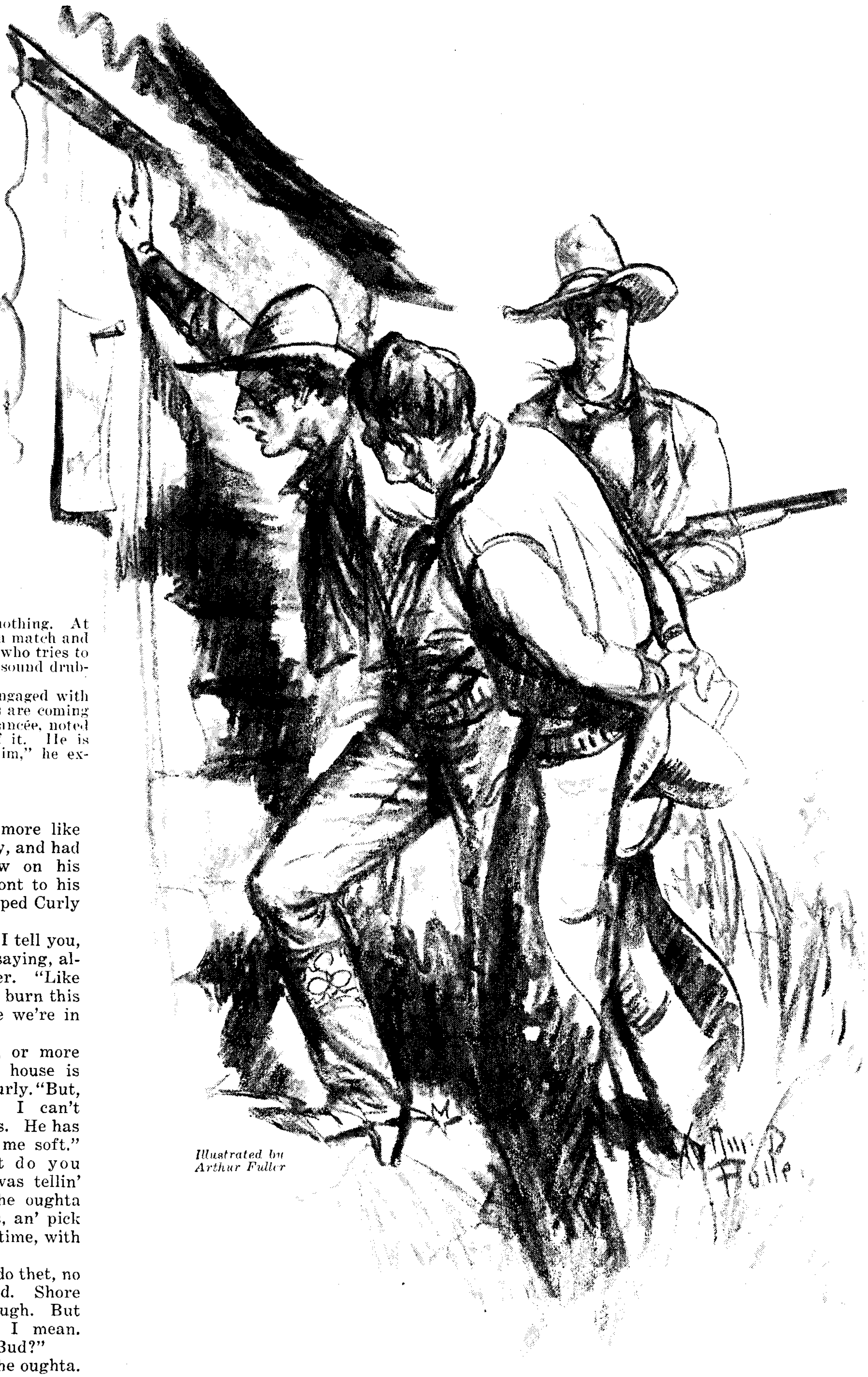


"Now tell me how you happen to know so much about American detectives," begged Slane. "I'm one myself," the other confided

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

The Yellowjacket Feud

By Zane Grey


Illustrated by Arthur Fuller

The Story Thus Far: Jim Traft, nephew of "old" Jim Traft, wealthy Arizona cattleman, is in love with Molly Dunn, a lovely but illiterate little Westerner. Cruelly jilted by Ed Darnell, her rascally fiancé, Gloriana, Jim's beautiful sister, comes West to avoid the gossips. Darnell, she tells Jim, has sworn to follow her.

But Jim has other problems to solve. Jed Stone's Hash Knife Outfit, a gang of bad men, has been stealing his uncle's cattle. He believes that George Bambridge, a ranchman, is working with the thieves. As leader of his uncle's men—the Diamond Outfit—he must find a way to deal with them.

After securing proof that Bambridge is involved, Jim has a fight with the cattleman and knocks him out. After which he goes, alone and unarmed, to the Hash Knife headquarters, and offers Stone $10,000 to leave his uncle's ranch—the Yellowjacket. To his amazement, Stone—who is by no means an ordinary outlaw—rejects the offer, but volunteers to leave for nothing. At which juncture, Croak Malloy, a hard-boiled Hash-Knifer, shoots a match and a cigarette out of Jim's hand. Jim, enraged, insults the bad man, who tries to kill him but is prevented by Stone. Jim then gives the ruffian a sound drubbing—with his fists.

Stone keeps his promise, and moves away. But Jim, busily engaged with his man in building a cabin on the ranch, fears the Hash-Knifers are coming back, to attack him. And Slinger Dunn, brother of Jim's little fiancée, noted backwoodsman, and member of the Diamond Outfit, is sure of it. He is shocked when Jim tells him of his encounter with Malloy. "Jim," he exclaims, "you're as good as dead!"

V

JIM rode through the colorful rock-wall gateway of Yellowjacket, imagining himself Vercingetorix, riding his black stallion at the head of his army into one of the captured cities. Soon the little party reached the cabin.

"What's thet white thing stuck on the door? Looks like paper to me," said the sharp-eyed Bud.

Curiously they dismounted. Jim saw a dirty page of a lined notebook pegged into the rotten woodwork of the door. Upon it was scrawled in a crude but legible handwriting the word: "Mañana." And under it had been drawn the rude sketch of a hash knife, somehow compelling and suggestive.

"Dog-gone! What'd they mean?" exclaimed Jim, in perplexity.

"Clear as print," explained Bud. "Mañana means tomorrer. An' the knife says they'll come back pronto to make hash out of us."

"Oh, is that all?" returned Jim, with a laugh. "I guess Croak Malloy left it."

TEN days of uninterrupted labor followed. Slinger Dunn had trailed the Hash Knife Outfit to Black Brakes, the very retreat to which he had surmised they would go; and according to him they had stayed there, or at least had not ridden north on the trail toward Yellowjacket. When Jim allowed himself to think of it he was vastly concerned. The prospect of a ranch and a home, within twenty miles of the hardest and most notorious gang in Arizona, was almost unthinkable. They would have to be dealt with. Nevertheless Jim nursed a conviction that Jed Stone would turn out to be the kind of man Uncle Jim had vowed he was. To be sure, all Jim had to substantiate such faith was the fact of Stone's leaving Yellowjacket, and an indefinable something Jim felt.

One night Jim overheard Curly and Bud talking. It was late, the fire had died down so that it cast only ruddy, flickering shadows, and no doubt the boys thought Jim was sound asleep.

Bud had seemed more like his true self, lately, and had forgiven the blow on his nose and the affront to his vanity. He worshiped Curly like a brother.

"It's a fool job, I tell you, Curly," Bud was saying, almost in a whisper. "Like as not Malloy will burn this pile of logs, while we're in Flag."

"Shore he will, or more like wait till the house is half up," agreed Curly. "But, dog-gone-it, Bud, I can't go against the boss. He has a way of makin' me soft."

"Curly, what do you think? Slinger was tellin' me he reckoned he oughta dog them rustlers, an' pick them off one at a time, with a rifle."

"Slinger cain't do thet, no more than I could. Shore I'm not Injun enough. But you know what I mean. What'd you say, Bud?"

"I ast him why he oughta. An' he said that he oughta do it fer Molly's sake."

"Shore. Thet same thing worries me a lot. I never seen a girl love a fellar like she loves Jim. Dog-gone! It'd shore be. . . . Wal, Croak Malloy will shoot Jim the first time he lays eyes on him, no matter where."

"Curly, I agree with you. Croak would. But I bet you Slinger gets to him first. Because, Curly, old pard, our backwoods cowboy is turrible in love with Gloriana May. Did you get thet?"

"Shore," admitted Curly. "But thet's nothin'. I've lost my haid. So've you, an' all the boys. The hell of it is Glory's in love with Slinger."

"Wow! You *are* out of your haid. He amuses Glory—fascinates her, mebbe, cause she's crazy aboot desperadoes, but thet's all, pard," returned Bud, with heart-warming loyalty.

"Shore sounds queer—for me to say thet aboot Glory," went on Curly. "Lord knows I mean no disrespect. She's a thoroughbred. But, Bud, jest consider. She's an Easterner. She's young. She's full of sentiment an' romance. An' she's had some kind of trouble. Deep. An' it's hurt her. Wal, this damn' Slinger Dunn is far better lookin' than any of us—than any cowpuncher I ever seen. He's a wonderful chap, Bud. If I wasn't so jealous of him that I want to shoot him in the back—I—I'd love him myself. It wouldn't be so strange for a gurl like Glory to fall haid over heels in love with him. An' honest, I'm scared so I'm afraid to go to Flag."

"Nonsense. Any damn' fool could hev seen you had the inside track with Glory. Sure, if you back out an' show yellow, Slinger or somebody else will beat you. Don't you think I'm backin' out. I reckon Glory couldn't see me with a spy-glass, but I'm in the race, an' I got a flyin' start an' I aim to stay in it."

"Well," said Curly, "here's another one who's in it!"

JIM blazed a road out of Yellowjacket, and shortly after it was finished a tired, cold, dirty, unshaven, but happy group of cowboys rode into Flag, where they separated. Jim had reasons to shake Curly and Bud, and they manifested no great desire to continue on with him.

Flagerstown was windy and bleak. But it would have taken an unfaceable blizzard or an impassable prairie fire to have daunted Jim's soaring spirits.

Dismounting in front of the jeweler's, Jim hurried in. The proprietor, with whom Jim had left an order, was not in, but his son, a young Westerner, whom Jim did not like, was.

"Mr. Miller in?" he asked.

"No. Father's out of town. But I can wait on you. . . . The diamond ring is here—if you still want it," returned the young man.

Jim stared. What in the devil did this nincompoop mean?

"Certainly I want it. I paid in advance. Let me have it, quick, please," retorted Jim.

THE jeweler produced a little white box, from which glistened a beautiful diamond. Jim took it, trying to be cool, but he was burning and thrilling all over. Molly's engagement ring! It was a beauty—pretty big and valuable, he thought, now he actually saw what he had ordered. Molly would be surprised. She did not even know Jim had ordered it. And the sight of her eyes, when they fell upon it, would be worth ten times the price.

"Thanks. I reckon it's all right. I was careful about size," said Jim, and, pocketing the ring, he strode out to his horse, which he led down the street. "Funny look that gazabo gave me," he soliloquized, thoughtfully, and he dismissed the incident by admitting to himself he must have been rather amusing to the clerk. Then he went into Babbitt's, where he had left another order, for a Christmas present for his uncle, and one for Molly. Securing the packages, which were rather large and heavy, and which he did not trouble to open, he hurried out through the store. In the men's furnishing department a bright red silk scarf caught his eye, and he swerved to the counter.

"I'd like that red scarf," he said, to the girl clerk, "and a pair of buckskin gloves."

The girl neither spoke nor moved. Then Jim looked at her—and there stood Molly Dunn, with white and agitated face. Jim was perfectly thunderstruck.

"What—what does this mean?" he stammered.

"I'm workin' heah, Jim," Molly whispered. "Mawnin's I go to school an' afternoons I'm heah."

"For heaven's sake! A clerk in Babbitt's?" he exclaimed.

"Di-didn't you—get my letter?" she faltered, her eyes unnaturally large and frightened.

"Letter? No, I didn't. How could I get a letter when I've been three weeks in the woods?"

"I—I left it—with your uncle."

"Molly, I just rode in. Haven't been home. What's wrong? Why are you here?" Molly's eyes suddenly expressed a poignant dismay.

"Oh, Jim—I'm so sorry—you had to come in heah—not knowin'," she cried piteously. "I wouldn't hurt you. . . . But I—I've left your home. . . . I've broke our engagement."

"Molly!" he ejaculated, in hoarse incredulity.

"It's true, Jim . . . but you mustn't stand there—"

"Why, for God's sake?" he burst out.

"Please go, Jim. I—I'll see you later—an' tell you—"

"No. You can tell me here why you jilted me," he interrupted, harshly.

"Missouri—I—I didn't," she said, huskily, tears streaming down her cheeks.

"Was Gloriana mean to you?" Jim suddenly demanded.

"She was lovely to me. Kind an' sweet. An' she—she tried to meet me on my own level—so I wouldn't see the difference be-between us . . . but I did. I—I wasn't fit to be her sister. I shore wasn't goin' to disgrace you. So I—I left an' come heah to work, an' Mother went back home to the Cibeque."

"You swear Glory didn't hurt you?"

"No, Jim, I cain't swear thet. But she never hurt me on purpose. There's nothin' mean aboot your sister. . . . I just loved her—an' thet made it worse."

"Molly Dunn, you're a damn' little fool," exploded Jim, overcome by a frenzy of pain and fury. "You were good enough for *any* man, let alone me. . . . But if you're as fickle—as that—"

Jim choked, and gathering up his packages he gave Molly a terrible look, and rushed out of the store.

In an ordinary moment he could not have mounted his horse, burdened as he was, but he leaped astride, scarcely feeling the weight of the packages. And he spurred Baldy into a run, right down the main street of Flagerstown. The violence of action suited the violent tumult in his breast. But by the time he reached the ranch-house the furious anger had given way somewhat to consternation and a stunned surprise. That simple honest innocent child! But even so she might be protecting Gloriana.

Jim left his horse at the barn, and taking his bundles he ran into the house, and into the living-room, bursting in upon the old cattleman like a hurricane.

"Jim! Good Lord! I thought it was Injuns," exclaimed Traft. "Wal, I expected you along soon. How are you, son?"

"HOWDY, Uncle," replied Jim, throwing aside his bundles, and meeting the glad hand extended. "I *was* fine, till I struck town. . . . Glad to report the Hash Knife got off Yellowjacket without a fight."

"Jim Traft! You're not foolin' the old man?"

"No, I'm happy to say. It's a fact, Uncle."

"How'n hell did you do it?"

"I went straight to see Jed Stone."

"You braved thet outfit?" yelled Traft.

"Sure. Jed Stone was sure decent. He agreed to get out. But Croak Malloy shot a match out of my fingers, then the cigarette out of my mouth. I sure was mad. I cussed him—called him a crooked-faced little runt. He'd shot *me* then, but Stone kicked his gun. It went off in the air. Then I piled into Croak. I banged him around—then knocked him about a mile out of the door. He was trying to get up when I went out, and I gave him a good stiff kick, and left."

"My Gawd! Son, don't tell me you punched thet gunman, same as these cowboys?" ejaculated Traft.

"I reckon I did, Uncle."

"Jim, my boy, you're as good as dead," wailed the old rancher.

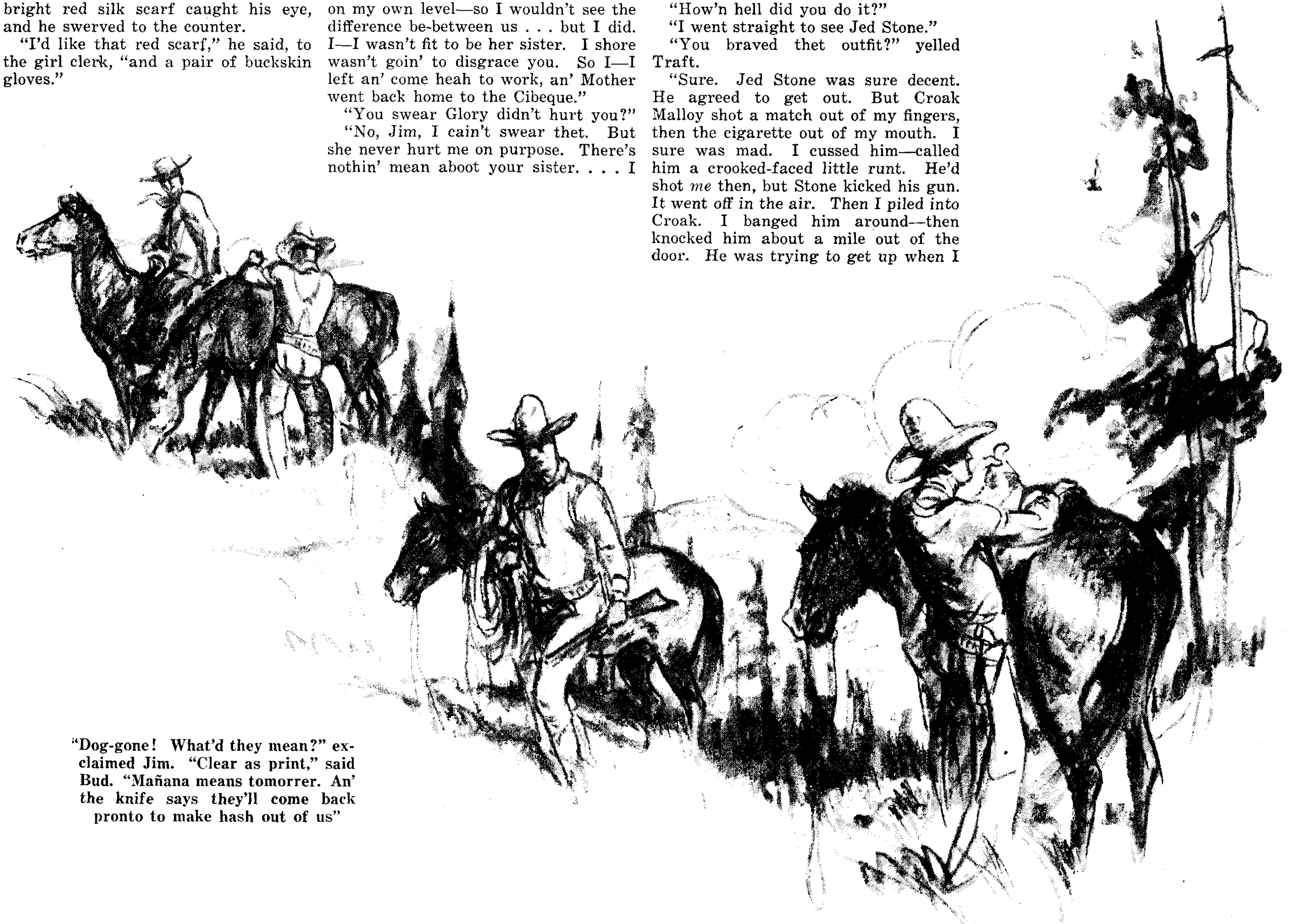
"Don't you believe it," retorted Jim. "And how long do I have to serve as a tenderfoot? . . . Well, no more about the Hash Knife now. We moved up to Yellowjacket and went to cutting poles. And on our way out we blazed a line out to the road. After the holidays we'll go back, and by spring be ready—"

SUDDENLY it dawned upon him that something had happened which made the home-building at Yellowjacket a useless and superfluous task. His heart contracted and sank like cold lead.

"Uncle," he burst out, "I ran into Babbitt's, and there, behind a counter, was Molly. She's broken our engagement. . . . She's going to work. . . . I'm stunned."

"Jim, don't take it too hard," replied the old rancher, soothingly. "Don't imagine it a permanent break. Why, she done it because she loves you so much. She came to me an' told me, Jim. How she wasn't good enough for you—she hadn't the courage to marry you—your family would stick up their noses at her, an' all thet sort of thing. I tried to argue her out of goin'. But she's a stubborn little minx. Independent, too, an' proud in her way. So I jest told her thet you'd understand, but you'd never take her at her word. She cried at thet. Jim, she couldn't hold out against you

(Continued on page 61)



"Dog-gone! What'd they mean?" exclaimed Jim. "Clear as print," said Bud. "Mañana means tomorrer. An' the knife says they'll come back pronto to make hash out of us"

Once a Trouper

By Hugh Leamy

Hal Skelly is a Big Timer now. But don't let anyone tell you he doesn't sigh for the great open booking spaces of Main Street, where little laughs had to go long ways and happiness and adventure made up for slim purses

As Skid in Burlesque, H Skelly eyes the omino date Friday the thirteen on Lesty's calendar

Joseph Harold Skelly and Nancy Carroll in the talking picture The Dance of Life, based on the play Burlesque

THEY might have known they'd never make a priest out of him. They started him right, Heaven knows, but they should have taken prophetic warning from his goings-on of a Sunday when he'd race home from serving as altar-boy at the church a couple of blocks away.

He used to come away after Mass, with his pockets filled with candle stubs discarded from the various candelabra of the church. These he would arrange, lighted, along one side of the lengthy family dining table. Then he'd clamber up on it and go through a song and dance routine for the interest and occasional delight of his younger brothers and sisters.

"And if they didn't stick around till I was finished," Hal Skelly recalls, "I'd kick hell out of them."

Yes, they should have known. But it wasn't until Hal Skelly had twice run away to the show business from St. Bede's College, which prepared young men for the priesthood, that they finally abandoned—with parental sighs of resignation—the idea of the pulpit.

You see, Hal's father had been raised by the Benedictine Fathers at St. Vincent's in Pennsylvania and so great was his gratitude to those good men that he made up his mind, when he grew up, that his firstborn should become a priest. An idea of such noble origin and such long standing was not easily tossed overboard but what can you do with a son whose mind is on overtures when his voice is chanting *Aves?*

The Road to Stardom

So Hal Skelly became a ham actor. And what a ham! He played with medicine shows, with circuses, with musical tabloids and the Lord knows what all.

Once or twice he ventured from the trouper's path. When he became a fight manager or when he played substitute second baseman with the Boston Braves, for instance. But those weren't drastic detours—not enough of a deviation seriously to delay his progress along the rocky road to stardom.

Dreaming in his tent dressing-rooms in the sticks of making Broadway some day, it's extremely unlikely that Hal Skelly ever thought he'd make it wearing the same ridiculous shoes, the loud-checked pantaloons and the ruby, putty nose that were his intimate companions then. Still, that's the way it all turned out. He won wide fame last season playing the part of a ham comic in the legitimate production Burlesque.

Then, more recently, he scored again in the same rôle in The Dance of Life—a talking picture made from the play. (The film makers felt—and doubtless rightly—that Burlesque would be too misleading a screen title in the provinces.)

Thus, you see, the ham of those earlier years must have had something in him; anyone can be a ham but it takes a real actor to play one convincingly.

Of course he was helped by the fact that he had lived almost every line in the play. Even that grand bit at the finish of the second act which has just about established Skelly for life if he never does another thing. Skid (Skelly) clowns a wedding march for his exit—leaving Bonny, his wife, to the man whom she'll marry after divorcing Skid. Skid has made Broadway. It's gone to his head. It's cost him his wife, who nursed him till fame was his. But, always the trouper, he exits on one brave, glorious jazz note.

No one had to show Hal Skelly how to run through that bit. He'd done almost the same thing, somewhere in the distant past under similar but less happy circumstances.

And so with all the rest of it. Then, too, he wasn't at all handicapped by the fact that he's just as much of a trouper today as ever he was under canvas.

You can sit chatting in their dressing-rooms with players who have come all the way up from the sawdust. And you can sit in other dressing-rooms with other players whose careers have been more skyrockety. And you'll notice the difference. There's something in the atmosphere and the chatter that distinguishes the trouper from the easily-arrived. The grease paint smells the same, the dressing-tables and glaring mirrors with their nude light bulbs look the same. The talk is sprinkled with the same references to "Ziggy" and "flops" and "wows" and "cues." The thumping of scenery juggled by stagehands outside the door is the same.

Airplanes Are His Hobby

But the difference is there, none the less. And never more boisterously present than in the room where Hal Skelly makes up. He must be about forty now, long, lanky, not unhandsome when he isn't masquerading in burlesque make-up. But he's still as much of a boy, as much of an engaging comic, as he was that day he scampered off from St. Bede's in Davenport, Iowa, to join a musical show in Chicago. He knows he's arrived somewhere but he's happily ignorant of (*Continued on page 58*)

Specialists made it ◆ ◆ ◆
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and motorists say,

"Yes—the New Mobiloil does last longer"

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Last summer we sent investigators to ask this one question of motorists: "What have you noticed about the actual performance of the New Mobiloil in *your* engine?"

"*The New Mobiloil lasts longer,*" was their answer.

What does it mean—this ability of the New Mobiloil to outlast other oils? Its meaning has more significance than any other single fact about an oil. For, in comparing oils of similar "body," engineers have proved that the oil which lasts longest, also lubricates best.

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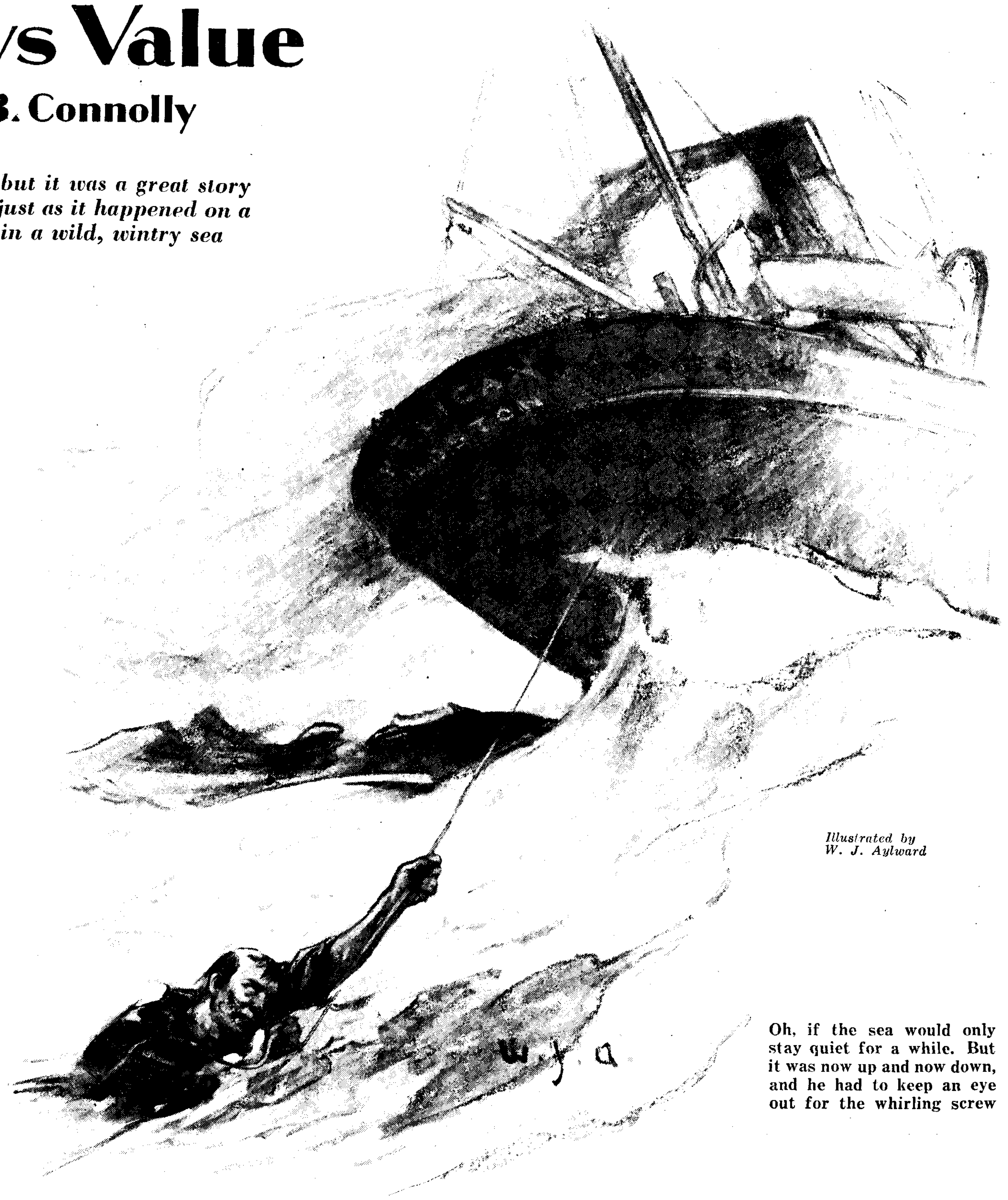
Keeps the first-year feel in your engine

No News Value

By James B. Connolly

It wasn't really "news," but it was a great story all the same. Here it is, just as it happened on a Gloucester fisherman in a wild, wintry sea



Illustrated by W. J. Aylward

Oh, if the sea would only stay quiet for a while. But it was now up and now down, and he had to keep an eye out for the whirling screw

THE steam trawler Pelican was leaving the southwest bank of Georges Shoals with a load of fish for the Boston market. She bounced around a bit coming off the bank, which isn't to say that it was rough weather—what a bank fisherman would call rough. She was one of the first steam trawling fleet, one of the short-legged, round-bellied models, and that model never did need much excuse to go bouncing around.

From the southwest bank the course is northeasterly until the north shoal is cleared. Then it is west-northwest and let her go for Boston Lightship.

It was raining, a cold rain, leaving the bank. Clearing the north shoal the rain gave way to snow, which was soon succeeded by hail—hail that hit a man's face like bits of flint whenever he looked to windward; all of which was nothing unusual for that time of year and so not to be complained of.

The wind hauled into the northwest, making as it hauled, until by and by it was blowing perhaps fifty miles an hour, which is wind enough when it's a cold winter day and coming fair out of the northwest. The good thing was that it brought clear weather, no thick o' fog or snow that doesn't let the watch see another vessel till she's on top of a man, nor the beacon lights of the shore till a vessel's into the surf or onto the rocks somewhere.

STEAM trawlers carry a mate as well as a skipper; and on the Pelican the two always stood watch and watch for the passage home. With the skipper or mate on watch there would be a man to the wheel in the pilot house, and a lookout man who might be in the bows of her peering out for ship or shore lights; or making himself useful around deck on a clear night like this one.

The mate of the Pelican was Andie Wholley. He was from the old sailing fleet. Most of the skippers and mates of steam fishermen are old sailing fleet men, but Andie dated further back than most of them. Forty winters he had trawled on Georges Shoals before shifting his bag to a fishing steamer; and forty winters on Georges, as any child on the streets in Gloucester can tell you, makes a man a tough old sea gull—an old sea bird who's lucky to be still alive.

Andie was one of the kind that grow thinner and more wiry as they grow old. He might have weighed 150 pounds in his lusty youth, no more. Men who only knew him as a steam fisherman would gaze upon his spare frame and wonder how he ever maneuvered to haul the heavy trawls of his old dory days. But he hauled them. At sixty-five years of age, he could still pick up an eighty-pound cod on his pitch fork and toss it into its proper pen as—well, aboard the Pelican no one could see where the huskiest of them were doing it with any less fuss.

At ten o'clock of the night after clearing the north shoal, Andie took over the watch from the skipper. Steve Whitten was lookout man and in the wheelhouse was Tom Boyle. The seas were running with the wind, which meant, they being northwest and the ship's course west-northwest, that they were boarding her by way of her starboard bow. Tom Boyle at the wheel was holding her to her course, the instructions being to get her along home, which didn't mean that he wasn't to ease her into the worst of the high rolling ones when he saw them coming. He saw most of them coming in time, but sometimes one would get by him, and then the white water would come rolling aboard and fill half her waist and sometimes the whole after starboard gangway between the engine-room house and the quarter rail. How she would roll down them!

ANDIE and Steve, being out on the open deck, could sometimes hear a sea coming when Tom in the closed wheelhouse could not. One high white-shouldered fellow—they knew he was high and white-shouldered by the noise he made coming—came roaring along and they climbed into the after weather rigging; and from there almost comfortably looked down upon white water, rolling across her waist and filling the length of her after gangway solid, and so over her stern rail.

Tom Boyle, at the wheel, felt a bit worried about that one getting by him. Holding one hand on a wheel spoke, he reached out with the other, threw open an airport that looked out upon the deck from the after side of the wheelhouse. He peered out anxiously, caught sight of the two figures outlined against the sky in the rigging. They were safe; but to relieve his feeling, he thrust a megaphone through the airport and yelled down the deck: "I missed that one, Andie! Thought the old girl was goin' to be hove down for a minute. Y'all right, Andie—you and Steve?"

"All right!" shouted Andie. Against the gale of wind that was blowing, his voice did not carry beyond the end of his nose and he knew it, but it sort of nourished friendly feelings to be answering back.

The Pelican swung a boat from davits on her starboard quarter. Andie brought his head down to Steve's and yelled in Steve's ear: "I'm 'fraid that quarter boat'll go adrift. Let's see."

They climbed down from the rigging, made their careful way along the deck. They had to be careful, the deck being all iced up, and the wind strong enough almost to pick them up and blow them overboard when they didn't have a good hold on something.

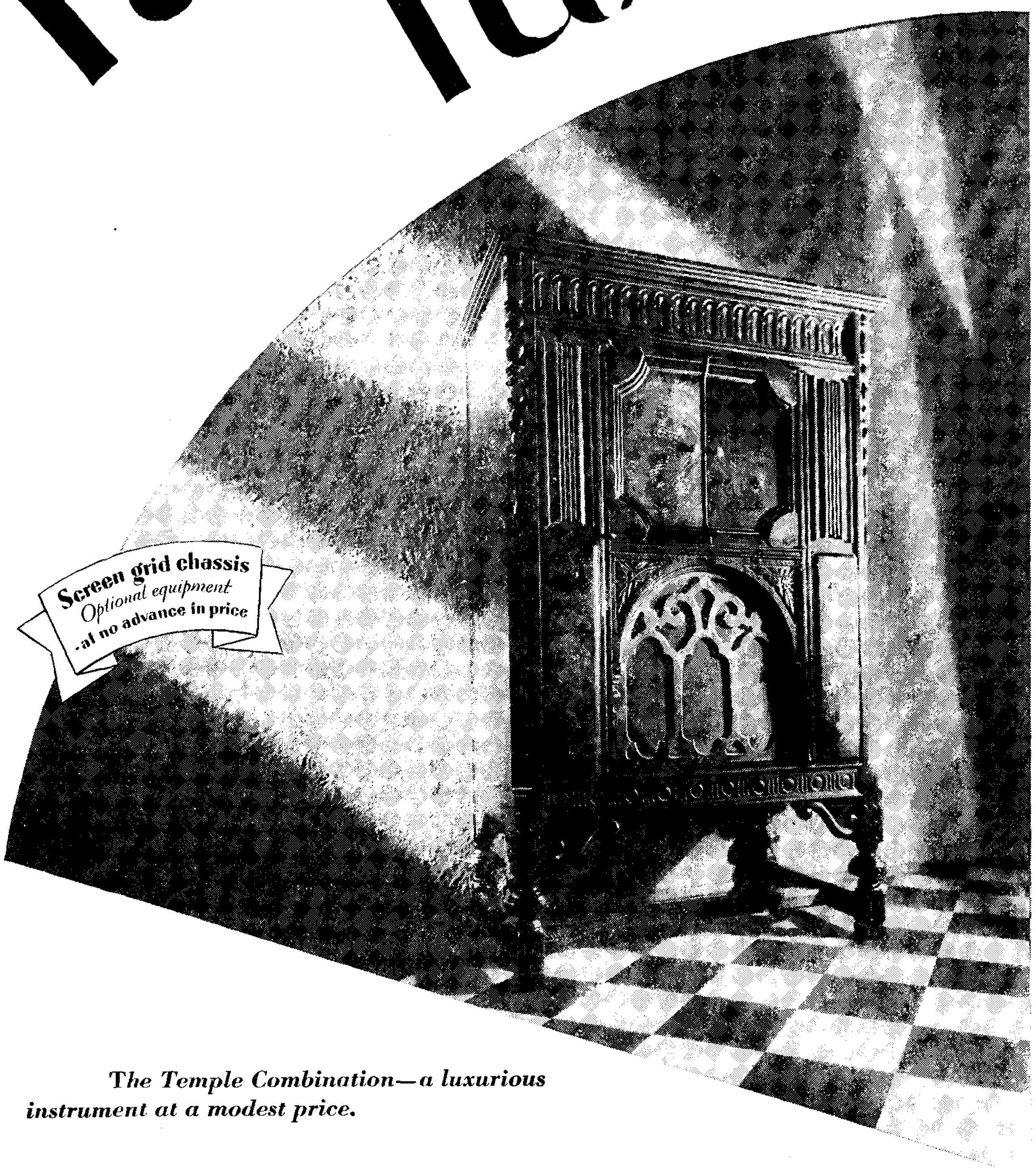
THEY reached the boat. "Thought so," yelled Andie to Steve. "Bow falls loose. Who d' y' s'pose hitched them so they wouldn't stay hitched? D' y' know what I think about most o' these steamer crews? They're the half of 'em shore bums. Can y'imagine a man aboard an old trawler from the sailin' fleet half hitchin' a boat's falls so they wouldn't stay half hitched? The crew'd take him some dark night an' heave him over the lee rail."

He caught up the loose bight of the falls, half hitched them anew. "So long's we're here," he shouted in Steve's ear, "I think I'll run a line over and under her, and lash her bow and stern so no sea'll carry her loose from the davits."

(Continued on page 22)

radio luxury....

for a luxury hungry world



The Temple Combination—a luxurious instrument at a modest price.

MATCHLESS TEMPLETONE...superb duplication of sound just as the recording artists commit it to the microphone . . . is the exclusive gift of Temple to a world that is healthily hungry for radio luxury.

The new Temple is so great an achievement in acoustical engineering it needs no superlatives to bolster its appeal.

The intricate devices by which this tone miracle has been wrought need not be described here. The world doesn't ask for blue-prints. It takes results to its heart.

Any Temple dealer will proudly demonstrate to you that Temple gives a true, sweet, full-proportioned echo of the program it receives.

The Temple Combination, illustrated here, is housed in a beautiful walnut cabinet, forty-six inches high. In addition to the Temple chassis and speaker, it contains full equipment for electrical reproduction of phonograph records, in rich, true Templetone. Space is provided also for storage of records.

Temple is all-electric. The standard chassis has six 227 tubes—push-pull amplification in last audio stage, using two new 245 power tubes—full-wave rectification. A power supply oversized in every respect, in combination with the Temple electro-dynamic Speaker, assures matchless tone for Temple Receivers. Consoled, ready for use. The Temple 8-60 Console . . . $149; the Temple 8-80 Grand Console . . . $169; the Temple Combination . . . $269. All prices less tubes. Prices slightly higher west of the Rocky Mountains. *Temple Receivers are licensed by R. C. A. and associated companies.*

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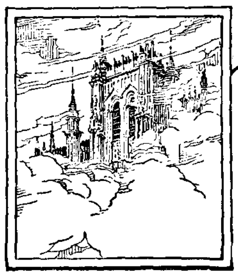

Radio

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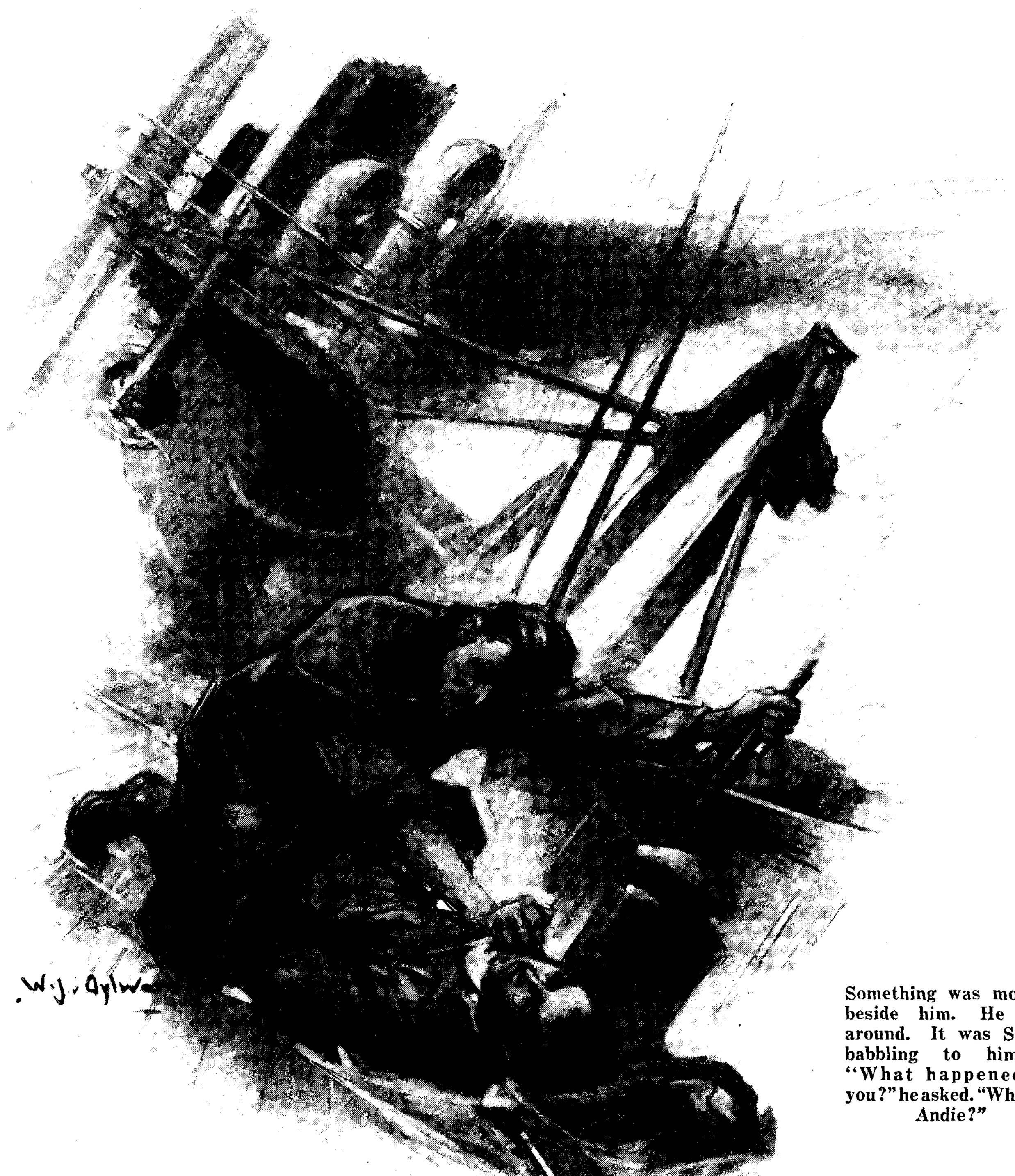
"THE SWITCHBOARD OF A NATION"



Something was moving beside him. He felt around. It was Steve, babbling to himself. "What happened to you?" he asked. "Where's Andie?"

"Ought to have help for that, don't you think, Andie?" yelled Steve.

"Maybe we oughter," admitted Andie, "but everybody below is long ago turned in—let 'em stay there. Would you be thankin' anybody on watch for haulin' you out o' your warm bunk on a night like this? Course not. Nor me. We'll manage it. Get a couple o' long rope ends out o' the lazarette."

Steve went off and came back with the rope ends. "Give me a lift up into the boat," said Andie. Before Steve could give him the lift another sea came roaring down upon them. Both heard it coming and yelled to each other to watch out. Steve ran and slid along the icy gangway to the protection of the after end of the engine-room house.

Andie was standing on the steamer's rail, clinging to the gunnel of the boat with one hand and to the davit stanchion with the other when the wall of water rolled down on him. The gunnel of the boat was icy, his fingers within his woolen mitt wouldn't take hold when he tried to grip the gunnel. The ship's rail was icy, his feet slid from under him when he tried to grip the davit with both hands. The wall of water swept him overboard, past the steamer's quarter and under her counter, past her stern and into her roaring wake.

High rolling seas, a gale of wind, and a winter night offshore—Andie's first thought was: "You're gone at last, Andie Wholley!" not forgetting at the same time to thrash out with his arms and legs to keep himself afloat. What good would it do him to keep afloat? Where he would swim to if he could swim in that sea, he didn't know; he only knew that the sea that had been after him at odd times for forty odd years was after him again; and he wasn't going to let it get him so long as he had breath left to fight.

He was in oilskins with heavy inner and outer clothing under the oil skins, and he was wearing thick leather sea boots to his knees, which did not make for extra buoyancy in the water. He had a hard time of it trying to keep his head above the surface so that he could breathe.

THE sea was picking up the old Pelican and tossing her high. Andie caught a glimpse of her stern and smokestack swinging across the stars. He was at the moment flat on his back and wondering why the steamer remained so close to him—the seas by this time should have carried him far astern. "She's makin' no headway again' the no'wester," he reasoned, and immediately knew he was wrong. They had been driving her all the way from Georges and the log showed four knots against it all that day—not too bad for an old hooker that had to bust herself to do ten knots in smooth water.

Andie felt himself being hauled along on his back, which was a queer thing too. "What's goin' on here?" he asked himself, at the same time seizing a chance to draw a fresh breath and let a yell out of him—a waste of strength, as he very well knew, against that gale of wind, but a man had to be doing his best always, and there was no telling—miracles did happen sometimes.

Something had hold of him by the left leg—what could it be?

What could it be but the log line? He wiggled his left foot to find out about that, not too violently, fearing to wiggle it loose. He could feel the line straining against the calf of his boot. It was the log line, and it had caught under the thick boot heel, run up over the instep and taken a half-turn around his leg. He was still on his back, his left leg extended out in front of him, his foot held slightly out of water. "Careful, Andie, careful now, boy," he was saying to himself. "A hard kick o' that leg and the log line 'll come clear and you be left adrift."

He reached around under him and to one side with his left hand until he felt the line. He took a full turn then of the slack end of it around his woolen mitt. He then rolled over on his face and got a grip of it with his right hand. He next kicked his left foot clear of the log line. With his next good breath he started to haul himself toward the steamer on the line. The line kept slipping through his woolen mitts, so he tossed them away. It was a cold night, a winter northwester is always cold, and he knew he would be liking the feel of those mitts on his hands later—if nothing happened him—but the need now was to get to the steamer as fast as he could.

THE short, round-bellied Pelican was a buoyant craft. A great thing, buoyancy; but Andie was wishing she wasn't quite so buoyant now. Half to the stars she looked to be riding the sea at times; and again she would go rushing down the hills of water into the hollows; and then her screw would come racing out of the water and give Andie a chill to think he might be drawn under her stern and have his head or an arm cut off by the whirling blades.

Every now and again, when he could spare the breath, he would raise his head and yell: "Hi-i, aboard the Pelican! Hi Steve!"—again knowing it a great waste of breath; but that was no reason for not doing what he could while he had breath left in him.

He pulled himself along. Hauling on sheets and halyards and trawls and rowing a dory and pitching fish for near fifty years of his life had developed an amazing endurance and power in his arms and shoulders. Yet for all that, when the log line would slacken and then suddenly tauten and fetch up with a jerk under the rush of the ship, he could almost feel the arms being pulled out of him.

He had been perhaps 150 feet astern of the steamer when the log line fouled him, a long tough haul, but he found himself at last under the steamer's starboard counter. The log line was fastened to a bitt on her starboard quarters, from where it ran through a chock in her stern rail.

He looked up at the rail, and it did look high above him. Could he hoist himself aboard? The log line was of the usual sort—close braided, and about the size and hardness of window-sash cord—a poor thing for a man to be hauling himself up a ship's side with. If it was a small hawser or a bit of deck line—something to fill a man's hand when he took hold of it!—but this slim, slippery thing!

OH, IF the sea would only stay quiet for a while! But it was now high up and now low down, and he having to keep an eye out always for the whirling screw.

He took a turn of the line around his left hand and lifted. By this time the sea water had seeped through his oilskins to his heavy clothes and underwear, making quite an extra weight to lift. However, he lifted with his left hand, took a grip of the line higher up with his right hand and lifted; but his hands by now were numb from the cold sea water and the colder winter wind. He couldn't hold the grip. The thin hard icy line slipped through his half-frozen fingers.

He tried it again and slipped back. He tried it twenty times; and always he slid back. He stopped to get a fresh breath, wondering to himself what had become of Steve, why he hadn't had the steamer hove to when he saw him—he must've seen him, of course, being washed overboard; or if he hadn't seen him being washed overboard, why wasn't he

(Continued on page 56)

Roosevelt

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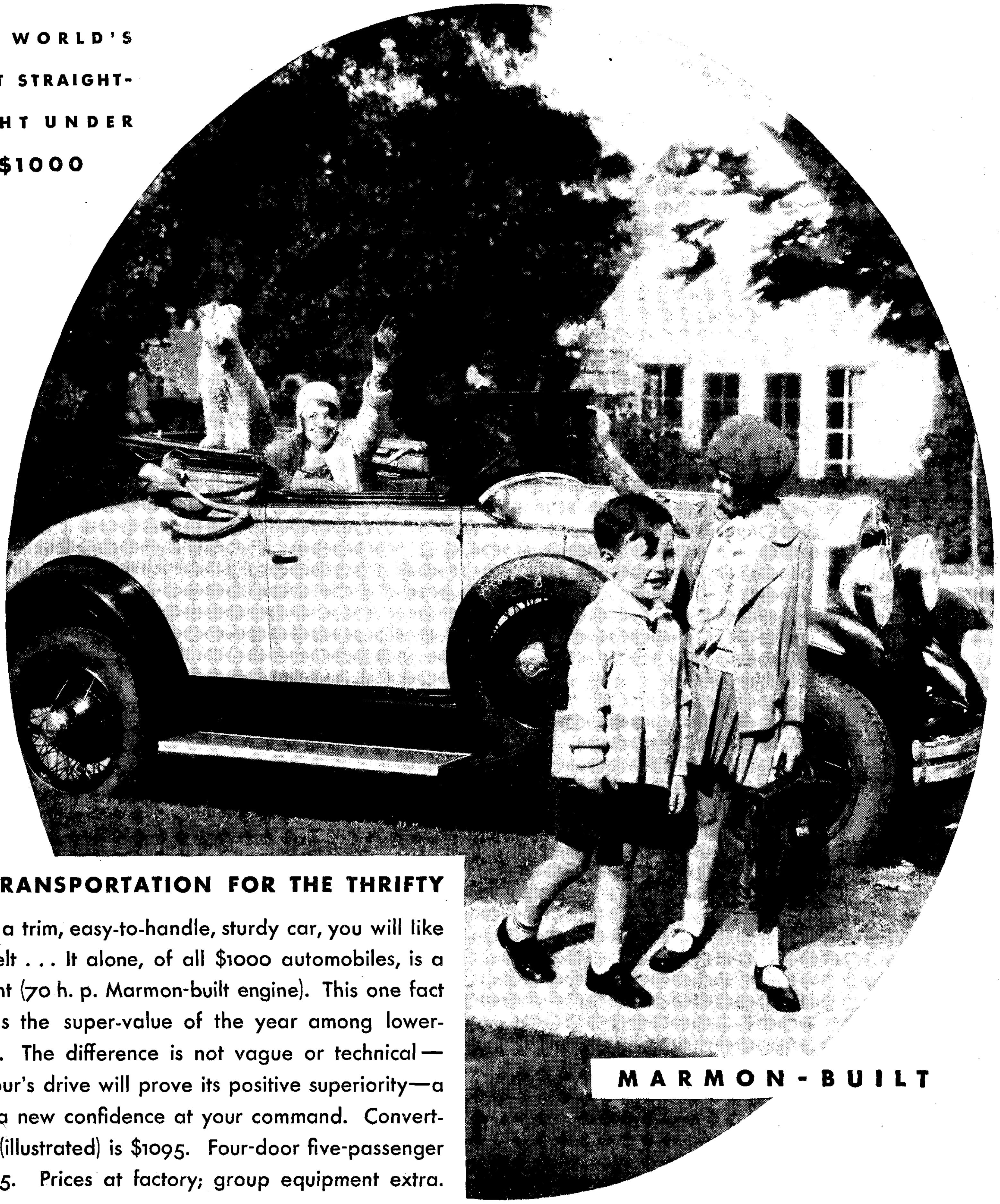

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3 new records

RECENTLY we announced an advertising gain of 258 pages in Collier's for the first eight months of this year. Now, we are privileged to publish three new records in advertising patronage:

41%	Total linage the first 9 months of this year—through September—was 41% greater than in the same period last year.
75%	The first four September issues this year carried 75% more advertising than the corresponding issues in 1928.
149%	The first September issue of 1929 showed a gain of 149% in advertising linage over the corresponding issue last year.

Moreover, Collier's now has more than 2,000,000 circulation—which means an excess of 450,000 families per issue to those advertisers who ordered 1929 space prior to November 24, 1928.

It is very gratifying to receive from our clients this definite evidence of the advertising action they are securing in Collier's. And we wish to express our appreciation of their endorsement.

The Crowell Publishing Company

Collier's ~ *for Action!*

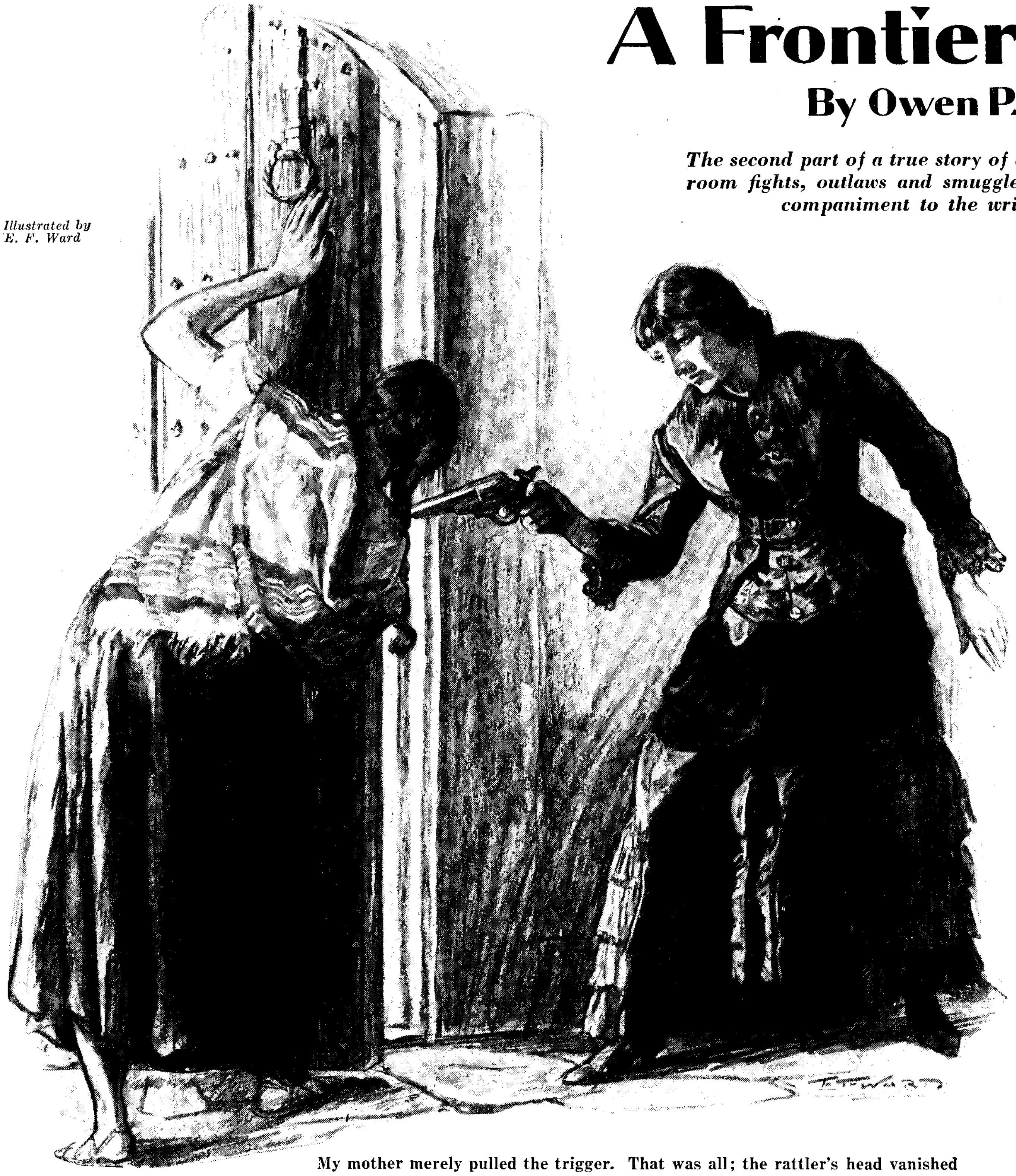
now more than 2,000,000

A Frontier Mother

By Owen P. White

The second part of a true story of adventure, in which poolroom fights, outlaws and smugglers furnish incidental accompaniment to the writer's childhood

Illustrated by E. F. Ward



My mother merely pulled the trigger. That was all; the rattler's head vanished

II

During 1878 El Paso, Texas, which had for years enjoyed the distinction of being the toughest town on the Mexican border, began to acquire a new notoriety. Men commenced to talk about the place as a future railroad center, and as my father had been there ten years before and had liked it, he now decided to go back and look for employment. Leaving my mother and brother, the latter encumbrance being then ten months old, behind him, he mounted his horse, rode away to the south, and two months later, which was as soon as a letter could get back via the stage route, word came that the red-headed doctor had secured a job in the U. S. Custom Service, and that his wife and son were to join him.

At the present time for a lonely husband in El Paso to send such a message to his wife in Denver means nothing at all. In order to obey, all the dutiful, modern lady has to do is enter a Pullman, sleep comfortably most of the way, and at the end of thirty-six hours she finds herself safely transported, without even so much as disturbing her permanent, from one paved and pious city to another, equally well-paved and fully as pious. Or, if the family exchequer is sufficiently large, the obedient wife steps into her limousine, rides on balloon tires and curled hair cushions throughout the days, and for the two nights on the road sleeps in modern hotels which are all fully equipped with box mattresses, private baths and reading lamps.

But fifty years ago the situation was entirely different. The road was 700 miles and three weeks long; there were only two real beds and not a single bathtub along the entire route, and instead of being pestered by one of Mary Austin's noble, vermin-infested, red men into buying a horrible looking piece of pottery, as would be the case today, my mother stood an excellent chance of getting scalped, or worse than that, taken alive by some of these same glorified aborigines.

A Trying Journey Begun

It was not even my mother's good fortune to make that trip in one of those famous old Concord coaches, which were then hung on straps and are now immortalized in museums as the representative conveyances of the early West. She had no such luxury. The carry-all that my mother and brother traveled in was a mere mountain-wagon drawn by four or six mules, according to the comparative badness of the road, and loaded down with four other passengers and an outrageous amount of mail and baggage.

For the first few days out, nothing except a severe snowstorm in the Raton Pass, which slowed down travel and put the stage a full twenty-four hours behind time, occurred to mar the discomfort and misery of the journey. The snowstorm passed; several more days followed during which my mother could do nothing except sit up straight and take the punishment of that kind of travel, and then the little town of Las Vegas, New Mexico, came into view. She welcomed the sight of the place, with its promise of a night's rest, as if it were in reality a little bit of heaven. On the following day, though, she found that it was more like a small and very active corner of hell.

The old Exchange Hotel, where my mother secured a room, faced the plaza, and during her one night in the town—a night that would have been avoided except for that snowstorm—the plaza was turned into a stage whereon was enacted a typical Western tragedy.

Throughout the early part of the night my mother was kept awake by the murmuring of many voices that came from the square. They were earnest and determined voices, and carried with them no threat that a good woman need fear; yet, in the morning when my mother drew aside a window curtain, looked out, and saw what those voices had meant, she fell back stricken and faint, sick at the sight that met her eyes; for, hanging from the cross-arms of an old wind-mill that stood in the center of the plaza, dangled the bodies of four men!

My mother never knew the particulars of this hanging, and neither do I know them. All I have ever learned is that on that night, in November, 1878, the Vigilantes of Las Vegas decided to clean up their town a little, and as an adequate beginning, they casually hung a quartet of citizens whose activities had for some time been disruptive of the ordinary peace and harmony of the saloons and gambling halls.

Nor was my mother the only woman whose feelings revolted at the sight of those dangling corpses. On that same day Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Conklin passed through that plaza and when Mrs. Conklin saw its gruesome evidence of frontier life, she became hysterical and begged her husband to take her away from such a terrible country. But he didn't. He drove on to the South, and was assassinated shortly after his arrival in Socorro, New Mexico, by the Baca brothers, Mexican outlaws, who were later captured by Captain J. B. Gillett and were still later most enthusiastically lynched by Mr. Conklin's friends.

A Clear Sense of Duty

This occurrence, of course, made a lasting impression upon my mother. It brought clearly before her the fact that she was going into a life that was much rougher than the life she was leaving behind, but if she ever showed any sign of becoming a quitter, it is not recorded in the family tradition. The thought of going back over the trail to the comparative safety of the frame hotel in Evans never occurred to her. She had cast her lot forever with the upbuilding of the Southwest; she was a mother and a wife; her husband and her son needed her and thus, with her duty clearly established in her mind, she went ahead.

The remainder of the journey to El Paso was accomplished without mishap, except for the daily danger of being drowned at the fords or killed by being turned over and rolled down a mountain side. Indian scares didn't count. There were several of these when "sign" was seen along the road, but as the drivers were used to

(*Continued on page 53*)

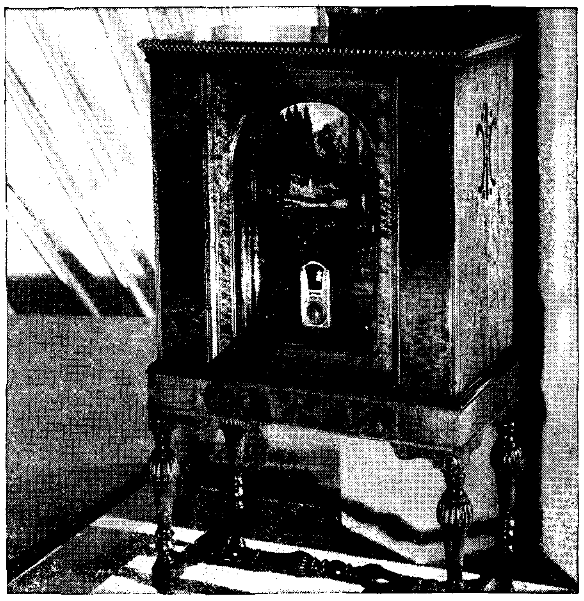
PHILCO *adds to its famous line . . .*

THE PHILCO LOWBOY

With Screen Grid Chassis	$119.50
With Neutrodyne-Plus Chassis	$129.50
With Screen Grid Plus Chassis	$149.50

THE PHILCO HIGHBOY

With Screen Grid Chassis	$139.50
With Neutrodyne-Plus Chassis	$149.50
With Screen Grid Plus Chassis	$169.50



THE PHILCO HIGHBOY DE LUXE

With Screen Grid Chassis	$195.00
With Neutrodyne-Plus Chassis	$205.00
With Screen Grid Plus Chassis	$225.00

Also a Table Model with Screen Grid Chassis, $67.00, with Screen Grid Plus Chassis, $97.00. Mantel Electro-Dynamic Speaker $32.50. Prices slightly higher in Canada, Rocky Mountains and West. Each furniture model, regardless of price, includes a built-in genuine Electro-Dynamic Speaker and TWO 245 power tubes, push-pull.

UNBALANCED RADIO
MEANS DISTORTED TONE

BALANCED PHILCO
MEANS TRUE CLEAR TONE

SCREEN GRID PLUS!

A super-radio for people who want super-performance

PHILCO SCREEN GRID PLUS gives you these entirely new features:

1. Automatic volume control, automatically reducing fading.
2. Entirely new circuit which automatically reduces background noises including static. (And, of course, no hum.)
3. New and literally enormous power, making it easy to get distant stations even in the daytime.
4. New super-sharp selectivity *over the entire dial,* bringing in distant stations even in the midst of strong locals.
5. Almost auditorium volume without tone distortion—the result of the entirely new multiplex detector circuit.

The Philco Screen Grid Plus is a nine tube set built specifically for people whose radio requirements are *unusual.*

Enormous power. We are frank to say that many of its advantages are not needed for normal use. But to the radio owner who lives in a big city where local stations are bunched so closely that they tend to crowd out distant stations, the Philco Screen Grid Plus offers a new thrill by bringing in distant stations in spite of these adverse conditions.

Daylight reception. And to radio owners who live in smaller towns at a distance from good broadcasting, Philco Screen Grid Plus makes daylight reception available, often for the first time, and offers in the evenings a far wider selection of programs than ever before possible.

Fading automatically reduced. To both city and smaller town owners who want distant station reception, the automatic volume control of the new Philco is indispensable, because through this automatic volume control the tendency of distant stations to fade and swell is largely eliminated.

Absolutely linear detection. To families who want almost auditorium volume for entertaining or dancing, the Philco multiplex detector circuit (the first absolutely linear detector circuit ever produced in any radio) makes possible very great volume without the slightest distortion. For the first time in any radio, it is impossible to overload the detector.

Background noises reduced. To critical music lovers seeking the utmost clarity of tone, the new circuit of the Philco Screen Grid Plus presents a considerable lessening of static and other interference noises. And, of course, no hum.

No blare. For people who dislike having strong local stations blare into the room as the radio dial is turned, the automatic volume control to a large extent equalizes the volume of strong and weak stations to whatever level you desire.

Best of all, these super features are automatic. No new controls have been added. Just plain, simple, single dial control.

Like the Neutrodyne-Plus, the Philco Screen Grid Plus contains a built-in aerial for use wherever an external aerial is inconvenient.

Philco Screen Grid Plus is a truly super set, creating a new pride of ownership. And, in addition to its own special features, Screen Grid Plus retains all the advantages which make other Philco models so desirable.

The same wonderfully true, clear tone which Philco achieves by exact balancing of electrical units is found in this new Philco, as well as in the famous Philco Screen Grid and Philco Neutrodyne-Plus.

The same handsome cabinets, designed by America's leading furniture designers, and executed in handsome butt and Oriental walnut, bird's-eye maple, arbor-vitæ burl.

The same extraordinary value giving at every price, and in every model from the compact table set to the luxurious highboy de luxe.

Any Philco dealer will be glad to have you test this new Philco against any other radio you desire so that you can prove for yourself that Philco Screen Grid Plus is beyond comparison the finest radio the world has ever heard. Easy payments if you decide to buy.

PHILCO, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Makers of the famous Diamond Grid Battery for Motor Cars, Telephones, Farm Lighting, Motive Power, Auxiliary Power, etc.

* * *

On Sunday, November 3rd, and Sunday, December 8th, Philco again sponsors the broadcasting of Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra—programs worth looking forward to, worth listening to, and worth remembering! The regular Philco Hour continues every Friday at 9:30 P. M.

A CHALLENGE

Philco challenges any radio at any price to match these super features of the Philco Screen Grid Plus.

1. SUPER-POWER—To bring in hosts of far-away stations.
2. Extra sharp selectivity—to suit the most congested districts.
3. The standard Philco tone—marvelously rich, clear, and true.
4. VOLUME! Almost auditorium volume without tone distortion.

AND IN ADDITION

5. *Automatic* control of volume and fading.
6. Actual reduction of background noises *including* static and hum.
7. Simplicity of operation, as in all Philco models.

PHILCO

BALANCED UNIT RADIO

Good Gracious!

Woman's behavior changes with her fashions in clothes. And so, Miss Cowl says, today's girl is no longer an adventure. Good gracious, Jane!

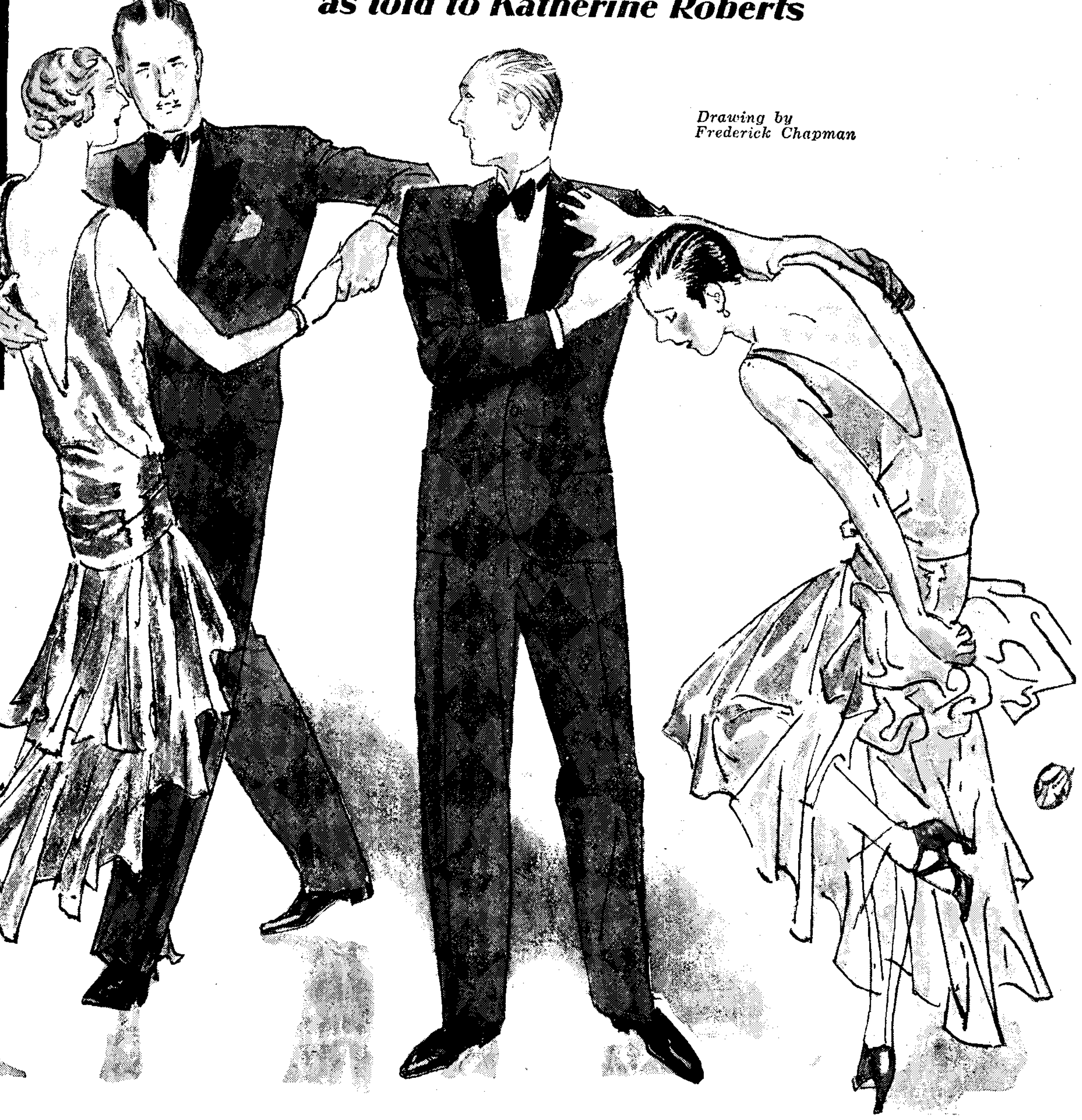
By

Jane Cowl

as told to Katherine Roberts

Nickolas Muray

Jane Cowl, one of Broadway's most popular actresses. She writes plays, too



Drawing by Frederick Chapman

His eyes followed a sleek, well-poised woman who moved with a grace that belonged not only to her draperies but apparently to her inner self as well

NOT many evenings ago I saw something which, at the moment, startled me and then gave me hope. It was a girl whose closely cropped black head (which might easily have been mistaken for that of her young brother) rose in surprising contrast above a dress of delicate chiffon that fell in soft ruffles almost to the floor in back and in front gently concealed her knees.

"Shall we dance?" inquired her escort.

She nodded her boyish head above the utterly feminine frills, took a stride or two, and, giving the unaccustomed ruffles an impatient kick, caught her heel in them. He laughed as he kept her from tumbling, but when she looked up after disentangling herself she saw his eyes following a sleek, well-poised woman who crossed the floor with a grace that belonged not only to her draperies but apparently to her inner self as well.

"Lovely, isn't she?" he asked.

The girl stared at the woman a moment, then back at the boy. "Gosh!" she exclaimed—or maybe it wasn't gosh, but it *sounded* something like it—"we flappers sure are a flop this season!"

And then I began to wonder. New fashions in clothes are almost always a warning of a coming change in the fashion of behavior for women. Until recently I had feared that the woman of grace and graciousness was fast becoming obsolete. I am not yet certain that she isn't.

The Noisy Flapper

Necessity is the mother not only of invention but of fashion. The war did more than wipe out too many fine young men. It nearly wiped out real femininity as well. When women first took over men's jobs they felt they had to dress and act the part in order to do the work. Perhaps it was to help convince themselves of their own ability. Who knows?

In the rush of gallantry for their country, men had little time for gallantry toward women. The pal spirit—a fine thing in itself—grew, developed, and then overdeveloped. There came the flapper, a good child fundamentally, and reliable and resourceful too, but a noisy, swaggering child who, during the post-war period, has grown into a more or less capable, though not alluring, young woman priding herself on being "hard-boiled," on having no inhibitions, and on carrying a hip flask—paradoxical name! There have been no hips for years.

The necessities of war bred a fashion in the behavior of women. The war has long been over but the fashion has remained.

For the most part, women are extremists and they follow their fashions to the last degree. Let one start and the rest will soon be way ahead of her. It became the mode to be unconventional and many women, because they were too innately conventional to go against fashion, have gone about being unconventional with a grim determination comparable to that with which they hunt for the newest hat. They are bound to be individualists, even if it smashes every individual inclination and conviction they ever may have had.

Those who have merely gone ahead in efficiency but have retained their natural gentleness have been swept aside by the strident-voiced "girls" who, regardless of age, gird their brief one-piece dresses about them and advance under the banner of "modern women."

It has been rather pathetic to see some of those, who once might have been called gentlewomen, struggling to adapt themselves to the prevailing mode in the fight for survival. Many of them are young, too, born out of their generation, either after or—if one is optimistic and until now I haven't been—before their time.

Cultured? Oh My, No!

I recall one young lady who is trying hard to overcome a tendency to use pure English. She has indulged in a secret vice of reading the classics and slang comes hard. I doubt if she'll ever achieve the vocabulary that I heard pour out of one of our better known débutantes the other day. And only recently she confessed to me that she had worked out an excellent technique of leaving extra cocktails that she didn't want behind picture frames on tables or placing them near someone who would drink them automatically, thinking them his own. She added that at parties it took real acting to stay sober inconspicuously in this day of prohibition. What a comment on society in general!

Won't someone tell me what the so-called modern woman accomplishes that she could not do without denying her femininity? Socially she is certainly no more effective, and I *cannot* believe she is a better business woman because of a guttersnipe vocabulary, nor can I believe she wins an argument—business or otherwise—because she wears uglier clothes or because her voice sounds like the Third Avenue Elevated going around a curve. I should imagine those very things would make a business man detest her. She (*Continued on page 42*)

Known Battery Value through CAR BUILDERS' TESTS

With the leading car builders, Willard daily passes continuous speed tests, heat tests, cold tests far more severe than the battery endures in actual service.

The Willard Battery is chosen as original equipment by 76 makers of cars, trucks and busses because it actually proves its built-in quality to them on their own proving grounds.

Willard quality is forced to measure up to the standards established by the most exacting buyer in the market—the automobile engineer. The tests shown are only a few of the "hurdles" Willard jumps successfully. There are 69 in all.

Few batteries can stand up under these battering, draining tests. Willard succeeds because Willard quality is *built-in* by 32 years of experience. In this time 20,000,000 Willards have not only met the car builder's acceptance but have won the good-will of the world besides.

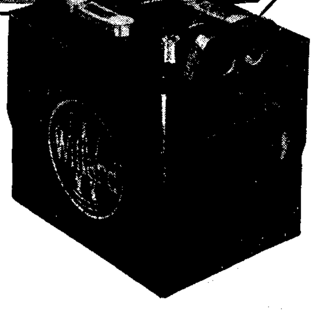
These millions of Willards, whether bought by the car builder for original equipment or by the car owner for replacement, are one and the same quality in every way—Willard quality through and through . . . There is only this *one quality* leaving the Willard plant. The battery you buy at any of the 35,000 Willard Service Stations is a *known* value.

Factory economies have put the Willard price all the way down to the safety point—the very lowest point at which uniform Willard quality can be maintained. At this safety point the average buyer obtains more for his dollar with a Willard of correct electrical size than he can obtain with any built-for-a-bargain battery. More Willards are, therefore, sold to car owners than any other make of battery.

Even the outside casings of batteries are tested—by the trip-hammer test. A pinhole fracture would disqualify the whole battery. Willard sound as a bell!

*

In a typical 10-hour endurance test it was estimated that a Willard delivered over 4,000,000 sparks.



*

THREAD-RUBBER INSULATION

Because of its superior resistance to heat a battery insulated with *thread-rubber* is free from internal short circuit caused by buckled plates. For those who put in a daily high mileage a Thread-Rubber battery is, therefore, a most economical investment. Ask your battery man to show you one.

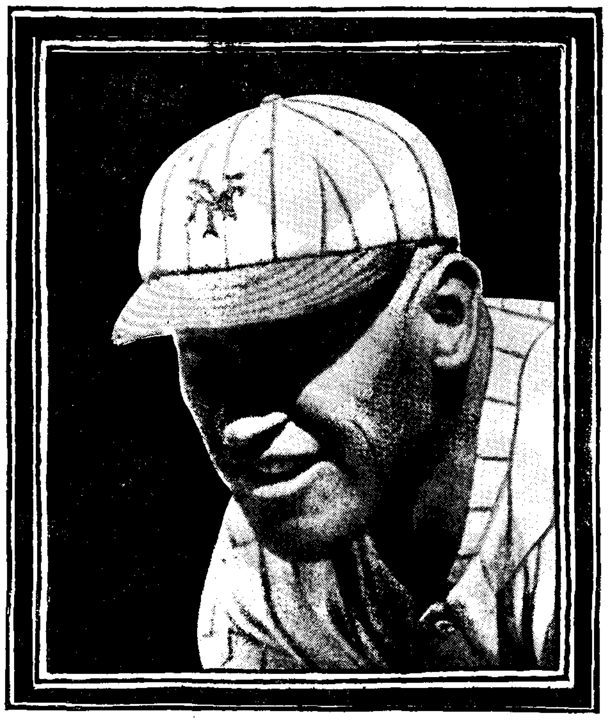
Willard STORAGE BATTERIES

CLEVELAND · OHIO

Chief Bright Path

By Charley Paddock

Continuing the story of Jim Thorpe, first in Football's Hall of Fame—how he gathered more difficult gridiron scalps and laid the Army low, as told by another noted athlete



International Newsreel

Thorpe spent five years in big league baseball

COMING home from the Olympic Games of 1912, where he had won both the five- and the ten-event competitions, setting a record which has never been broken, Jim Thorpe and "Pop" Warner outlined a fall campaign for the Carlisle football team.

The veteran coach was determined upon four goals which he wished to see his great Indian eleven and his star halfback achieve during that year. He wanted to beat Syracuse, Pittsburgh, and the Army, and have Thorpe star in such spectacular fashion that no selector of all-time All-America teams would leave his name off the list.

Warner was out to beat Syracuse because the big Orange team had spoiled an otherwise perfect season in 1911 by scoring a 12-11 victory the week after the Harvard triumph. Though Carlisle had defeated Pittsburgh 17-0 in 1911, Colonel Joe Thompson, a member of the Olympic coaching staff, boasted that Thorpe would never be able to repeat that victory in the fall of '12, while the Army game was another opportunity for Warner and his men to gain undying fame by defeating one of the most powerful elevens in the United States, as well as Carlisle's greatest rival.

Unaffected by his triumph and the hero-worshiping thousands who hastened to pay homage to him upon his return, Thorpe went back to Carlisle and commenced training for the greatest football season that any college star has ever known. He did not have very long to prepare as the first big game, against Syracuse, was scheduled for October 13.

Chief Bright Path had a theory all his own as to why his team had been caught in ambush the preceding season after the Harvard battle. He felt that no eleven could face, on successive Saturdays, Georgetown, Pittsburgh, Lafayette, Pennsylvania, Harvard and Syracuse without losing at least one of them. Moreover, he knew his own physical qualifications well enough to be certain that the reason why he had not been himself against Syracuse in 1911, was because of the work he had done against Pennsylvania and Harvard, and the injuries he had sustained in the Lafayette contest.

The remembrance of that Syracuse battle was bitter. Thorpe and his team-mates had been outgeneraled and for most of the game, outplayed. The field was ankle deep in slush and mud, which reacted more harshly upon Carlisle than Syracuse. All of the clever strategy which had worked against Harvard, failed, and the new plays were overmatched by the big Orange eleven. Though Carlisle switched to a forward-passing game, Syracuse retaliated with a series of long end runs. Carlisle, already overconfident because of her long string of victories, did not have this feeling lessened any when she scored a touchdown in the first two minutes of the game in eight plays. A double crisscross, a forward pass, a few end runs, and Thorpe carried the ball across the goal line. He failed to add the extra point which would have resulted in a tie score.

The Scalping Season

Thousands turned out to view this first big battle of the 1912 season, with the hope of seeing Thorpe star, for now the Indian had become a national hero, and his every move was of vital interest to American sports followers.

Thorpe and his red men rolled up a count of thirty-three points to nothing, Jim scoring three touchdowns and kicking three goals while his team-mates, Powell and Welch, made a touchdown apiece. Thorpe was a tower of strength, both offensively and defensively, and seemed to be in every play, never losing an opportunity to push the big Orange team farther and farther back until they remained most of the afternoon in the shadow of their own goal posts.

The following Saturday, Coach Pop Warner took his Carlisle eleven to Pittsburgh again, with the hope of completing the second goal that he had outlined for his team. Again he was successful, the Indians defeating the Pittsburgh Panthers by a score of 45-8. The game was a complete rout, and again established Carlisle as the most dangerous eleven in the East.

While James Thorpe had been adding to his reputation in these early-season contests, it was left for the Lehigh battle at Bethlehem, Pa., on November 3, to prove that he was not only as good as in 1911, but far superior in many respects. He defeated Lehigh alone, making twenty-eight of the thirty-four points his team scored; while the hard-fighting Lehigh athletes were able to run up fourteen.

Though Thorpe had unconsciously used a high knee-lift in previous battles, this, he believes, was the first game in which he purposely employed it from start to finish; and after that he never again ran with the ball in any other fashion.

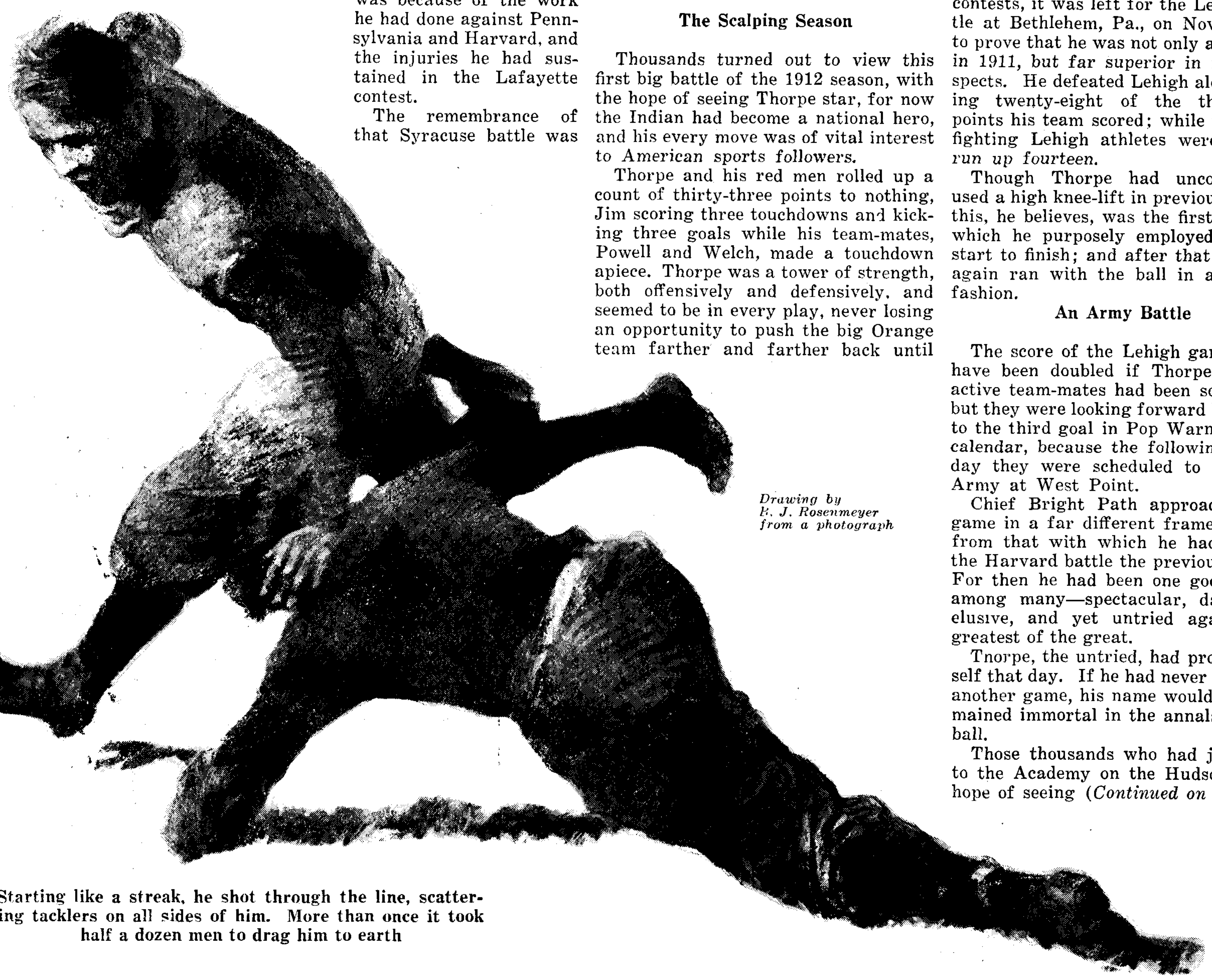
An Army Battle

The score of the Lehigh game might have been doubled if Thorpe and his active team-mates had been so minded, but they were looking forward hopefully to the third goal in Pop Warner's 1912 calendar, because the following Saturday they were scheduled to meet the Army at West Point.

Chief Bright Path approached this game in a far different frame of mind from that with which he had entered the Harvard battle the previous season. For then he had been one good player among many—spectacular, dangerous, elusive, and yet untried against the greatest of the great.

Tnorpe, the untried, had proven himself that day. If he had never played in another game, his name would have remained immortal in the annals of football.

Those thousands who had journeyed to the Academy on the Hudson in the hope of seeing (*Continued on page 48*)



Drawing by E. J. Rosenmeyer from a photograph

Starting like a streak, he shot through the line, scattering tacklers on all sides of him. More than once it took half a dozen men to drag him to earth

Quick and Easy Gingerbread *new simplified way—*

MEN Love It. Actual Mixing Time 6 Minutes. Only 2 of 272 Women Trying It Failed In Getting Perfect Results First Time—A New-Type Flour, "KITCHEN-TESTED"

HAVING the cakes and hot breads men like without the bother and disappointments of old-time baking days is now the rule in scores of homes. A new and far easier way has been found.

By the development of an utterly new type of flour—GOLD MEDAL "*Kitchen-tested*" Flour—baking has been simplified remarkably for the housewife, *and the cause of most baking disappointments banished.*

"*Kitchen-tested*" means this flour has been "*Kitchen-tested*" in an oven just like yours, for *uniformity of result in home baking*, as every batch comes through the mill. Tested for cakes, pastry, biscuits and bread by a number of experts under the direction of the noted Cooking Authority, Betty Crocker, before it goes to you.

Thus GOLD MEDAL "*Kitchen-tested*" Flour acts the *same way* with your recipes every time you use it. Most baking failures are traced to lack of uniformity in the flour used; two sacks of the same brand often giving greatly varying results *from the same recipe.*

"*Kitchen-tested*" Flour, being unvaryingly uniform, eliminates that chance—eliminates "Good Luck" and "Bad Luck", guesswork and uncertainty, from home baking. That is why women by the thousands are flocking to its use.

SPECIAL "*Kitchen-tested*" RECIPES: To further simplify home baking, special "*Kitchen-tested*" Recipes have been developed.

These recipes fit "*Kitchen-tested*" Flour exactly, and "*Kitchen-tested*" Flour fits them exactly. Thus they work out to a degree of scientific exactness and perfect uniformity that makes results unvarying. You know exactly what to expect *before* you start your baking.

You will find 12 new and unusual "*Kitchen-tested*" recipes in every sack of GOLD MEDAL "*Kitchen-tested*" Flour. Recipes that cover cakes, cookies, bread and pastry. The one for Marshmallow Gingerbread, illustrated below, is among them. Try them. They will prove a revelation.

Get GOLD MEDAL "*Kitchen-tested*" Flour at your grocer's. Use it for *all* baking, from bread to Angel Food cakes and French Pastries. 905

WASHBURN CROSBY COMPANY

Eventually
Why Not Now?
WASHBURN CROSBY
FLOUR
"Kitchen-tested"

Betty Crocker broadcasts her Gold Medal Home Service Talks Tuesday and Thursday mornings.
10:45 A. M. Eastern Time 9:45 A. M. Central Time
9:45 A. M. Pacific Time

"Kitchen-tested" Recipe For Marshmallow Gingerbread and 11 Other New Recipes Inside Every Sack of Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour

Please accept, free of charge, simplified recipes for 12 of Betty Crocker's most delicious baking creations. Recipes for the daintiest cakes, the finest cookies, the most popular pastries and hot breads.

Famous recipes are *simplified* until thousands of women declare this new method makes success easy.

All 12 of these simplified "*Kitchen-tested*" recipes are inside every sack of GOLD MEDAL "*Kitchen-tested*" Flour. To get a full set today—simply ask your grocer for GOLD MEDAL "*Kitchen-tested*" Flour.

Recipes Change Every 3 Months

Copyr. General Mills, Inc., 1929

Women discovered this way of keeping skin youthful

LISTERINE *as an* ASTRINGENT

SO many women have written us enthusiastically about Listerine used as an astringent, we feel duty bound to pass the suggestion on to you. Furthermore, beauty doctors and dermatologists tell us that Listerine is almost ideal for this purpose. Next time you use an astringent in connection with your toilette, give Listerine a trial.

Note how it closes pores, how it tends to tighten sagging muscles and how wonderfully cool and smooth your skin feels after you have used it.

You will find that it accomplishes results equal to those performed by special astringents costing from two to six times as much. Moreover, Listerine protects you against infection. Though gentle in action and healing in effect, full strength Listerine kills even the stubborn Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) germ in 15 seconds. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

GREAT AFTER SHAVING

Tell your husband it's great after shaving. Doused on the skin full strength, it produces a delightful sensation of invigoration and coolness. And ends all smarting and burning.

The Prince's Darling

By George R. Preedy

The Story Thus Far:

ALTHOUGH she is in love with Delphicus de Haverbeck, a young army officer, Madelon von Neitschütz rejects his suit and agrees to marry Johann Georg, the weak young Elector of Saxony. But Count Stürm, Minister of State for Saxony and the von Neitschütz' bitter enemy, proves to the youth that the girl does not love him—is accepting him merely to rehabilitate her family fortunes. Whereupon the ruler, infuriated, takes another bride and forces Madelon to become his mistress.

At the brilliant Court of Saxony, in Dresden, Madelon is surrounded by enemies. The populace, ignorant of her true character, loathes her—suspects her of witchcraft. But Johann Georg adores her; and presently she is directing the destinies of her country.

Heartbroken, De Haverbeck goes to Vienna, where he becomes Marshal de Haverbeck. News of his military exploits reaches Madelon. Working with the utmost secrecy, she contrives to have him sent, on an important mission, to Dresden, where she tricks him into meeting her surreptitiously, declares her love, and pleads with him to take her away.

Still worshiping her, De Haverbeck, a gentleman of honor, repulses her; whereupon she visits one Madame de Rosny, who is supposed to possess supernatural powers, and buys from her a love potion.

Stürm's spies observe the drama and report; and the minister promptly tells the Elector the whole story. The ruler—ignorant, thus far, of the identities of the characters involved—listens in bewilderment.

VIII

AT THE mention of these two ill-omened names—Fani von Ilten and Madame de Rosny—connected with that of his beloved, the young prince's candid face purpled, and a hundred hideous memories rose before his confused and disturbed mind. He moved uneasily and fingered the stiff bow of blue velvet under his chin.

"I hope," added Stürm, suavely, "that I do not vex Your Highness by the mention of these ladies. They are still in some favor with Madame de Rocklitz, for as you must be aware, she sometimes visits them—"

"You think to put me in an entanglement?" cried the Elector, angrily. "I do not know what you would be at. I am a plain man and cannot follow these involved insinuations."

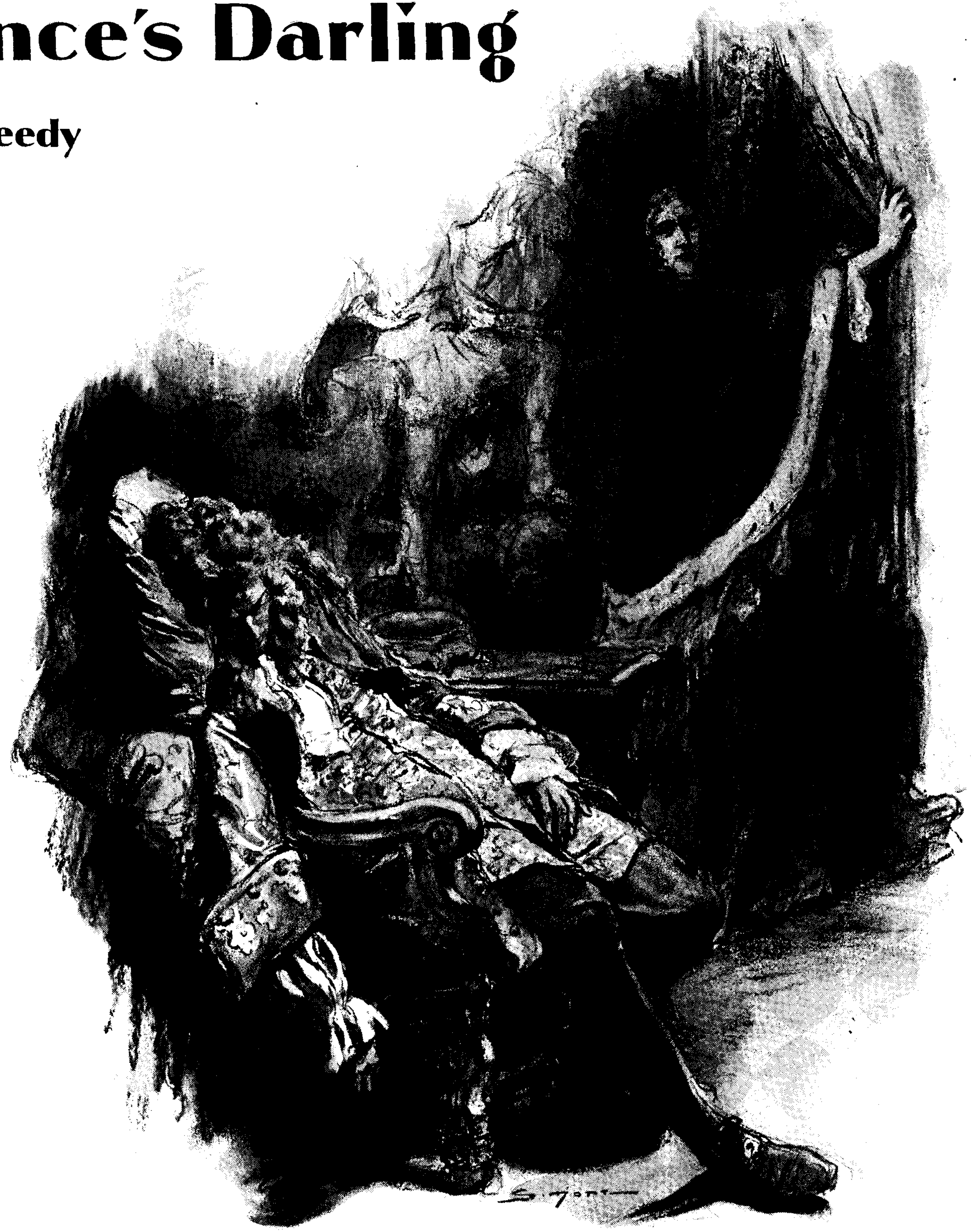
Stürm continued coolly, by no means affected by the young Elector's passionate interruption, and following out a preconceived plan he had made in his mind before he sought this interview.

"At the house I spoke of, a small country mansion that Marshal de Haverbeck visited today, lives a young child, being brought up by some decent gentlefolk. This house is also often visited by Madame de Rocklitz."

"WELL, God's thunder!" The Elector scowled. "She is free in her comings and goings. She has her friends and her acquaintances. Why do you try to make evil out of so simple an affair?"

"I make nothing. I merely state the facts which I, being as I say a ruined man already, may venture to bring to Your Highness' observation. I say Madame de Rocklitz visits this Rosny, and it is a dangerous thing to do. For that woman lies, and seriously lies, under the imputation of witchcraft. Her name has been put before the commission that Your Highness appointed—as a suspect."

"I never heard as much," exclaimed the young Elector, uneasily.



The Countess of Rocklitz watched him for a minute or two, then carefully left the Residenzschloss

"There are many things take place in Dresden that Your Highness does not hear of," replied the minister. "I hold in my hand a great deal of information about Madame de Rosny and her partner, Fani von Ilten. It is well known that they deal in potions and filthy brews, and even, on occasions, poison. They are adepts in the handling of drugs, and they sell to the ignorant and the besotted potions and incantations and charms."

"If that be so," answered the Elector, sullenly, yet with an increasing disorder in his looks, "it is work for the police."

"Yet Your Highness would scarcely care to see Madame de Rosny, the ancient governess of the Countess of Rocklitz, arrested on a charge of witchcraft; put to the question?"

"Then why," demanded the Elector, "do you bring the matter to me?"

"That you might use your good influence over the Countess, not to go near that house again. She is not, Your Highness, if you will permit a warning, popular, and there is that scandal with the Church, and once there was such a scandal as this—why," and he laughed quietly, "I have already heard it said by the chitchats that she bewitches Your Highness."

"YOU do indeed speak in malice," replied the young Elector, heavily, "and to no purpose. Madame de Rocklitz was right when she said she had an enemy in you."

"Ah, she did say that, did she?" remarked Stürm, quickly. "Well, like Herr Knock, I have my resignation in my pocket before I dare to speak my mind; as, no doubt, you will find a pastor to absolve the Countess, so will you find a minister to replace me. The favorites of princes seldom lack their instruments."

He rose as if to take a ceremonious departure, but the heated, vexed Elector cried out:

"What is it that you told me of that house in the suburbs, and the child brought up by some gentlewoman? What was that to me? Why did you mention it?"

Ferdinand Stürm stood silent, as if casting about how to make an odious revelation with the least possible offense. Finally, he remarked:

"Marshal de Haverbeck pays for the maintenance of that child."

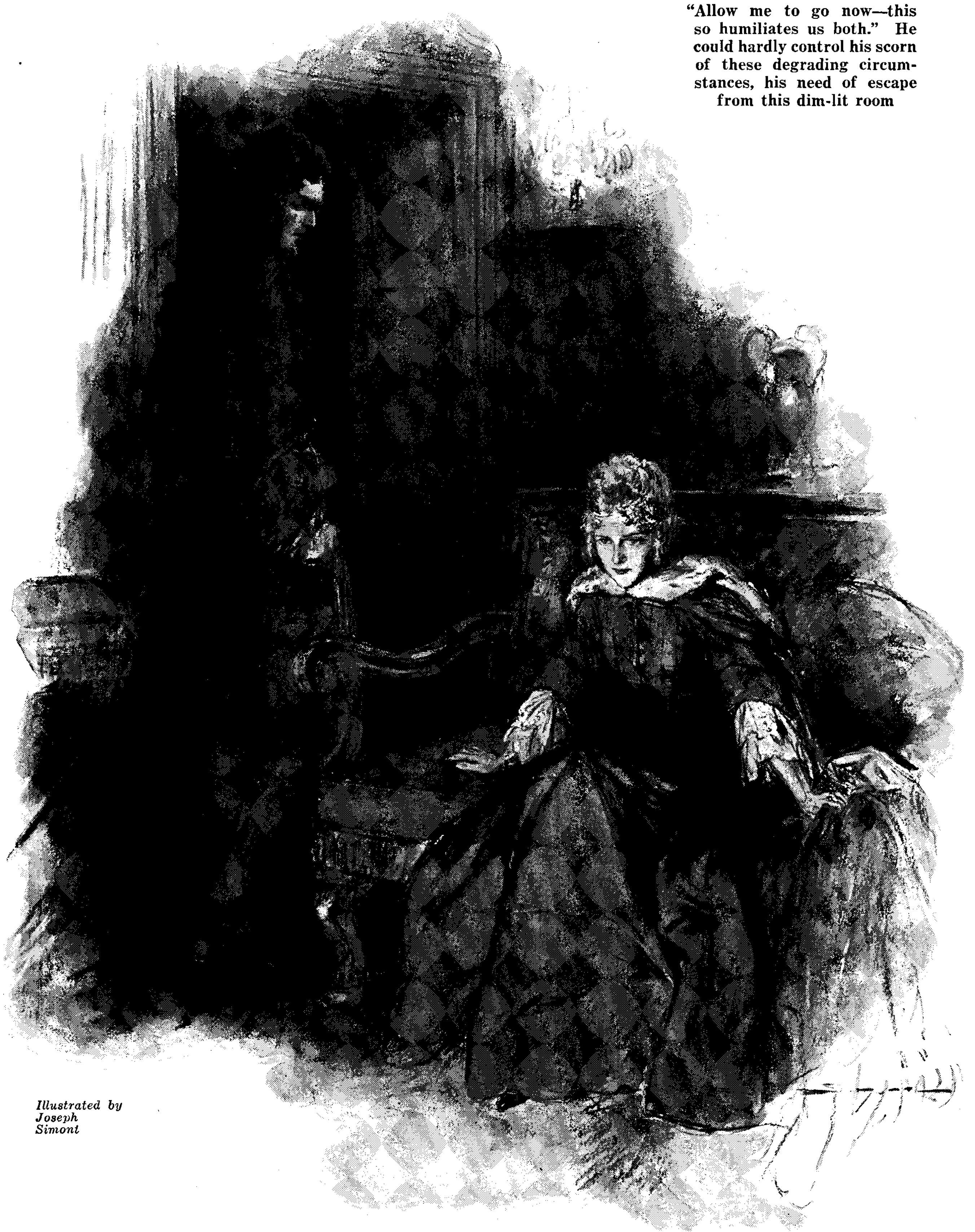
The young Elector laughed, as if relieved.

"Why, then, 'tis his and an end of the matter, and why do you plague me with it?"

Count Stürm asked smoothly:

"Is Madame de Rocklitz wise in visiting Marshal de Haverbeck's child?"

The Elector rose heavily, and thundered:



"Allow me to go now—this so humiliates us both." He could hardly control his scorn of these degrading circumstances, his need of escape from this dim-lit room

Illustrated by Joseph Simont

"How do you know she does? Do you dare to have her watched? On my honor you go too far—do you think I'll endure this damned insolence?"

"Sir," replied Stürm, drawing up erectly his old, slight, invalidish figure, "I served your father for very many years and not with any ill repute. It might be allowed that I have always at heart the interest of Saxony. I would not now stay in office even if I could; I have served a man and a soldier, and I would not serve Your Highness—a besotted boy—lost in passion for a woman like the Rocklitz! And this I will say, even at the price of a lodging tonight in the Königsberg—this I will add, sir: I have some affection for your line, some regard for the dignity of the House of Wettin—you; you watch Madame de Rocklitz—"

The young Elector could not hold his own against the scorn, the quiet authority of one so much older and more experienced than himself; of one who, since his childhood, he had seen in a position of power, directing his own father and the destinies of his country. He faltered and turned away.

"And watch Marshal de Haverbeck," added the minister, coolly, satisfied at the effect of his words.

"But he," cried the prince, sharply, "leaves Dresden tomorrow."

"Aye, tomorrow," smiled the minister, "but there is always tonight—I do entreat you have them watched."

"GO," cried the Elector, hoarsely. "I forgive this spite and malice from a fallen man—take yourself to your estates, Count Stürm—you harm no one but yourself by this."

Stürm bowed.

"I have warned you, at the cost no doubt of what remains to me of liberty. But Your Highness may come to consider that what I said was said with good will."

He was gone, with the quiet, careful step of a sick man, and a little cough behind a steady hand, the tapping of his cane on the floor, and the falling of the green and indigo-colored tapestry into place behind the door.

The Elector gazed at the spot where he had stood, and turned over in his mind that pattern of words which had been surely carefully selected with some bitter and intense meaning, but the sense of which he could not rightly discover. But out of it all came one passionate fact—he loathed Marshal de Haverbeck, and Marshal de Haverbeck had been concerned in Stürm's story with the Countess of Rocklitz—with Madelon. He had a child being brought up quietly in a suburb of Dresden, and Madelon went sometimes to see the child—if that wasn't one of old Stürm's lies. And this afternoon he had met a young man in a church—and who was the young man? They had drunk together in a parlor. What was the meaning in that? The young man had ridden back alone to Dresden, left his horse, and gone on foot to the establishment of Madame de Rosny! Johann Georg could see nothing in all that; his mind returned to the point of the child. He then dismissed that also, and came back to the warning that Count Stürm uttered—"Have De Haverbeck watched. . . ."

"Why, it's only a few hours before the envoy leaves Dresden—and why not have him watched?" Without telling Madelon or Count Stürm or anyone of his intention?

He reflected how he should set about this, conscious for the first time, and conscious with a sense of shame and vexation—how he was hampered and hemmed in by the house of Neitschütz—the old man and the younger brother held the army between them, and the elder was his chamberlain, and it was difficult to do anything without their knowledge, as this must be done. They were always about the Residenzschloss, and, as Johann Georg felt now for the first time, watching him.

THAT was intolerable, for he was a prince and must exert himself to govern. The von Neitschützes, no doubt, detested De Haverbeck as much as he did himself; but he did not wish to let them into this affair, nor could he allow von Spanheim, or Sir William Colt, or the Dutch envoy know that he had suspicions of their fellow-ambassador. Then he became impatient at his own vexation and hesitation and impetuously sent for one of his gentlemen in waiting, and asked him who was on guard in the Residenzschloss that night, and he was told the Life Guards under a certain Captain Falaiseau, a Huguenot refugee whom the Elector knew and, in a way, liked and trusted.

So impulsively, he wrote and sealed with his own hand a letter to Captain Falaiseau, and told him to send two of his men to keep a watch on Marshal de Haverbeck until he left Dresden, and, as if as a gloss to this, he put as an excuse—"I believe the French may have a design on him out of disappointment at the signing of the treaty, and I desire to protect his person."

Captain Falaiseau received this letter with the utmost amazement. Espionage, or even secret protection, he thought, was no work for a soldier, and he was at a loss as to whom to appoint to such a duty. It seemed to him an extraordinary matter for the Elector to be writing with his own hand, and Marshal de Haverbeck, being a person of such great importance and the direct representative of the Empire, he hesitated to interfere in the matter, even at the direct command of his master. So, being in the interest and friendship of Stürm, and knowing nothing of the overthrow and ruin of that minister, Captain Falaiseau went straight to Stürm's apartments where he was putting his papers in order, burning some in the stoves and sealing up others, and showed him the letter from the Elector.

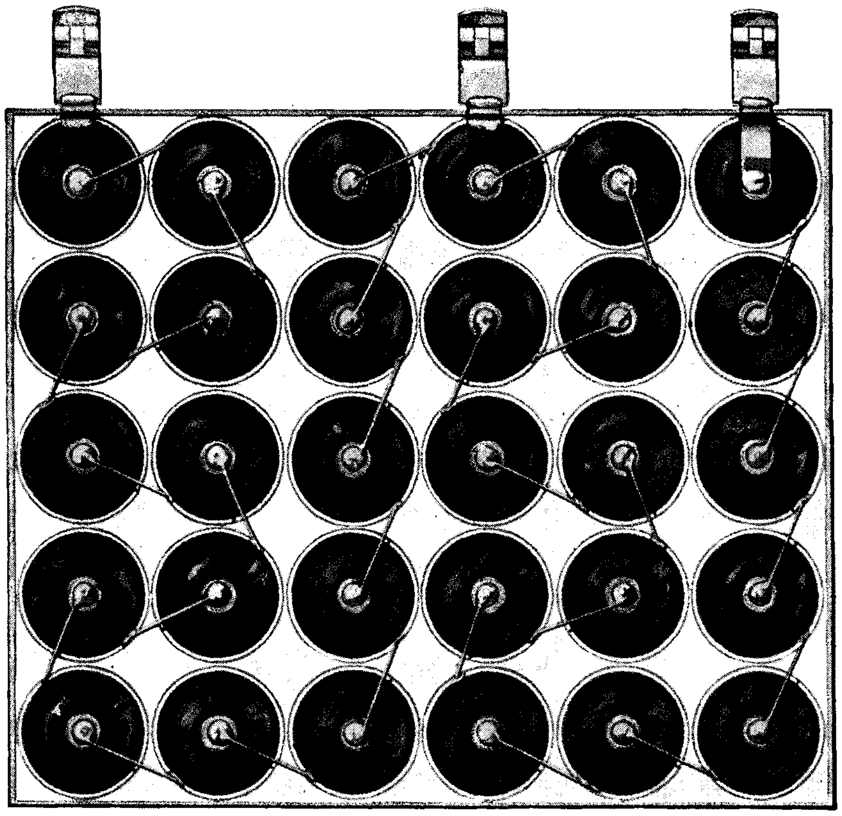
"YOU may leave that affair to me," said the minister with no sign of surprise or emotion. "I will have Marshal de Haverbeck watched. The Elector is, as you know, impulsive," and he smiled, "very youthful, too, you know, my dear Falaiseau; you did more than well in bringing this epistle to me."

Then he added, thoughtfully:

"This doesn't touch you, my dear Falaiseau—you simply take the soldier's part. Just be ready in the guard-room tonight with a file of men in case they are needed—I take all responsibility, of course."

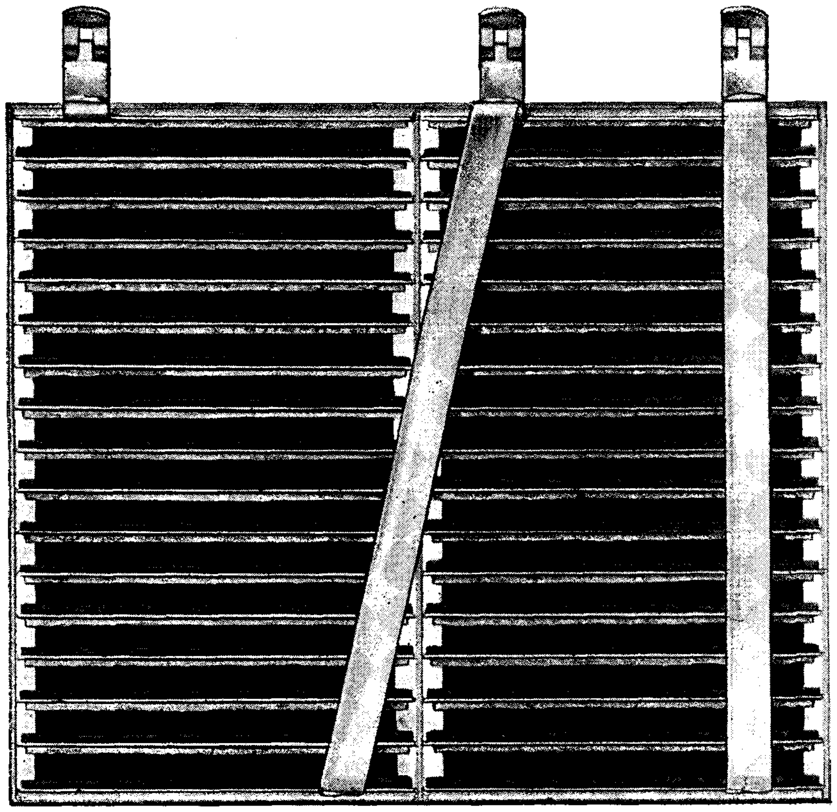
"I understand none of it," said Falaiseau, bluntly, "and I hope I have not betrayed any particular plan of the Elector in coming to you."

The soldier (*Continued on page 64*)



Cylindrical Cell Construction

Diagram illustrating the construction of a cylindrical cell "B" battery. Two solderings per cell, or 60 in all, and 29 fine wires—89 chances for trouble. Note waste spaces between cells.



Eveready Layerbilt Construction

Diagram illustrating the simplicity of the Eveready Layerbilt construction. Only two broad metal bands and only five soldered connections. No waste spaces. It's all battery. Layerbilt construction is an exclusive Eveready feature. Only Eveready makes Layerbilt Batteries.

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THE DIFFERENCE

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Revival of the Fittest

By Grantland Rice

The old guard had its fling at youth during the past sports season, showing the young dogs several new tricks

P. & A. Photo

Tennis champion in 1914, Mrs. Molla Mallory made a remarkable comeback this year by defeating the closest rival of Helen Wills

Francis Ouimet startled the golfing world back in 1913 by beating Ray and Vardon at Brookline

P. & A. Photo

WHEN the final chapter of 1929 is written in sport it should be known as the year "of the old guard's return."

Someone once said they never come back, but past stars of former years have answered this statement with an upsetting crash. They have not only come back, but they have come back in swarms, proof again that the spirit is mightier than the flesh. The roving years are hard-riding jockeys, but they can't break the back of a game entry who happens again to hear the thud of rival hoofs.

Late in the summer Miss Betty Nuthall, the young English tennis star, came near upsetting the throne of Helen Wills, supposed to dominate her kingdom without any rival in sight. Miss Nuthall crowded Miss Wills almost off the throne in two smashing sets that went to extra games.

She was picked to give Miss Wills a hard fight in the women's championship at Forest Hills. But Miss Nuthall and the crowd in general failed to hear the echo of returning feet from a distant past. They only remembered that her opponent, Mrs. Molla Mallory, was champion in 1914, a long way back for a tennis champion playing in 1929.

Mrs. Mallory proved again that the veteran who still carries the old spirit is always dangerous on certain days. She swarmed all over the girl who almost beat Miss Wills in one of the first charges the old guard put on for the year.

The second charge came at Pebble Beach, where the amateur golf championship was recently played. Here, it was generally conceded, over a long, hard course, youth must be served in silver dishes.

No man over thirty had won the amateur golf championship of the United States for more than a dozen years. "The old man's game" had been taken over by youth.

The Fighting Four

Bobby Jones, George Von Elm and Jess Sweetser, three of those given the best chance, were all under thirty. Out of 150 starters, most of them between twenty and twenty-eight, there were just four survivors late in the week. Who were they? H. Chandler Egan of Medford, Oregon, who was amateur golf champion in 1904 when Bobby Jones and Jess Sweetser were two years old; Dr. O. F. Willing of Portland, Oregon, a veteran who had passed his thirty-ninth year; Francis Ouimet, of Boston, who had been open champion sixteen years ago; and Jimmy Johnston of St. Paul, who was thirty-four years old, another veteran who had been hammering at the doors of fame for many years.

Here were four survivors who averaged close to thirty-nine years of age. Egan, at the age of forty-six, had played in only one championship in ten years. Francis Ouimet had won his last championship fifteen years ago and to reach the semi-final bracket he had to conquer and wear down an eighteen-year-old San Francisco entry by the name of Lawson Little, a long, straight hitter who refused to make many mistakes in an all-day scrap.

Egan first had to stop George Von Elm, the second choice of the championship list. Later on he had to face Jess Sweetser, one of the hardest fighting match players in the game. He survived both tests and the man who finally checked him out in the semi-final round was Dr. Willing, the next oldest of the tournament survivors.

It had been fifteen years since Ouimet landed his last crown, and here he stood only two matches away from another title. The main trouble the veteran has is saving his nervous energy for the next day. He can be at his best or around his best just so long. He can be as good as he ever was for a certain stretch. And then the next day he wakes up tired and nerve-worn, fagged and flameless.

Yet when two such great veterans as Egan and Ouimet can start among 150 of the finest amateur golfers in the world and finish among the final four they have shown that the old guard still must be reckoned with. And it might be noted here that three of the old guard fought their way through with the old-fashioned style of gripping a club, the same V-grip, neither overlapped nor interlocked, that such veterans as John Ball, Harold Hilton and Walter J. Travis used over thirty years ago.

The steady march of the old guard continued from Pebble Beach to Forest Hills, from California to Long Island. Out of a field of ninety entrants there were finally eight survivors. Three of these were Bill Tilden, a young tennis star back around 1915; Richard Norris Williams, who was ranked at number two seventeen years ago, back in 1912; and Frank Hunter, another veteran from many old campaigns.

Earlier in the season Williams had gone to the final round at Seabright, cutting his way through youth with all his old care-free chance-taking control and skill. At Forest Hills he lost the first two sets to Arnold Jones before the quarter-final bracket and then put on a display of tennis that carried old-timers back to the day that he stopped McLoughlin.

Children Will Play

But this rally burned him out. He had nothing left when the next day came.

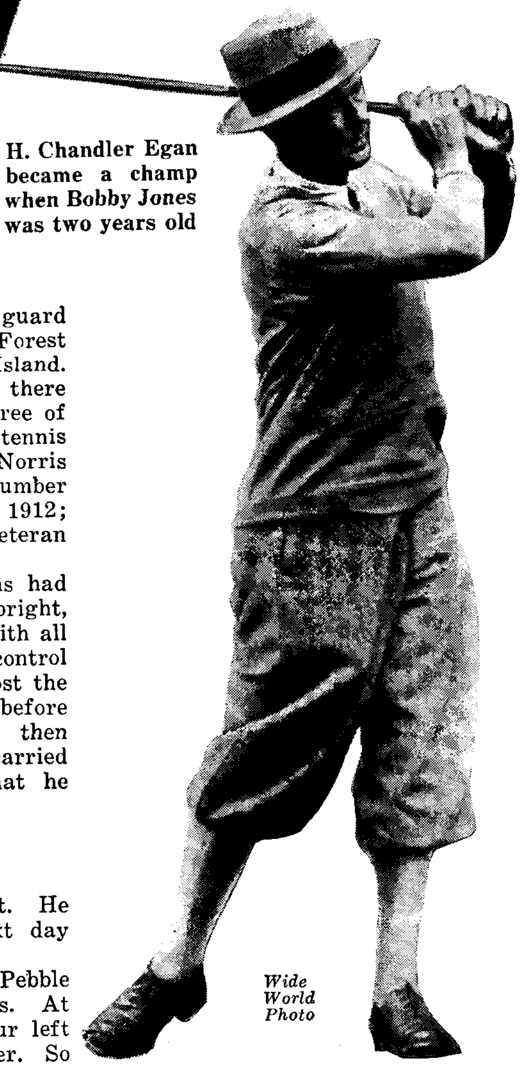
There were four veterans at Pebble Beach among the semi-finalists. At Forest Hills two of the last four left were veterans—Tilden and Hunter. So here in two of the big games known to sport, each demanding different qualities, six of the last eight surviving players were all well above thirty, averaging close to thirty-seven years.

It should be remembered that in the last few years the rush of young talent has been tremendous. The kids have been picking up the game far earlier than they once did, the result being that at the age of twenty-four or twenty-five they not only have all the strength, stamina and nerve reserve of youth, but they also have the experience under fire that only those above thirty once knew.

For example, Bobby Jones at twenty-seven, has known fourteen seasons of tournament play. Helen Wills, in her rather early twenties, has known ten years of tournament campaigning.

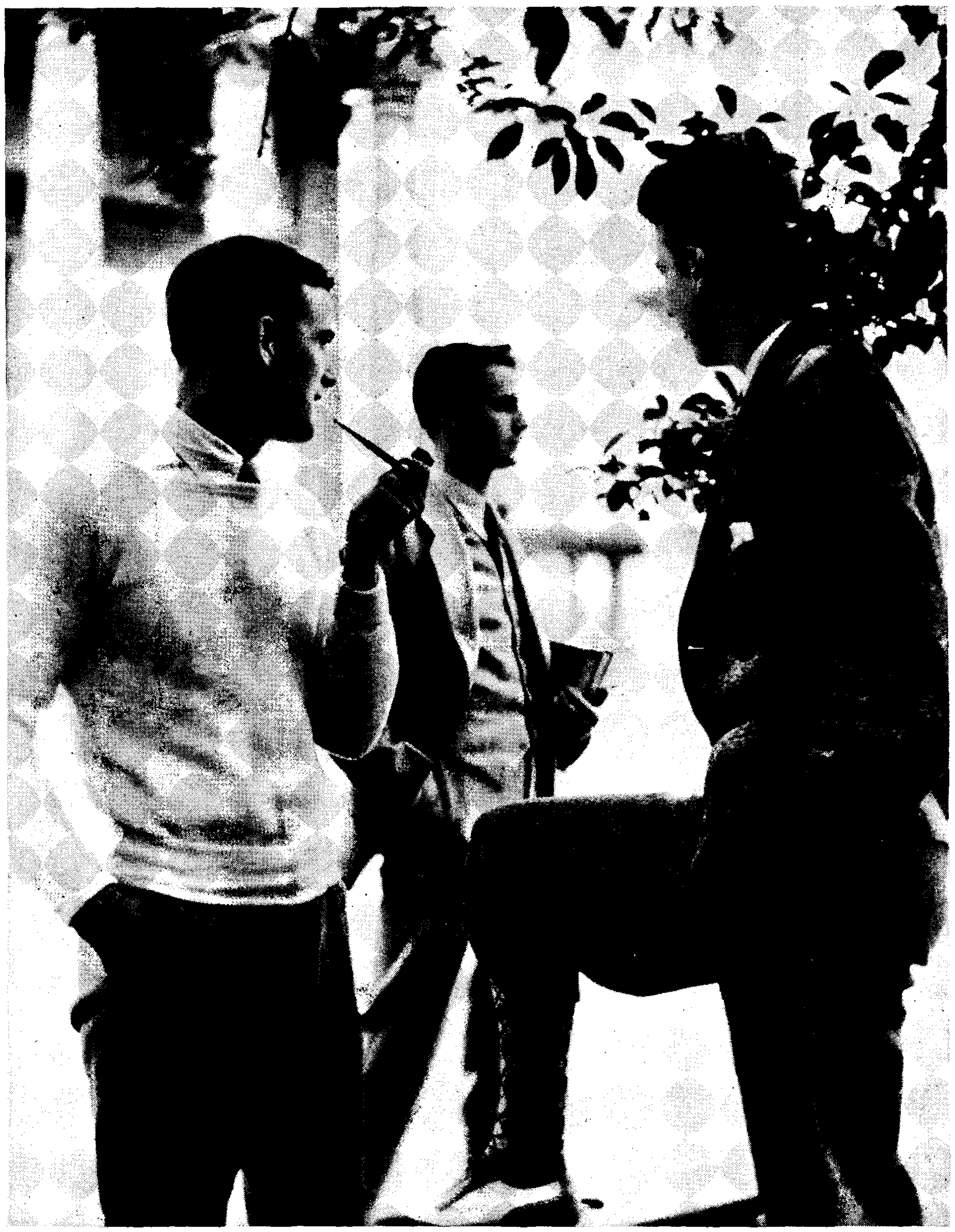
This combination of youth and experience has made it a trifle tough for the old guard who once had to rely upon the asset of experience to overcome strength and skill. So the showing made by such members of the old guard as Egan, Ouimet, Tilden, Williams, Hunter, Mrs. Mallory and others deserves more than a single cheer.

It may be some time before the old guard has another season of this sort. But this one has been enough to prove that the game hasn't gone over entirely to younger feet and younger nerves. More than one astonished youth has discovered the truth of this remark within the last few months.



H. Chandler Egan became a champ when Bobby Jones was two years old

Wide World Photo



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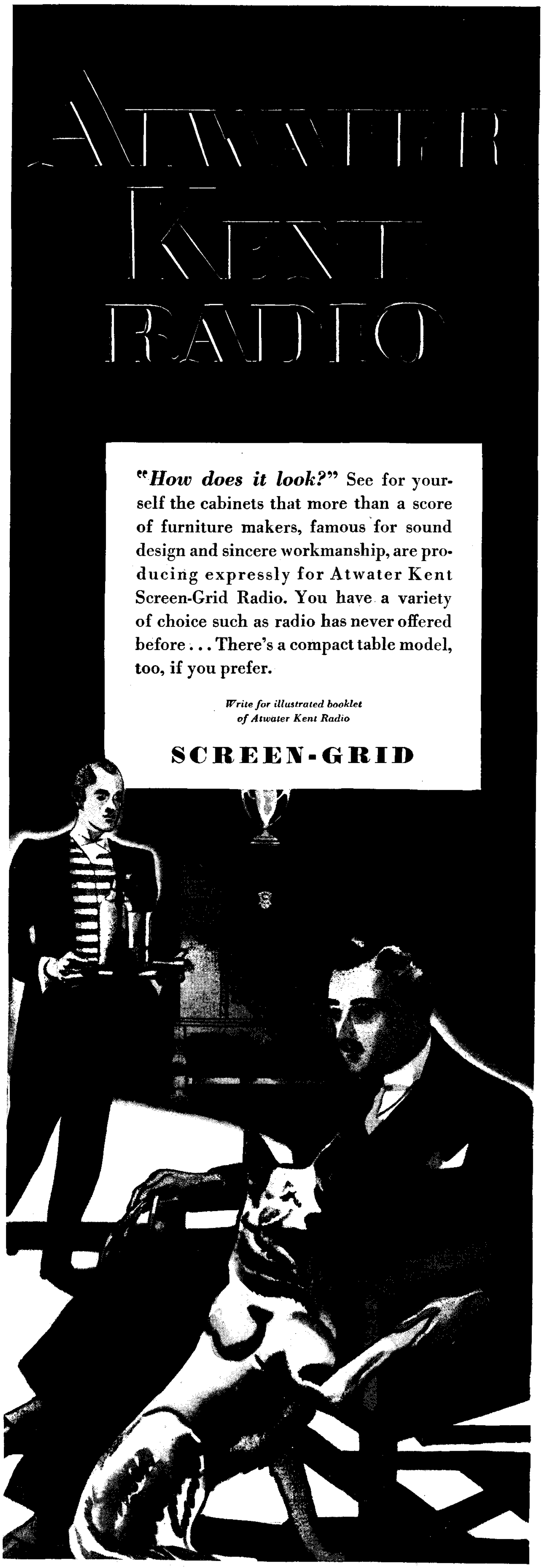

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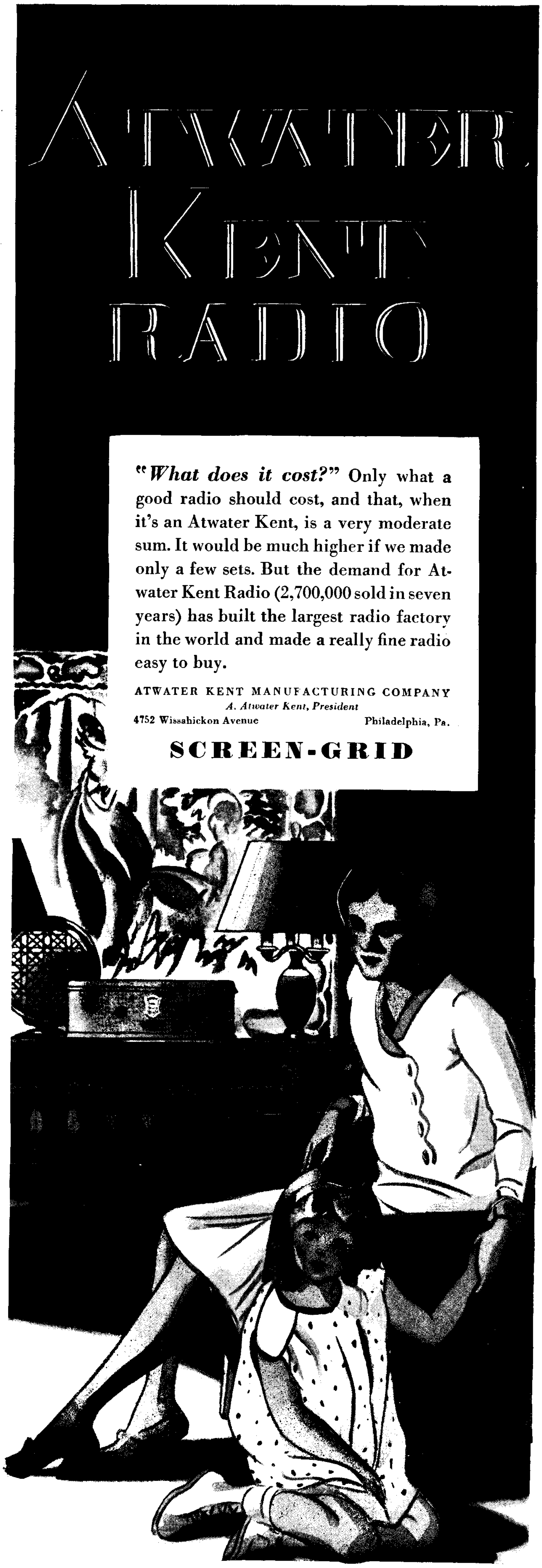

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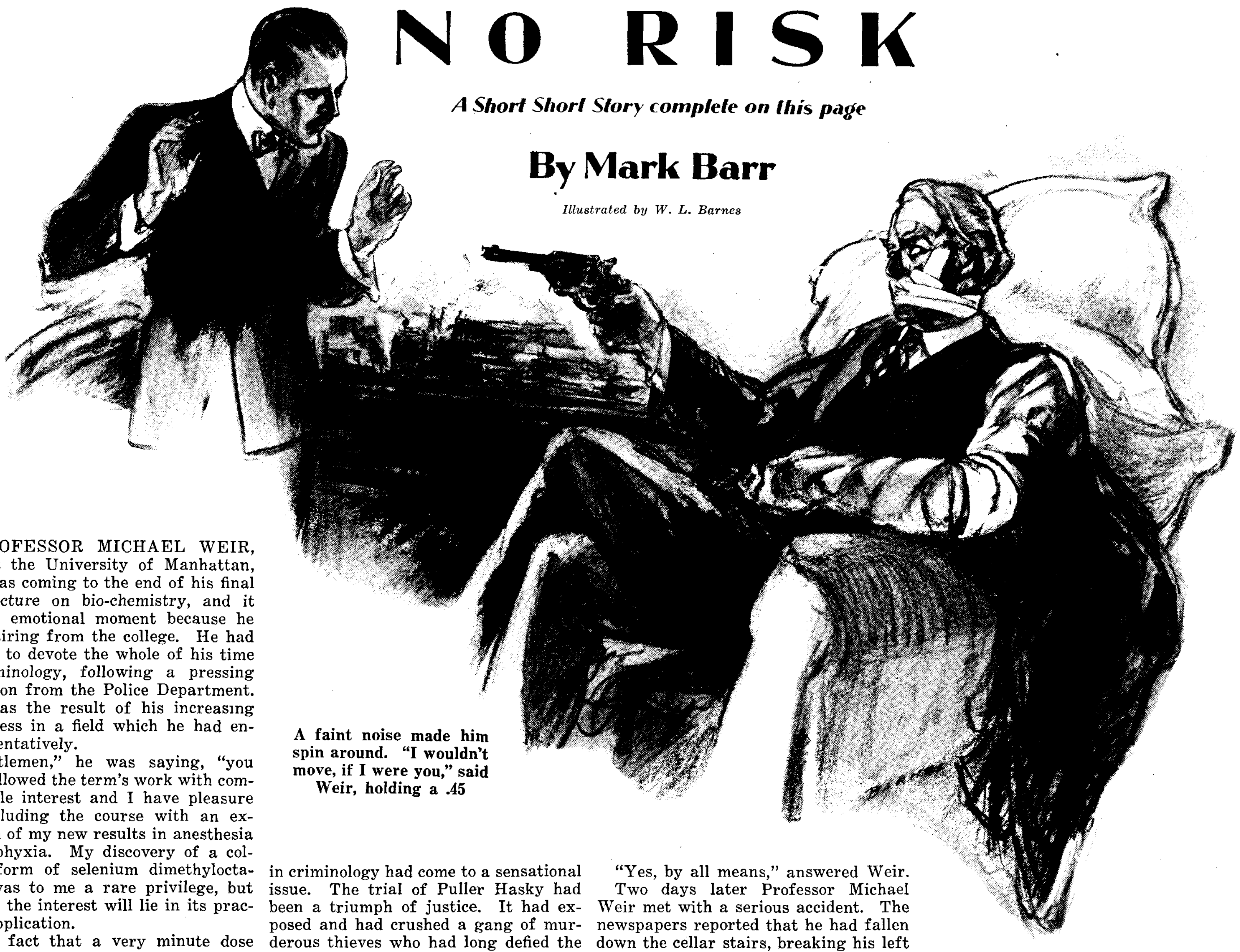
NO RISK

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Mark Barr

Illustrated by W. L. Barnes



A faint noise made him spin around. "I wouldn't move, if I were you," said Weir, holding a .45

PROFESSOR MICHAEL WEIR, at the University of Manhattan, was coming to the end of his final lecture on bio-chemistry, and it was an emotional moment because he was retiring from the college. He had decided to devote the whole of his time to criminology, following a pressing invitation from the Police Department. This was the result of his increasing usefulness in a field which he had entered tentatively.

"Gentlemen," he was saying, "you have followed the term's work with commendable interest and I have pleasure in concluding the course with an exposition of my new results in anesthesia and asphyxia. My discovery of a colloidal form of selenium dimethyloctadiene was to me a rare privilege, but for you the interest will lie in its practical application.

"The fact that a very minute dose of this compound (in itself non-poisonous and producing no observable effect) —the fact that its presence in the body enormously hastens a loss of consciousness when a tenth of the normal ether dose is given afterwards, is the crux of my discovery.

"Now, gentlemen, many of you will enter the profession of medicine. You will hold secrets, which, if known to unworthy citizens, would lead to communal disadvantage; to great harm; indeed, gentlemen, to crime. Take, for example, this selenium treatment, which causes asphyxiation and death in two seconds, leaving no trace of the cause, if administered in a certain way.

"It is a great pleasure to me to know that all of you"—at this point in the speech, a very slight frown crossed the professor's brow as he remembered one particular exception in the class—"—er, all of you are young men of high principles and honor." And after formally announcing his retirement and giving a few words of farewell, Dr. Michael Weir was gone. A week later he was at his desk in an upper room of the Police Department.

THE one particular student who had caused the professor anxiety was the most brilliant of the class, Wesley Fenton, who had graduated on a thesis entitled Experiments under Anesthesia. To most readers it appeared, on casual reading, to justify certain dangerous methods in research, but to Professor Weir there was an almost invisible line of ugly cynicism in it.

Two years later, the name of Dr. Michael Weir, special consultant to the Department of Police, appeared in the headlines of all newspapers. His work in criminology had come to a sensational issue. The trial of Puller Hasky had been a triumph of justice. It had exposed and had crushed a gang of murderous thieves who had long defied the homicide squad. The execution of Hasky and two associates had swiftly followed the trial, but few people knew of the two years of trailing or of the ingenious methods used for detection.

Wesley Fenton, now alias Madden, living somewhere in Jersey, was greatly disturbed by these events. It was more than good luck that he, Fenton, had not been caught; it was perfect management. As Hasky's expert, and, when necessary, murder specialist, Fenton had rounded out a year of great profit and great thrill, though his connection with Hasky was unsuspected. But here was that cursed Professor Weir butting in. . . .

Fenton concentrated his thoughts. "At any minute he may go me one better and then I'm sunk. I'll eliminate him," he said. "And with no trace of me, Madden, in it." He would call on Weir after a preliminary investigation of the professor's habitat. Did he still live alone with that fool factotum, Dinley, who took Saturday nights and Sundays off? Well, Dinley would discover the peaceful demise of Professor Weir long after the event. Peaceful was the word. There weren't two doctors in New York who could diagnose the case.

When Fenton called upon Dr. Weir one Saturday evening, he was not recognizable as the Thomas Madden who lived in Jersey, where he was known to very few.

"Well, Fenton, where have you been all this time?" the professor greeted him.

Fenton pitched a good tale and ended by describing a new scheme for research—not that he himself had any real interest in it. But it interested the professor.

"May I come over next Saturday and show you the details?"

"Yes, by all means," answered Weir.

Two days later Professor Michael Weir met with a serious accident. The newspapers reported that he had fallen down the cellar stairs, breaking his left arm and wrist and cutting his face.

"I fell into a big box of glass tubes," he told the reporters. "Excuse my mincing speech—" he pointed to his plastered face. "This strip covers what might have been an ugly cut from mouth to ear. But I'm getting on nicely, thank you." This was bad news to Fenton. The old man would not be left alone in the house. Was there no way of eliminating Dinley? The situation greatly displeased him.

Imagine then, Fenton's satisfaction when Professor Weir wrote to say that if his pupil would be so kind, he might look after his old master during the week-end and thus allow Dinley to pay a long-postponed visit to his parents.

ON SATURDAY evening, at eight, Wesley Fenton went into the professor's house in a cheery mood.

"But, Professor," he asked, "don't you have anyone here more skilled in nursing—I mean attending your arm—than Dinley? Isn't there anything I can do for you except get dinner?"

"No, Fenton, thank you. Dr. Hadley will call tomorrow afternoon. And I can always get things by telephone. Water? No, thanks. But I would like a little ginger ale. You'll find some in the little refrigerator. Sorry there's no liquor."

They both drank to the success of Science—in ginger ale, and the Professor, sitting well back in his big chair, smiled as Fenton began to expound his new idea, untying a square parcel.

"Professor, look at this tube of isopene—it's worth fifty dollars. After dinner, I'll show you a pretty experiment."

He held the tube near the invalid as he stepped to the side of the chair. Then he picked up a towel, and, in a flash, crushed the tube in the cloth and shoved it into Weir's face. It was dripping wet with ether. The victim struggled—a little; then he relaxed. Ten seconds Fenton pressed on the towel and then he threw it into the fire and looked at Weir. He listened; no breathing. He felt his victim's heart; there was no beat.

How beautifully the old man had taken the little dose of dimethyl in his ginger ale! Fenton stepped to the window and raised it a little. A faint noise made him spin around.

"I wouldn't move, if I were you. Too bad to shoot an unarmed man," said Weir, holding a big .45 in his right hand. "Lift your hands, quick!" Fenton gave out a mixed groan and curse.

"Shut up, Fenton—Thomas Madden of Jersey. There are witnesses, strange as it may seem. Come out, you fellows."

Jevons, the inspector, came out of a locked closet, followed by others. "Doctor, you took a big risk," said the inspector.

"Well, no, Jevons—this splintered arm —in fact, all my wounds—are faked. The splints cover a little oxygen cylinder with a little tube to my mouth—under the adhesive medical plaster. I had cotton in my nostrils."

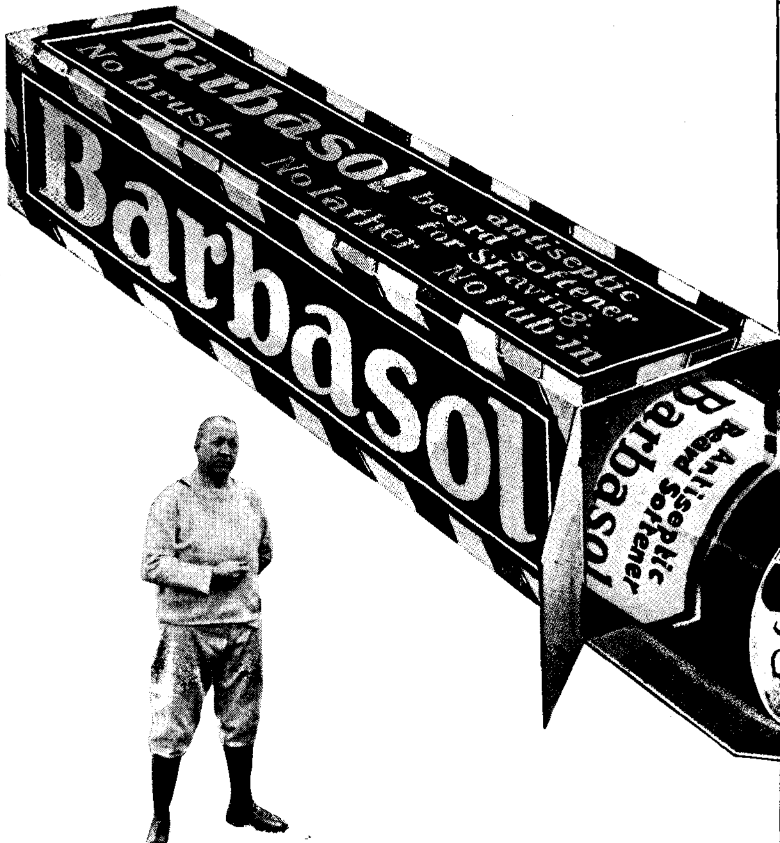
Fenton glared savagely but made no sound.

"Doctor, you took a big risk," repeated Jevons.

"Not in the least. All complete and very simple. Heartbeats concealed by a plate vest. Breathing?—Well, I held that. I can do it for over a minute. And as to my small dose of selenium, it's good for the liver. Now we've got the evidence on Thomas Madden of Jersey City. Call the patrol wagon."

WHY FAMOUS MEN OF THE DAY USE BARBASOL

"It's the right play at the right time, that's why I use BARBASOL"



Barbasol antiseptic beard softener for Shaving.
No brush No lather No rub-in
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"Barbasol has made brushing, lathering and rubbing as old-fashioned as the 'revolving wedge'. Without a mess, this modern shaving cream always gives me a smooth, comfortable and soothing shave in a fraction of the usual time."

Knute Rockne

KNUTE ROCKNE—Master and teacher of football, whose genius for developing wonderful teams has brought him undying fame.

TOMORROW morning suppose you try a Barbasol shave à la Rockne? You won't have to go into training for it: "R-e-a-dy beard?" "Ready!" "R-e-a-dy Barbasol?" "Ready is *right!*"

"Twee-ee-eet!" There goes the whistle!!

On sweeps the razor as fast as an All-American End getting down under a kick! Round right end! Round left end! Now the center!

Before the snappiest quarterback could bark out a set of signals your face is velvet soft, satin smooth and as cool as a concrete stadium seat on Thanksgiving day!

Here y'are! The Official 1929 Shaving Rules!

1. Wash your face. Leave it wet—we mean WET! 2. Spread on a modest coat of Barbasol! *Don't rub.* 3. Wet your razor and *shave.*

Game's over! And you're in the cheering section for life!

Think of it! No more lather-labor! No more need to rub it in on your face! No more morning massacres! And longer-lasting blades!

Take 3 minutes time-out for a Barbasol shave tomorrow morning and see for yourself how quickly and smoothly the world's best beard-trainer will make your razor romp down the facial field for a touchdown!

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Barbasol

For Modern Shaving

No brushing—No lathering—No rubbing

Barbasol
Skin Freshener
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Barbasol Skin Freshener

Douse it on whenever your face feels the need of freshening up. Instantly it's all a-tingle—for Barbasol Skin Freshener acts like a cold shower after a strenuous game. Try it!

WHEN YOU ACCEPT AN INVITATION TO A FRIENDLY BRIDGE GAME AND FIND YOURSELF PLAYING WITH A SCHOOL OF SHARKS FOR A CENT A POINT.
Haenigsen

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

North
S. 10-9-6-3
H. Q-9-6
D. Q-6-3
C. J-8-3

West
S. A-K-7-4-2
H. A-K
D. 7-4-2
C. 9-6-5

East
S. Q-J
H. 10-7-4-3
D. J-9
C. A-K-7-4-2

South
S. 8-5
H. J-8-5-2
D. A-K-10-8-5
C. Q-10

THE above hand was given in Collier's last week. The Auction Bridge bidding would be: South (dealer) one Diamond and West one Spade, followed by three passes.

At Contract, South would open the bidding just as in Auction, with one Diamond; but West would not be satisfied to overcall by bidding *one* Spade. For a Spade contract he has four high-card tricks and two highly probable low-card tricks; so the hand more than fulfills the requirement for an original two-bid (that requirement being six probable tricks, at least three of which are high-card tricks. North would pass; his strength would be insufficient to bid even two Diamonds. East would appreciate that with only two cards of partner's suit, a jump is somewhat dangerous, and a double jump distinctly so. West's bid of two Spades does not guarantee that he has five Spades; but as East holds Queen-Jack he may be sure that if West has bid a four-carder, the suit is headed by Ace-King, accompanied by side strength. East, estimating the value of his own hand on the basis of the count usually used for jumping partner's suit, would add 2 for Spades, 1 for Diamonds, and 12 for Clubs—a total of 15; and as a jump from two to four may be made with 12, East would be unduly timid if he made less than a game bid.

At either Auction or Contract, the hand would be played with West the Declarer and with Spades the trump; the difference being that the contract at one game would be one and at the other four. The play in the two games would be identical.

The Play

North's correct lead would be the Queen of Diamonds; dummy would play the Nine of Diamonds and South would see the danger of a ruff of one of his good Diamonds by dummy. South would realize that if North wins the trick he would hesitate about leading a trump up to the closed hand; but a trump lead from South cannot be harmful to North's trumps and will prevent a ruff by East. South can win his partner's Queen without sacrificing a trick, as dummy's Jack must fall on the second Diamond trick and establish the suit for South. South accordingly wins trick 1 with the King.

South then leads a small trump which Declarer passes up to dummy's Jack.

Should Declarer exhaust the trumps immediately, East and West would cash their second and third Diamond tricks when they won their Club; so Declarer must first establish dummy's Clubs to insure a Diamond discard from closed hand. To do this he must lose the first Club trick, taking the slight risk that the adverse Clubs are divided 4-1 and that the holder of the four will win the first trick and immediately return the suit for his partner to ruff.

To trick 3, dummy leads his Deuce of Clubs; South plays the Queen which holds the trick. South appreciates that the adverse Clubs probably are established, so his option lies between cashing his Ace of Diamonds and then leading a trump, or leading a Heart up to East's weakness. If South leads a Heart, West will win and lead a Spade to Dummy's Queen and then get back the lead with a second Heart to exhaust the adverse trumps; after that the road will be clear to cash four Club tricks. In that way Declarer wins five trump tricks, two Heart tricks, and four Club tricks—a total of eleven.

North and South can save one trick if South leads his Ace of Diamonds to trick 4, and then a trump. Declarer then would win the trump in dummy, put closed hand in with a Heart to exhaust the remaining trumps, and then run the four Clubs; and North and South would win two Diamonds and one Club, holding Declarer to ten tricks.

This week's hand illustrates the importance, even when playing a suit contract, of establishing your suit before the other fellow establishes his.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind before you read next week's description how many tricks South should make, playing a No Trump contract.

North
S. K-J-9-6-3
H. Q-9-4
D. Q-10
C. J-7-5

East
S. 7-2
H. K-5-3
D. 9-6-5-4-3-2
C. 6-3

West
S. 10-5
H. 8-7-2
D. K-8-7
C. K-9-8-4-2

South
S. A-Q-8-4
H. A-J-10-6
D. A-J
C. A-Q-10

Good Gracious!

Continued from page 28

can be just as intelligent and intelligible in ordinary English, just as direct—and I should think somewhat more effective—in a dress of well-fitted, graceful lines, and certainly pleasanter to listen to with a well-modulated voice.

One young business woman of my acquaintance agrees with me as far as clothes, vocabulary, and manner are concerned, and she sheds a somewhat amusing light on another angle of the situation. For several years she has been doing work that until ten years ago was done mostly by men.

"As far as clothes and behavior go," she observed, "I think the trouble is with the women themselves. I believe the men with whom we associate in business would rather we'd look like well-dressed women, as long as the clothes are appropriate to the office, than to have us appear in something resembling a slightly skirted version of a bathing suit or the extremely tailored and high-collared outfit that looks as though we were attempting a bad imitation of the men. And I've yet to meet the man who objects to good manners—though some of the women do.

Carefully Concealing a Brain

"The thing that we have to be careful about," she laughed, "is to do our work without admitting that we do it with something recognizable as a brain, especially one that has had a definite amount of culture. That is the one thing that most of the men and a good many of the women today resent."

It seems that for some years she has been carefully concealing the fact that she has three university degrees and a Phi Beta Kappa key. As it is they don't regard her as highbrow and she is able to use what she has learned without being branded by the stigma of having learned it. But one acquaintance has discovered her awful past and practices a sort of playful blackmail by threatening to reveal it.

"The worst of it is," she murmured apprehensively, "that he doesn't realize how serious it might be for me. I could never live it down."

What are we coming to if this goes on? And is it going on or are the incoming ruffles an indication that the pendulum has swung to the extreme and is on its way back to a happy medium where woman will acquire a gentler dignity to match her dress, an admitted brain, a little reserve and even some mystery to temper brash efficiency?

My own province, of course, is the theater. Reading the many scripts that come in to me gives an interesting perspective on the trend of the times. Playwrights seem determined to write almost exclusively about those hard-hitting, raucous-voiced women who turn out to be good sports with hearts of gold.

Of course, the heart of gold is never mentioned. They assure us that these heroines are not immoral—and they are right about that. They are merely as unmoral as an alley cat, for it is quite impossible to be immoral about anything without some code of ethics to smash.

As far as the "good sport" idea is concerned, I see no reason for praising her for it as though it were something peculiar to her kind. Any well-bred woman takes a fine sense of sportsmanship for granted.

In The Crowded Hour I played the part of an ex-chorus girl who had gone overseas as a telephone operator during the war. She stuck to her post through a bombardment and came out of the experience with a spiritual metamorphosis which caused her to send her lover back to his wife. Perhaps it is fortunate that there have been women who did not need a world war and an attack of shot and shell to bring them to such a conclusion. The play was a hit. Since then she and her sisters seem to have dominated the stage. But although I have played the type, it is not one that comes easily to me and, consequently, I have had increasing difficulty finding scripts with the sort of character that flows more readily for me and that I enjoy most.

I do not mean that any of us want to go back to the insipid innocents of the preceding period. Little Marie Odile, who just couldn't figure out where her baby had come from—no, I didn't play her, it was Frances Starr—would seem impossible today to anyone. Neither do I ask that the woman be perfect and beyond reproach, but it seems to me that charm and graciousness and subtlety should not be banished from the earth. They are adornments even to sinners.

The modern woman is denying man his privilege of chivalry and, regardless of her arguments to the contrary, I contend that man is a naturally chivalrous creature. She is spoiling his imagination by a revelation that exhibits not merely a physical but an appalling emotional immodesty. She holds no reserves to evoke that imagination, no mysteries to delight the explorer by a gradual discovery. In short, she has become commonplace. Woman is no longer an adventure.

If the necessities of war created the modern woman, peace seems only to have accentuated her, to have made her into a grotesque caricature of the person she might have been and can be if her present headlong plunge is stopped in time. She has had many advantages, she won her fight to an equal representation in the rights of the world, and it is time now for her to start using them to the best advantage. The point is that she must not wait too long.

There is something so impetuously childish about her bragging prowess when one compares her to the more suave and poised woman of the world that she might be. She is what is called "wise" but shows little wisdom. She needs to grow up.

The Road to Maturity

The question is, will she ever do it? Does she want to do it? Will she ever stop long enough to discover that sophistication does not lie in an ardent willingness to get "tight" but in a very definite ability always to know what she is saying and to say it without expletives that were tried and found wanting as far back as the eighteenth century?

As to her brain—is it impossible for her to get enough of a perspective on it to know that it is not intended to take the place of a man's brain but that the two of equal intelligence were intended to complement one another and accomplish more together because of their very differences? If that were recognized by herself, and soon therefore by others, there would be no need for her to conceal the fact that she has one.

Will she ever look in the mirror long enough to know that prettiness means absolutely nothing and that, regardless of her features, real beauty can come only from something quite lovely inside her, that without gentleness and graciousness she is less than half the woman she might be?

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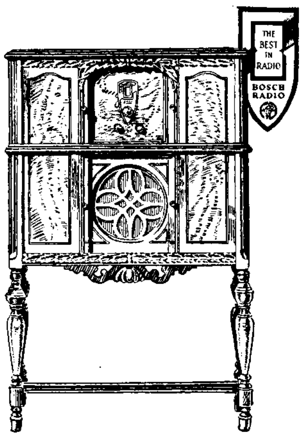

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In a period when technicalities are being stressed, Bosch Radio again stands foremost in construction details which assure an unrivaled quality of reception. The new Bosch Radio Model 48 is correctly engineered to the new four element, Screen-Grid tubes. Three are used. There are two type 245 amplifiers arranged in push-pull, powered detector and a type 280 full wave rectifier—seven tubes in all. Only by hearing and operating the new Bosch Radio can you appreciate its greater sensitivity, razor-edge selectivity and tonal accuracy. New artistry in cabinet designing combines beauty with enjoyment. The Bosch Dealer near you will gladly explain the engineering superiority of Bosch Radio. Table model illustrated with sliding doors, less tubes $119.50.

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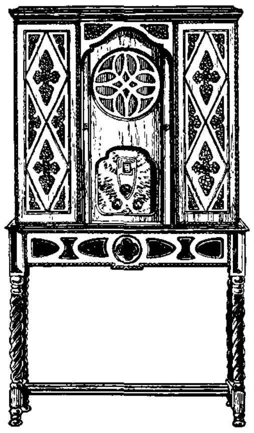

New Bosch Radio De Luxe Console the last word in radio—uses seven tubes, three of which are Screen-Grid. Console has sliding doors concealing dial and electro dynamic type speaker. Antique finish in Old English line. Less tubes, $240.00

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The World's Ice Box

By Edwin E. Slosson

Director Science Service

HIDDEN in the big ice block over the edge of which Byrd is sledding and flying, lies a secret important to civilization. On two unanswered questions the future depends. How thick is the ice block? Is it melting or freezing?

We know about how broad it spreads, this sheet of ice that caps the South Pole, for ships have sailed around it. It covers an area of over 5,000,000 square miles—larger than Europe, Australia or the United States. We know about how high it is, for Amundsen and Scott have gone to the top of it. When they stood on the great antarctic plateau, they were about 10,000 feet above the level of the surrounding sea. But how much of what lay beneath their feet was rock and how much was ice? There is no way to tell, for it is too deep to dig down through the ice crust to the ground.

So we have to guess at the altitude of the antarctic continent and call it equal to the average altitude of the three neighboring continents: Australia, South America and Africa. This is about 2,100 feet. Now the average height of the whole antarctic continent with the ice on it is about 7,380 feet, according to the latest calculations of the German geographer, Meinardus. If, then, we subtract the estimated height of the land from the average height of the land with the ice on it, we get a mile for the depth of the ice. That is, the sheet that continually caps the South Pole contains about 5,000,000 cubic miles of ice, enough to cover Europe to a depth of 6,600 feet or the whole world to a depth of 131 feet.

A New Land

But the ice cap is not permanent. We can see from the coal beds found in places beneath the ice that once the antarctic climate was tropical. So it may be again. A rise of only one degree Fahrenheit in the mean annual temperature of the atmosphere of the globe would free both the polar regions from their ice. These polar caps are the remainders of the latest of world cold spells, the glacial age when such thick sheets of ice extended over a large part of the United States and Europe. We can see the scratches from the ice on the tops of the tallest peaks of the Adirondacks. The whole history of the human race comes within the present spring thaw, which started 25,000 or more years ago.

The antarctic ice cap seems to be slowly diminishing. It has lost a thousand feet already, and if there are no serious setbacks, will eventually disappear.

That will throw a new continent into the arena to be scrambled for, but we will hope (though without much reason) that by that time men will be sufficiently civilized not to fight for it. It would also force our sea-coast cities to be moved uphill, for the sea level all over the world would be raised nearly a hundred feet by the addition to the ocean of the water now safely kept in cold storage in the antarctic ice field. You must add to this the water from the melting of the arctic cap, which is about an eighth that of the antarctic. Such a rise of the water level in all our harbors would cause considerable disturbance of the real estate values in the down-town sections of some of the leading cities of the world.

Stormy and Colder

But it may happen, for all we know, that long before the ice has melted from the polar regions, the weather will change and the ice move down again to cover the most wealthy and cultivated countries of the world. The next glacial epoch might indeed be so severe as to wrap the entire globe in ice for a while, say a hundred thousand years, and so freeze off all plant and animal life. But that does not seem likely, for the world has never had quite such a cold winter. We can see from the fossils in the rocks that the sequence of life has not been interrupted for the last thousand million years.

Out of the most recent of the glacial periods the human race emerged more like men than before, although they had no defense from the cold except skins and wood fires. With our present knowledge and inventions we could stand a cold winter no worse than the last without perishing and perhaps, like our ancestors, with benefit to the race from such hard times.

But since we have not yet discovered the cause of these violent fluctuations in the climate of the world, we cannot tell whether we are living early in the spring or late in the fall.

The Spider and the Flies

Continued from page 15

—just around the corner—coming round the corner. I'm not a nervous man, but I don't mind confessing that I go round the room with a gun before I get into bed, and I'm on the eighth story of the hotel."

"There's nothing more trying," Slane remarked consolingly, "than sitting about waiting for a man."

"Well, he's not going to do that any longer," the woman announced with decision. "It's Paris for us Monday, and I'm cabling myself to Chicago to say that Ned's resigned. He's got five more days here, and those are five days too many."

"I CAN'T persuade you to come down to Scotland Yard then before you chuck this job?" Slane asked.

"I don't feel like it," Cross admitted. "I'll tell you what, though, if you'll bring your friend—I forget his name—to dinner next Sunday, I'll hand over all the stuff I've got about Josh. It may come in handy for him."

"I'll bring Stimpson with pleasure," Slane promised, rising to his feet. "Good-by, if I don't see you again until then. And I think you're right on the whole, Mrs. Cross," he added, as he shook hands.

The lady smiled.

"You're awfully nice, Sir Jasper," she declared, "and if you've got a wife or a young lady you'd like to bring round on Sunday—well, bring her. Eight o'clock's the hour."

"I shan't forget," Slane promised.

Stimpson was a little thoughtful as he drove to the Milan on Sunday night.

"I'll be interested to meet your friend, Sir Jasper," he said. "They think a lot of him in Chicago."

"He's rather an impressive man in his way," Slane observed. "Got a bit nervy since his wife came. I saw them both in the grillroom at the Milan last night, and he wasn't looking the man he was the first night I saw him at the Globe."

Stimpson's blue eyes were fixed upon vacancy.

"It's a wearing job," he remarked, "being on the heels of a fellow like Josh Chandler. He kills for the joy of it, and a fellow like that gets out of almost anything."

Slane lit a cigarette.

"You look a little peaky yourself, Stimpson," he observed. "They told me you were having a vacation when I rang up."

"I've finished with that," Stimpson replied, "and since I've been back, I've had a couple of days strenuous enough for anyone. By-the-by, Sir Jasper," he added, as they turned in at the courtyard of the Milan, "there was a rumor this afternoon at the Yard that this fellow Chandler had reached this side after all and that he's been seen in London. Mind you, I'm not talking about it yet, and I've nothing for your friend Cross. If he asks any questions, leave it to me."

"Jealous devils, you professionals!" Slane murmured.

"I don't think," Stimpson confided, "that I shall even mention the subject. I have a sort of fancy for taking Chandler myself, without any interference from Chicago. . . ."

The hall porter at the Milan Court welcomed them smilingly.

"You'll find Mr. Cross up on the eighth floor, sir," he announced.

"Are we to go up, or is he coming down?" Slane inquired.

"I believe you are dining in his private apartment, sir," the man replied.

The two men entered the lift and were whisked upward. A waiter met them on the eighth floor, and ushered them into a large, flower-decorated salon. A round table for four was set in the middle of the room, by the side of which were several bottles in ice pails. A cocktail shaker of unusual dimensions stood upon the sideboard. The atmosphere of the place was festive. Almost as they entered, Cross sallied out from an inner room.

"So this is Inspector Stimpson," he observed, holding out his hand. "Glad to meet you, sir. We've heard of you, of course, in Chicago."

"I have heard of you, also, Mr. Cross," was the courteous reply. "I have heard of several fine pieces of work on your part, too. I wish I could congratulate you upon your success over here."

A momentary shadow darkened the American's face.

"I'm through," he confided. "My time is up. My pension's due, and whoever wants to go after Josh Chandler is welcome to the job. I'm for staying alive a year or two more myself."

Mrs. Cross came smiling in, a dazzling vision of black tulle, slender legs and languishing eyes.

"I am disappointed," she exclaimed, as she held out her hands. "I wanted to dine downstairs and see if either of you can dance. Mr. Stimpson, I'm glad to know you. I've got a bully husband but he's just given in to me on the big things, so I guess he thinks he can do as he likes about this, but if you boys are real sports you'll say something about a little supper party afterward. I haven't had a dance since I left Chicago, and Ned's getting more nervous and stupid every day. Now I'm going to shake you some cocktails. They'll be good, I can promise you."

She kept her word. The cocktails were cunningly mixed, and shaken with a practiced hand. The dinner that followed, watched over by one of the principal head waiters from the restaurant, was excellent and well chosen. The wine was of an old vintage. By degrees Cross began to lose his anxious look. His wife's eyes grew brighter, her laughter freer, the invitation of her lips as she looked across the table more insidious. She flirted indiscriminately with Slane and Stimpson, but she raised her glass more often to her husband.

"He's a dear," she declared. "He's given up his wild goose chase. We're leaving for Paris tomorrow."

HER husband set his glass down. The dinner had reached its final stage. The coffee, according to directions, was steaming upon the sideboard where the liqueurs were also arranged.

"But before I leave," Detective Cross announced, with that peculiar quality in his strained eyes which Slane had first noticed, "I must take you all into my confidence. I have news for you two gentlemen."

His lips curled inward—the travesty of a smile. The glitter in his eyes became more pronounced. He lit his cigar with meticulous care and, rising to his feet, walked toward the door which led into the corridor, and listened for a moment.

Satisfied, apparently, he turned the key and shot the bolt. Then he walked softly to the door from which he and his wife had issued—the door leading to the sleeping apartments. This one, too, he locked. Afterward he moved to the window, and looked down-

(Continued on page 47)

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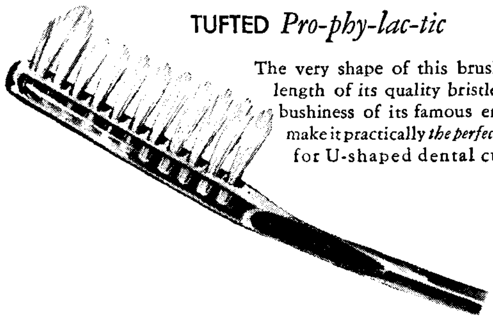
U *or* V *or* ⊔

? ? ?

some teeth are set in a curve like a

some have a dental curve like this

others have a square shape



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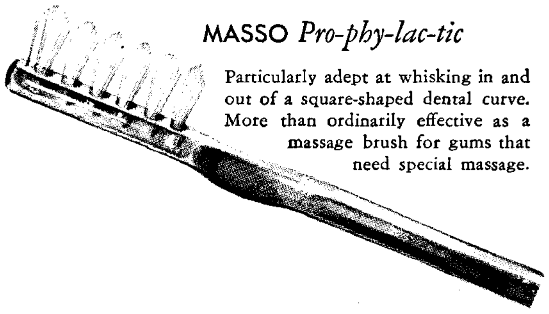

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*"Guarding or preserving against disease."
Webster's New Standard Dictionary.

The Spider and the Flies

Continued from page 44

ward. They were on the top story, and below was nothing but a pool of darkness.

"Sir Jasper," he said, resuming his seat at the table, "and you, my new friend—although well known to me by name—Mr. Stimpson, this is my news. I have found Josh Chandler."

"The devil!" Slane murmured.

"Congratulations!" Stimpson echoed.

"I have done what no other man in the world could have done," Detective Cross continued. "Chandler, mark you, with seventeen murders, eight bank robberies, three or four abductions, and God knows how many other crimes up against him. I have him safe under lock and key."

SLANE set down his cigar which he had just lit. The moments seemed electric. Stimpson was staring out of his wide-set blue eyes. The woman was leaning back in her chair.

"Here in London?" Slane gasped. "Where is he?"

Cross tapped his chest.

"Here, at your service, gentlemen," he announced. "I am Josh Chandler."

Neither Slane nor Stimpson seemed capable of speech. The woman laughed. She leaned still farther back in her chair, her arms hanging over its sides, and she laughed, showing her beautiful white teeth, her eyes alight with a sort of fiendish joy.

"Wonderful, Josh!" she cried. "Wonderful! Now, what's going to happen to you two boobs?"

"In the first place," the man who had been Cross said, his hand disappearing for a second and reappearing with a short-barrelled, little automatic. "In the first place, hands up, you two, whilst I see if either of you has a gun."

Up went Stimpson's hands; Slane, after a moment's hesitation, followed suit.

"Not in my line," Stimpson declared. "I never carry a gun. You probably know that, if you are Chandler. Nor does Slane when he comes to a private dinner party. I'll answer for that."

"Frisk them, Leda," Chandler muttered.

With a cigarette drooping from the corner of her lips, she rose to her feet, and felt their pockets, first Stimpson's, then Slane's.

"Not a sign of one," she announced. "Poor lambs!"

"Now, I'm taking a risk with you fellows," Chandler went on. "I'll admit it's a risk, but I've thought out my plans pretty carefully. This room is one of the best in the hotel. Everyone who comes here sits upon the window sill to look down and see the view over the Thames. You're going to sit there, both of you, and you are going down to look at the Thames from the ground. How does that appeal to you?"

"Not at all," Slane declared.

"Heights always make me giddy," Stimpson objected. "I'm not going near the window."

"My last really big crime!" Chandler pronounced, with a boastful smile. "I have several grudges against you, Stimpson. You'd go anyway. I wasn't so sure about Slane, but what happens to one of you must happen to both. I see we have disposed of three bottles of wine, and I shall pour a couple more out of the window. Staggering over there is dangerous, you know, but a bullet in your forehead isn't any pleasanter."

"I think I'd rather be shot," Stimpson decided. "What about it, Slane?"

Slane prepared to face death.

"Whatever you say, Stimpson," he agreed.

They looked into the dark ugly barrel of the automatic. Mockingly, Chandler stepped back a yard.

"Don't be fools!" he scoffed. "You're dead men in a second if you move."

Stimpson dipped his fingers in the bowl, wiped them with his napkin, and came round the table:

"I'm not so sure," he said.

"Oh, to hell with you both!" Chandler snarled. "I'm sick of you. If you won't go out of the window, you'll go my way."

His face was white and ghastly in the shaded light—the face of a homicidal maniac—the murderer through sheer lust of blood. His hand flashed out.

There was a spit of fire. Stimpson remained upright, blinking a little. Another spit of fire—a third—and a fourth—and suddenly the long reverberation of a whistle which Stimpson had drawn from his pocket. Chandler glared at them both, pale with fury, dumb with sheer amazement.

"Quite useless," Stimpson snapped out. "My dear Chandler, we may be lambs—"

The woman sprang up with a cry. From some place of concealment in her garments, flashed out another glittering little weapon. The same result! And then a curious thing happened. The doors, locked and bolted, slowly opened upon the hinges. There filed into the room a procession of men, stern-faced and capable, slowly filling up the background of the apartment.

"They overrated you in Chicago, Chandler," Stimpson said calmly. "We knew all about poor Cross. He never reached the steamer. He was murdered that night in New York. You haven't been a free man since the day you crossed the portals of this hotel, if only you had known it. My men took the places of every servant upon this floor. You have nothing but dud ammunition, and we've had the hinges of your door ready to lift at any time. We just waited. You know what we waited for."

BUT if Josh Chandler knew, he never told. He was at the window, mocking, triumphant.

"An American visitor to London," he chuckled. "Too much champagne. That d—d prohibition!"

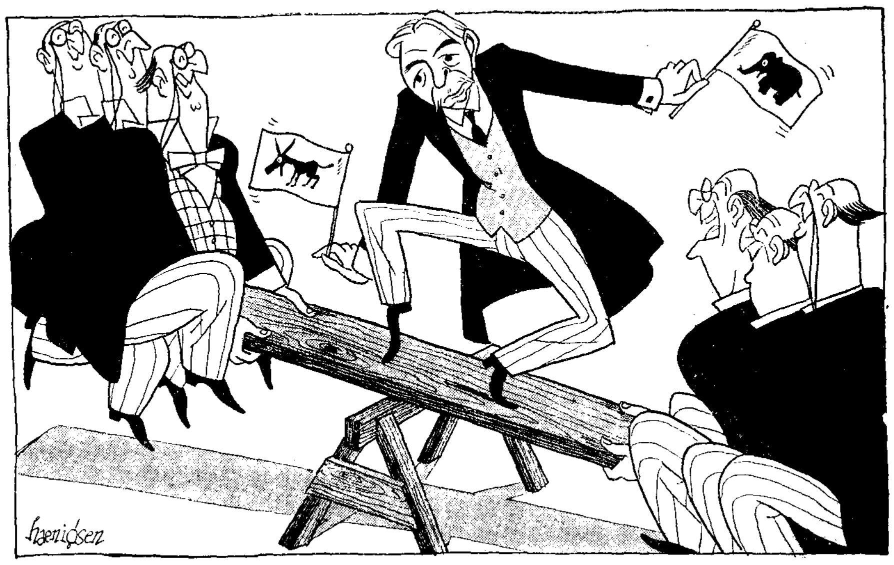
"Shoot him through the leg," Stimpson shouted.

Too late. Chandler was crashing through the window, and Slane, in whose memory the horror of those few moments lingered for long, fancied that in his last seconds his hands were outstretched toward the woman whose wrists were being firmly held by one of the newly arrived myrmidons of the law.

"I couldn't help it, Sir Jasper," Stimpson apologized, "I had to make use of you, although I had in my pocket the cable from New York telling me of the murder and of Chandler's escape to Europe. I knew what had happened, and I had to finish it so that no one was hurt except Chandler. I made use of you, I know, but we had to wait for the woman. You were seeing so much more of the man than I was, and a monosyllable would have given the show away."

Slane indulged in a little grimace, but he laid his hand forgivingly upon the other's shoulder.

"Anyhow, I am glad I was in at the death!"



Seesaw Simmons

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

MOST of the votes against the Senate Finance Committee's tariff bill, the Republican measure in the upper house, will naturally have to be furnished by the Democrats, since there are more Democratic senators than there are progressive or low-tariff Republican senators. And part of the comedy of politics is that the Democrats in the Senate will be led in the tariff fight by a senator who has always been a high protectionist—a senator, moreover, who turned his state over to the Republicans last year and who has had to frighten the Democrats of his state into overlooking his bolt from his party last year by threatening to run with Republican support for the Senate next year—to wit, Furnifold Simmons of North Carolina, who happens to be the ranking Democrat on the Senate Finance Committee. With a high-tariff Republican Democrat in charge of the low-tariff Democratic army, it is hard to guess what will happen.

In the last sensational tariff struggle—that over the Payne-Aldrich bill in 1909—Mr. Simmons was found voting for the Republican prohibitive duty on lumber, of which his state was then a producer. He not only did this, which is always regarded as pardonable, but he said he stood ready to vote for similar high duties on the products of other states. He has been overheard in the past asking a Republican chairman of the Finance Committee how many Democratic votes the Republicans needed to put their high-tariff bill through. William J. Bryan more than once tried to read him out of the Democratic party as more of a Republican than a Democrat.

A Nice Sense of Balance

What Mr. Bryan could not do, Senator Simmons could not do even by bolting the Democratic candidate for President last year. He is still in good standing in the Democratic party in his state and in the Democratic party in Washington, after having made North Carolina Republican in 1928, and having made it at least a debatable state for the Republican party in future national elections. Now, having held Republican high-tariff views for many years and having deserted his party in the last national election, he leads the Democratic party's fight against the Republican tariff.

If you want an illustration of the confusion into which parties have fallen, you have only to regard thoughtfully this high-tariff Republican Democrat leading the low-tariff hosts of Republicans and Democrats in a struggle on which the future of the two parties may largely depend.

Simmons has a foot in both parties. He always has had in the Senate, where he has on occasion given the Republicans the Democratic votes they needed in return for consideration received from the Republicans. And he has had a foot in both parties down in his state, where the Democrats would like to punish him for bolting his party but where the Republicans would support him for reëlection to the Senate if the Democrats should decline to renominate him.

The Republican Democrat

Even in this low-tariff fight he has to keep his eyes on the big business men of North Carolina who are Republican at heart although they have always voted the Democratic ticket because Simmons was a good enough Republican for them and because it was the socially correct thing to be a Democrat in a state where most of the traditional Republicans were of an extremely dark complexion. It has now become respectable to be a Republican in North Carolina. Some very excellent gentlemen there, rich in this world's goods, are openly Republican. Besides, to be Republican is to show a mind above the old Negro issue which Furnifold Simmons invented.

I say that Simmons invented the Negro issue in North Carolina. At least when the Republicans allied themselves with the Populists in the nineties and with the aid of the Negro vote got control of the Old North State he had the wit to see that by raising the cry that white women should not be arrested by Negro policemen and haled before Negro magistrates he could rescue the state from black domination.

He worked the issue for all it was worth for a generation, keeping himself always in power. But Simmons is not a man of one idea. He saw the new forces rising in the South and early allied himself with the manufacturing interests of the state which were going to be Republican as soon as it was feasible for them to do so. He kept them Democratic by being himself a Republican Democrat. And when the state was about to go Republican he threw his influence on the Republican side.

He gained the everlasting loyalty of a numerous Protestant sect in his state by securing, through his pleasant relations with the Republicans in the Senate, a huge bequest to that sect tax-free. And in the last campaign he put himself at the front of the religious issue, on the winning side. He can see better what is under the chip than any other man in the Senate. If he is fully persuaded to the low-tariff side in the present Senate fight, then look out for some great overturn in politics.

Are Your Opportunities Slipping By?

THE years roll by faster and faster *seemingly*. More and more frequently come those moments when we regret the opportunities we allowed to slip by. When we realize that we have made little or no progress; that we have acquired no new mental equipment, and no increased capacity for business or social life.

You must *do* something if you expect to accomplish anything worthwhile. But you will need perseverance and study.

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Chief Bright Path

Continued from page 30

Thorpe at his best, again were not disappointed. He was the captain of the Carlisle team, did everything that a captain could possibly do, and was well supported by his redskin team-mates. The smoothness of play, which had been drilled into his men by Warner, was an able defense against Army, though it seemed at times that Thorpe all by himself could have conquered the great Cadet eleven. He needed only a center to pass him the ball, and even the great interference his team-mates gave him, was at times superfluous. His high knee-lift was working perfectly and his legs were coming up so hard and fast and high that it was impossible for a single tackler to stop him.

When one man hit him, he generally was so bruised that he had to leave the game. It was a rough battle, though a clean one, and the Army with titanic fury tried to check a team without a flaw. But the young men who will one day lead our armies were scattered about the plains like reeds in the whirlwind of a cyclone, to be buried finally on the gridiron where so many hard-fought battles had been played by the Carlisle Indians beneath a score of 27-6.

The Last Minutes

Pop Warner afterwards said that he had no particular plan of attack that day. He had smoothed his interference, he had perfected his defense, and he had left the rest to his captain.

The wily Carlisle coach had not forgotten the splendid bit of strategy which Thorpe himself had thought of in the Harvard game of 1911, when, with a few points' lead in the closing minutes of the contest, he had signaled for himself to be taken out. Warner knew Thorpe was perfectly capable of handling the situation against West Point, and left him to his own devices.

The big Indian did not wait long to get started. Almost before the crowd had settled, he electrified it with two dazzling runs of twenty and twenty-five yards. On his second race toward the goal, he carried the ball to the Army's fifteen-yard line, with three Cadet players holding on to him. It was left for Purnell, however, to hit him so hard that he dropped the leather and the Army man recovered for West Point.

But that only delayed the Carlisle tidal wave. Though Hobbs made a great kick to the Indians' thirty-yard line, Thorpe began all over again, and shot great holes in the soldiers' defense, sifting through big gaps opened by Carlisle forwards, until finally a pass from himself to Arcasa put the ball on the Army's forty-two-yard line. Arcasa and Thorpe again worked a pretty pass to the soldiers' thirty-five-yard line, and then they brought the heavy artillery into working order. After the twenty-yard line had been reached, Thorpe plunged on without a halt. Twice the soldiers tried to throw him back, but the third time he crisscrossed again until Markoe caught him on the four-yard line, after several tacklers had unsuccessfully tried to hold him down. The Army, fighting desperately, did manage to make a great last stand, but their cause was lost—Carlisle scored.

No eleven men, however hard they fought, could have stopped Jim Thorpe that day. His running with the ball was a revelation. Starting like a streak, he shot through the line, scattering tacklers on all sides of him. It was just before he was tackled that he looked his best, and more than once it took half a dozen men to drag him to earth. His ball-carrying was a valuable asset to his team.

Thorpe's greatest feat, however, came soon after the second half opened. He caught one of Keyes' puzzling kicks, dropped it, recovered it, and ran zigzag through the entire Army team across the goal line forty-five yards away. The referee called the ball back, saying it was "dead" because he had blown his whistle. But the memory of Thorpe's effort will linger long with those who witnessed it. The kick for that run had been made from behind the Cadet goal line.

The old Carlisle school is gone now, probably never to be reëstablished, and the members of the team that beat Army in '12, have scattered to the four corners of the country and even beyond. Some of them have gathered together again for a few seasons of professional football under Thorpe, some have become coaches and are still associated with the game, while others have been lost sight of through the years. But each retains a glowing memory of that mighty battle, in which every son of Carlisle contributed more than his share of skill, of gameness, and of strength.

Of course, Captain James Thorpe realized the fourth ambition that Warner had held for the season. He was selected not only for Walter Camp's All-America football team of 1912, but was likewise made an All-Time All-American to take his place beside Eckersall of Chicago, Coy of Yale and Heston of Michigan, as a member of the mightiest backfield quartet.

Never in the history of football has there been a greater personal triumph than the one which James Thorpe scored over the Army. The only achievement comparable to it was the sensational playing of Harold ("Red") Grange of Illinois University against Michigan and Pennsylvania. Grange, in those two games, was superb in carrying the ball, and his long dashes to touchdowns against strong teams were possibly more brilliant than the daringly reckless runs of Jim Thorpe against the Army. At West Point, Thorpe was responsible for virtually all of his team's twenty-seven points, but he achieved that result in a far more versatile fashion than Grange did in his Michigan and Pennsylvania victories. For Thorpe not only ran with the ball, skirting the ends with elusive speed and a deadly change of pace, but he likewise was able to crash through the line on almost any occasion, and his passing and kicking alone would have accounted for victory.

As Great as the Greatest

For he was as great kicking that day, as Dink Templeton of Stanford University, or Eddie Mahan of Harvard. His long, lazy spirals gained so much height that they allowed the ends to get down in plenty of time to check the receivers. Brick Muller of California, at his best, was no more accurate a sharpshooter in his passing, than Thorpe to Arcasa and Welch that day, while his ability to snare passes out of the air has since been matched only by Benny Oosterbaan of Michigan.

Seventeen years have passed since James Thorpe had his great day on the plain of West Point overlooking the Hudson, and many a mighty star has succeeded him. Soon after he left Carlisle, there came along that group of pre-war stars, Eddie Mahan and Charles Brickley of Harvard, Lefty Flynn of Yale, Oliphant of the Army, Pollard of Brown and Howard Berry of Pennsylvania; while after the war we have had Chick Harley of Ohio State, George Gipp of Notre Dame, Bo McMillin of Center, Eddie Casey of Harvard, Oberlander of Dartmouth, Grange of Illinois, Nevers of Stanford, Wilson of Washington, Hubert and Brown of Alabama, Drury of Southern California, The Four Horsemen—Stuhldreher, Crowley, Miller and Layden—of Notre Dame, "Light Horse Harry" Wilson of the Army and Christian Cagle, this year's West Point captain, and many, many more of almost equal fame, but none of them has supplanted Chief Bright Path as greatest of them all.

"Pop" Warner, now the coach of Stanford University, at the time claimed that Ernie Nevers, his giant fullback, was as good as Thorpe at his best. Pop used to say that Nevers could shatter a line more completely than Thorpe, tackle as potently, and pass with an equal accuracy. But when they pressed the grand old man of football for further comparisons, he smilingly admitted that Nevers could never run through a broken field like Thorpe, or kick as well. Though years have piled up since the Carlisle-Army game, Pop Warner still remembers it vividly, and says that no succeeding triumph ever satisfied him so much as that one, in which Jim Thorpe fulfilled all his prophecies and predictions and proved himself an All-Time All-American.

1912 Carlisle

In recalling those old days not long ago, Warner said: "The most colorful team I ever coached was the Carlisle eleven in 1912, and I guess in most respects it was the greatest I ever had. It probably would not have accomplished very much without Thorpe, but it was a team made to be used by one man.

"For Thorpe was in a class by himself among the backs of that year, and almost, it might be said, among the backs of any year. His running with the ball was a revelation, whether in the open, around the ends or in ripping through a line. He started like a streak, dodged like a hare, and, with a wonderful straight-arm, scattered tacklers right and left and was hard to bring down.

"His spiral punts, too, were high, tricky and difficult to handle, while his work in the secondary line of defense and in running interference was superb. In my opinion his playing in the Army game alone was enough to give him all-time recognition. He was primed for that battle. He and I had planned it ever since our trip to Stockholm and, when the time came to deliver, Thorpe was there.

"You don't have to judge Thorpe's ability on the Army game or the Harvard game, or even upon those great successes that he enjoyed in 1911 and 1912, or upon his youthful achievements in 1907 and 1908, because Thorpe's professional record far exceeds anything he ever did in college.

"All that he had learned at Carlisle he enlarged upon when he went into the professional field. While he may have lacked some of his old-time fire and recklessness (Thorpe was always too reckless in college competition), he more than made up for it with his skill and smoothness.

"I suppose in the years ahead if football improves as every sport improves, that there will come an athlete to overshadow Bright Path, but in my heart of hearts, I will never admit it."

(*To be concluded next week*)

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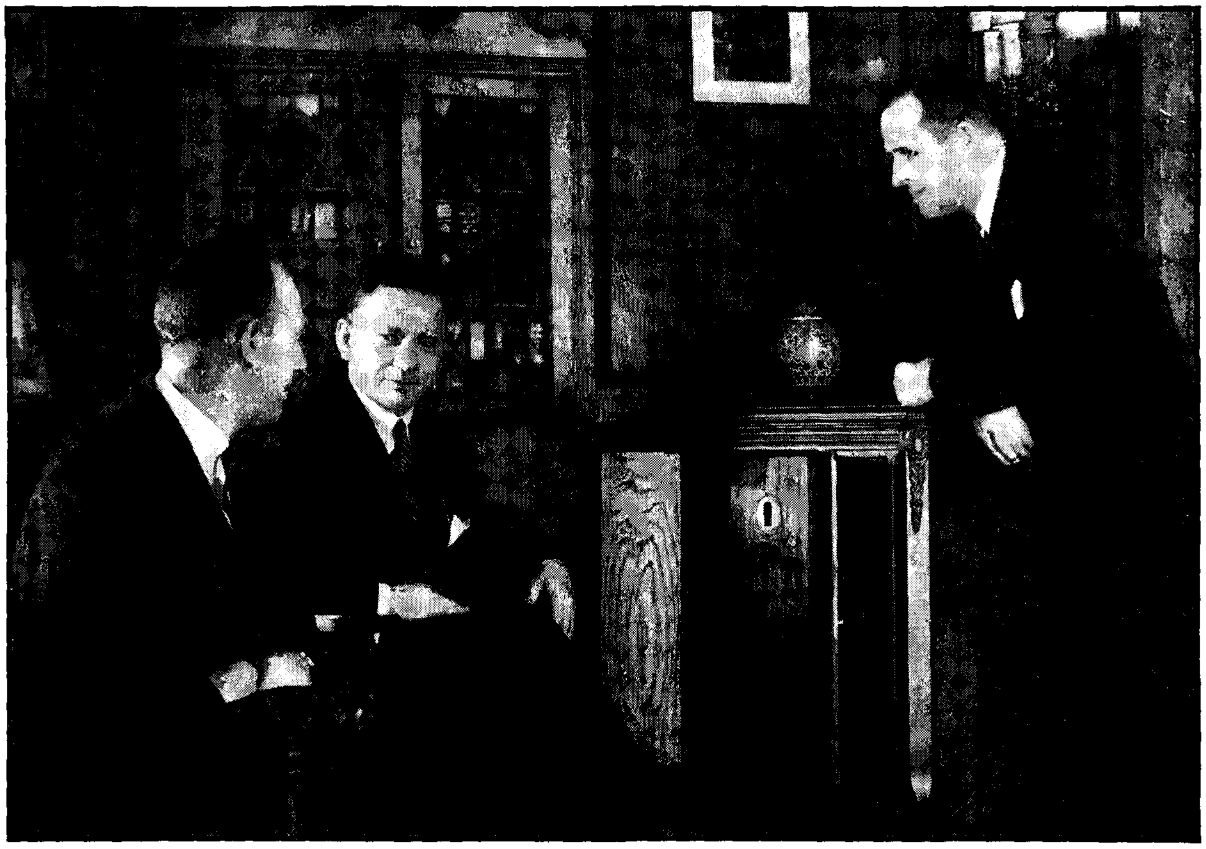

EFREM ZIMBALIST (center), world famous Russian violinist, aids in developing the marvelous new tone beauty of Crosley Radio in New York. Powel Crosley, Jr., president of the Crosley Radio Corporation, receives the artist's comments, suggestions and advice. Mr. Henry P. Joslyn, the young composer (right), listens with keen interest to the comments of Mr. Zimbalist

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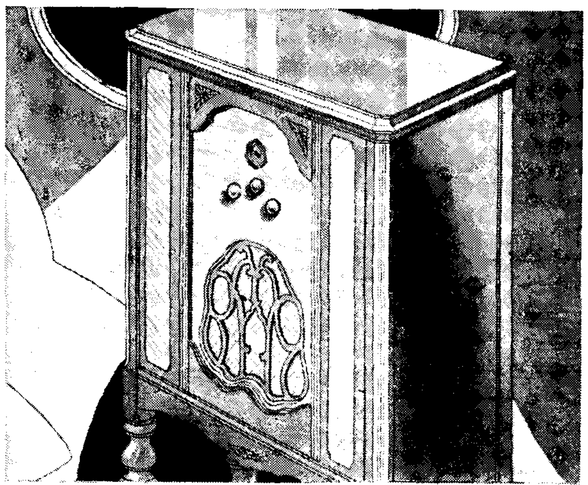
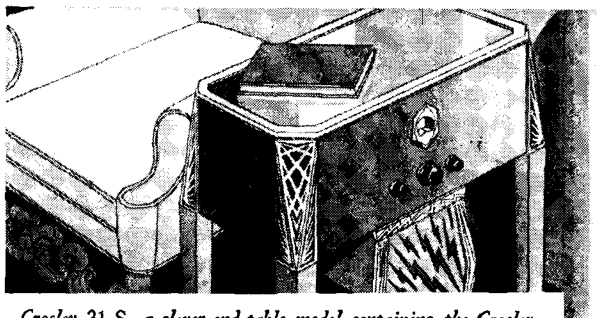


Crosley 33-S, $115. Other beautiful Crosley cabinet models $99.50 and up. Crosley builds the following battery sets for places where alternating current is not available: Crosley 21 at $49 (without accessories); Crosley 22 at $88.50 (without accessories). Western prices slightly higher



Crosley 31-S, a clever end-table model containing the Crosley Monotrad, $67 without tubes, legs or speaker. Other A. C. Screen Grid tube sets from $65 to $160. Western prices slightly higher

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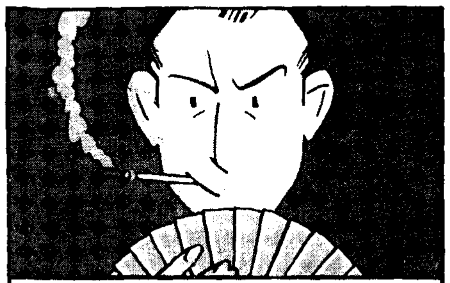
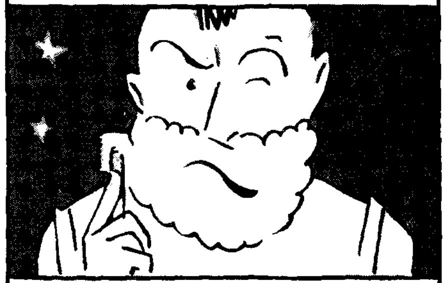
You also can buy Twinplex hand finished blades separately, at 50¢ for 5 or $1.00 for 10. Even without stropping these blades have a soft smoothness of edge that will amaze you. Ask your dealer.





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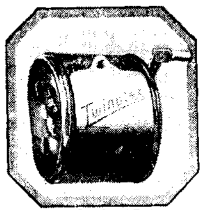

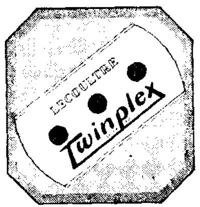

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War, Perfect War

Continued from page 11

each brief minute, in its flight, seventy-two shells will break within the plane's area, each shell reaching into the sky, if necessary, as high as any plane has ever yet flown.

The United States Army now also has newly devised sound-finders which can be trained directly on an airplane in the darkest night.

Over at one side of this night-finder is a huge searchlight with its lamp unlit. It is electrically controlled so that it moves with the finder.

Spotted at Night

The dead eye of the great lamp is on the unwitting plane. Switch on the rays. Up there, somewhere in the dark sky, they will unfailingly strike against the sides of the night flyer. Light rays as well as sound rays now hold the plane within the ken of the men below so that it can be fired on as accurately in the darkness as in the daylight. Aviation in the next war will be just as different from what it was in the last as truck-driving in France was from mule-driving in the Civil War. The number of hits was brought up to almost eighteen per cent in army tests last year. The 1929 tests, this fall, were expected to show even greater accuracy.

"Battles in the next war will be something like sea fights." That's one note Jones put down.

He discovered that miracles had been wrought in tanks.

When any little thing went wrong with the engine of one of those big, slow tanks we used in the Great War, one of the boys inside was supposed to open the door, crawl out, sneak around to the rear, lift a hood, fix the spark plug or whatever other little gadget was out of kilter, and then return to the shelter of the tank's steel walls.

An ordnance officer proudly described to me the small, fast two-man tanks which have now been developed for the United States Army.

"We've found out how to put the engines inside the tanks," he said, "up in front of the driver. The driver or mechanician can tinker with his engine all he pleases, without exposing himself to shell fire.

"Four miles an hour was good speed for the Great War tanks; those we have now will make from twelve to fifteen. We're experimenting with one that will make thirty on rough ground."

If one of the 1919 tanks was run at an average speed of only one and a quarter miles an hour for eighty hours it was in such bad shape that it had to be taken out of service for a thorough overhauling.

I have beside me as I write a list of motor-car engineers from Detroit and elsewhere who have been working with the United States Army in an effort to turn tanks into long-lived, effective war tools. Major Campbell, head of the tank department, told me:

"We can run one of our tanks 2,084 miles these days without an overhauling. And its average speed during that running will be not one and a quarter miles an hour, but twelve and a half."

One tank in the perfected war will do the work of more than eighty tanks in the Great War. What's more, two of these tanks can be placed on a motor truck and carried to distant points at the rate of sixty or seventy miles an hour.

The armor of the two-man tanks will be stronger. It will not only throw off the steel rifle bullets that strike its sides but it will deflect a one-pound shell.

A one-pounder gun equivalent to a small cannon will be in each of these tanks, as well as a machine gun. In the old tanks, firing with good aim was impossible; the weapon lurched with the tank. Tank guns are now hung on springs.

Plans are made to use thousands of these traveling machine-gun nests in the "better" war. Moreover, the tops or "tank houses" of these tanks may be easily removed so that the chassis will become a troop, freight or ammunition carrier. Telephone linemen will no longer hoof it across battlefields under fire, laying wire. These armored chassis will reel out wire like a ship laying a cable. Chemical guns firing gas or smoke shells will be part of the equipment of the land fleet.

Soldiers in the recent war advanced side by side in charges with the great, slow-rolling, lumbering tanks. They won't be able to keep up with tanks, next time—they'll have to go awheel. The time is here, in the plans of the American War Department and, incidentally, in the known plans of the war departments of twenty-seven other nations, when a considerable proportion of soldiers will ride to battle in armored transport cars.

At this moment an "armored infantry carrier" is in blue-print form; it will be a land transport. Such carriers will inevitably be required in any new war for, as one eminent American expert says:

"It is inconceivable that the unprotected soldier of the future will be able to advance against emplaced machine guns" (to say nothing of machine guns carried over the battlefields in darting armored tanks) "with even their present rate of fire of 600 rounds a minute."

"Brilliant darting speed," as the snappy Jones puts it, "not steady plodding, will win the next war."

A Convertible Chassis

It is for this reason that the army has developed the light caterpillar chassis. On or off this chassis may be juggled any number of different bodies. Upon it you may put a tank house. Or the tank house may be removed and a steel shed substituted in which soldiers may safely ride under fire, or a commanding officer may establish a field headquarters. Free of tank house or steel shed, the chassis may be used for carrying supplies, radio sets, and so forth.

How a commander is to control troops so equipped is a problem that is being worked out. One fact interested Jones, who never missed a chance of baiting generals because they didn't climb down into the front-line trenches or lead the desperate charges: War won't be so safe for certain officers in the future as it has been in times past. With caterpillar equipment in a road march, moving forces at the rate of 145 miles in two days—as was recently done in a test—officers won't have long to stay in any one place. In this new naval-like land warfare all officers will find it necessary to be right on the field taking all the chances with their buck privates that an admiral must take with his fighting sailors in an engagement at sea.

Jones remembers the terrible blockades of cars, trucks, ambulances and troops along the roads of France—especially at crossroads. Neither Jones nor anyone else is likely ever to see in warfare such a muddle again. These new, fast caterpillar chassis will be able to carry everything across the fields.

They are going to have "chassis-mounted" troops in our next war. A unit will be known as a "light tank company." Such a company, containing only 112 men, will be far deadlier than any other troop ever known in warfare. A troop of 144 cavalrymen can fire forty-four pounds of projectiles a minute; a company of 256 infantrymen can fire 105 pounds a minute; a machine-gun company of 178 men, 197 pounds; an entire battery of 75's, 520 pounds a minute. But the 112 men of the light tank company can send out 748 pounds of missiles a minute—ten times more, per man, than a cavalryman or an infantryman and three times more, per man, than the artillerymen behind the famous 75-millimeter guns.

Mechanized Force

Military men throughout the world are mechanizing war with desperate haste. "Mechanization" is the term which you hear a thousand times a day in your War Department ramble. You hear it in every civilized war department on earth.

"Increase the output of every individual, by machinery." This is the aim of our War Department today.

"In the last analysis," says one general, a sort of Henry Ford of war, very modern in his views, and an associate of some of our greatest industrialists, "armies are organized for the primary purpose of delivering a maximum of fire-power per man engaged, just as industry is organized with a view to securing the greatest amount of production for each man employed. The organization of mechanized force is to increase the fire-power of output of the individual engaged in battle."

An army behind a multitude of steel-armored land-going ships, moving under their own power on wheels, is something new in the world. And we are to have one in the United States.

Other nations are doing as we are with tanks.

"Two of the smartest cavalry regiments in England," Major Charles G. Mettler, former assistant military attaché at the American embassy in London, told me, "have turned in their fine horses for armored cars and tanks. Military engineers, infantry units and other divisions are being put behind armor and transported on wheels. There was a time in past ages when the European soldier, afoot or on horseback, was finally stalled by the armor he had to carry. In order to fight at all, because he couldn't increase his personal power plant for transporting the weight of steel necessary to shield him, he finally had to drop all armor. But now Europe is getting back to armor again, because the soldier's armor can be carried for him by means of automotive machinery."

Some European armies are shoeing their tractors with rubber treads. Others are planning veritable shell-resisting land battleships. The French are said to be ready to build a 600-ton land tank. The Russians are credited with planning an 800-ton tank.

One inevitable result of these plans is this: Good-by to trenches in warfare. When machine-gun nests come to you, you get out of the way, if you're wise.

You can't keep soldiers of any nation in the world in trenches when huge land-fleets of shooting, gas-throwing, fire-belching tanks come rolling along—as they most surely will if war breaks out again.

But it will not be a smooth, unseething sea of land over which these battles between machines will be fought. There will be solidified waves and hollows of fresh earth over which the wheeled ships must try to pass.

This sea-like battle on land will be disturbed from the sky by airplanes. The same huge bombs that are dropped by airplanes, not on the decks but only in the water in the vicinity of great battleships, and put these ships out of action, will be dropped in land warfare.

There are airplane bombs that can quickly cover many square miles of fighting ground with holes so deep that the most agile tank will be unable to move over the terrain.

The smallest of these bombs can be easily lifted by a man. We have airplanes that can carry a dozen of them at a time. Each of the smallest bombs weighs only one hundred pounds. But its explosion moves at least sixty tons of earth, leaving a hole almost seven feet deep and twenty-two feet across. Dot a tank battlefield with pockmarks like that and you bring tanks to a standstill.

Our 600-pound air bombs—well, an expert New York excavator figured out for me that the earth one of them moves would fill a parade of fifty five-ton trucks; the hole would be equivalent to the basement of an average eight-room house.

As for our 4,000-pound bomb, it would take four days for a crew of twenty-five men, with the latest model of steam shovel and a fleet of seven trucks, to move the soil that this monster shell can throw toward the sky.

"That hole would be as large as the basement of a six-story apartment house," calculated the expert.

Neither Joseph Aloysius Jones nor this writer feels competent to describe with any degree of adequacy the noises the fumes, the sights nor the general tumult and confusion in sky and on land of a battle in the next war. It'll take a new kind of war correspondent to do that. Jones resorts to the sort of joking that passes among military men:

"By George, we'll probably have to call some of our admirals ashore to fight our next land battles," he remarked in an officers' club in Washington. This caused considerable laughter.

Three million soldiers—that's the size of the army that the War Department is geared up to provide if full forces are needed in case of war. It required the work of fifty officers for one solid year to work out the arithmetic of supplying them.

The Business of Preparedness

Eight million cattle will be required to shoe them. In pairs, heels to toes, their shoes would stretch in a line over 6,000 miles long.

The necessary airplanes would stretch, five minutes' flying distance apart, from the earth to the moon. You could put four girdles around the earth with the small ammunition that would be necessary for the machine-gun rifles of the private soldiers.

It would take considerable factory work to supply this army. Over 15,000 factories are more or less prepared to go to work immediately, upon a call to war.

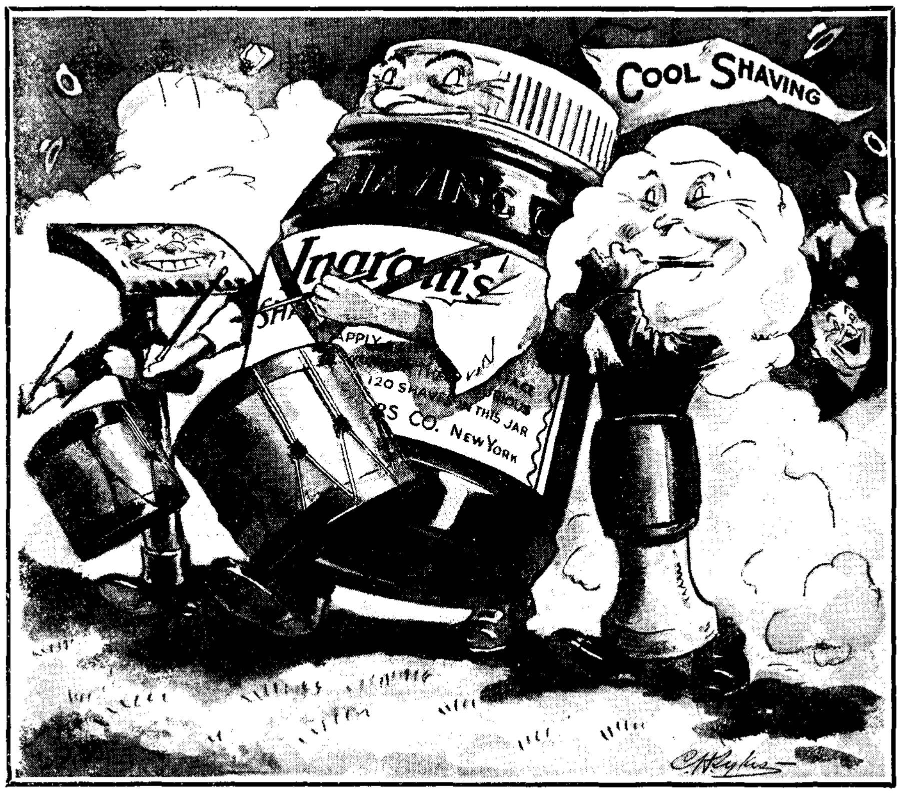
The country has been divided into fourteen districts. In each of these districts there are factories where plans, specifications and contracts lie in factory safes ready for instant use.

On the war signal the factory management has only to pull out the contract, which tentatively provides for quantities and prices, sign it, mail it to Washington, get out the specifications and plans and put whatever portion is necessary of the factory forces to work on making war material.

The War Department has taken business leaders into the business of pre-

(Continued on page 52)

The spirit of '29 demands a Cool shave with Ingram's



(THE COUPON BRINGS SEVEN COOL SHAVES FREE)

GOODBYE to shaves that bite and burn and sting. Men today are using Ingram's.

For Ingram's is cool—*cool*—COOL—COOL. It's the last word in shaving ease and comfort. It brings a brand new sensation and luxury to your morning shave. You'll know it's different when first you put it on your face.

For Ingram's is the pioneer cool shave. Its bracing, tonic effect will keep your face refreshed and clear all day long.

Never mind your Whiskers, think about your Face!

Most shaving creams work on the theory that the masculine beard absorbs a lot of water. It doesn't. So Ingram's very sensibly prepares the face to take the razor.

It contains three soothing and cooling ingredients which tighten and tone the skin when and while you are shaving. It's shaving cream, lotion and skin tonic all in one.

INGRAM'S
SHAVING CREAM
"Never mind your Whiskers, think about your Face"

Ingram's does these four important things and does them well:

Number One: It cools and tones the skin while you shave.
Number Two: It keeps your skin in better shape.
Number Three: It enables you to shave closer without discomfort.
Number Four: It gives a heavy lather that lies close and keeps wet underneath.

Take two minutes' time to clip the little coupon just below and you will reward yourself with seven starts toward a life-time of shaving luxury. Our sample may be no beauty to look at, but it's the most powerful persuader and the greatest gatherer of friends any company has ever had.

Don't fail to try Ingram's! Mail us the coupon! Do it now! You won't regret it.

7 COOL SHAVES FREE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. C-109
110 Washington St., New York

I'd like to try seven cool Ingram shaves.
Name ____________
Address ____________
City ____________ *State* ____________
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WHEN THE FORECAST READS . . .
Much colder tonight. Cloudy and colder tomorrow.

Work or play in comfort in a "travelo"

"travelo"

knit jackets & vests *for* men & boys

TOUGH job ahead . . . tire to change . . . motor to fix. Can't work with your coat on; can't keep warm with it off . . . *Wear a "travelo!"*

Elastic-knit, "travelo" holds its custom-tailored lines after months of abuse . . . and does it in the Newport-and-Southampton manner. It's a compact, snug bundle of warmth and very smart when worn under your coat.

The best stores heartily recommend "travelo" Knit Jackets. They're made by the creators of "travelo" SwimSuits. Write Peckham-Foreman, Inc., (Dept. C), Park Avenue, New York, for free Portfolio of Styles. It shows people you know in "travelo" Knit Jackets.

THEY HOLD THE MARK OF A PECKHAM FOREMAN PRODUCT QUALITY THEIR SHAPE

Lido KNIT JACKETS *Lower in cost than "travelo"—better value than anything else at its price.*

(*Continued from page 51*)

paredness. It has kept them there and it is safe to say that thousands of our industrialists at this moment are prepared to start work tomorrow, if necessary, to equip a giant army.

We may have been greenhorns in the early days of the late war. Indeed, our preparedness then was devised by some of our old Indian-fighting generals. But we won't be greenhorns in the next.

Of course, in the next war, there will be selective draft.

The question whether capital shall be drafted is still being argued. The latest argument against drafting capital as well as man-power comes from Bernard M. Baruch, who was chairman of the War Industries Board during the Great War. His written declaration on the subject is being used, within the War Department, by opponents of the capital-draft idea. It runs, in part:

. . . "There are many who say, 'Draft everything—draft dollars, draft labor, draft property. If soldiers' lives are drafted at ridiculous pay—draft everything else!'

"Now, you can't do these things in this way. If you take property our Constitution says you must pay 'just compensation.' Just compensation for a dollar is a dollar, and drafting dollars would be futile. That same great charter says 'no slavery' and the enforced labor of any man for any private master has repeatedly been defined as slavery. You can draft men for government service but you cannot draft labor in the sense here considered.

"As to capital, a similar solution was adopted. We did not say to dollars, 'You must serve here.' We did say, 'You must not serve there.' That is, a Capital Issues Committee was set up and no securities were permitted to be issued anywhere in the United States until after they had been submitted to that committee. Capital can be required to confine itself to operations essential to the winning of the war. Its rate can be regulated and its effectiveness controlled. Thus, while there can be no draft of dollars, there can be an effective mobilization of dollars and anyone considering this problem must always carefully distinguish between the word 'draft' and the word 'mobilization.' The former indicates an impossible conscription of the unwilling. The latter indicates coöperation toward a common end under wise guidance and relying on persuasion rather than on force, although it must be admitted that behind the persuasion there is always the iron hand within the velvet glove.

"Of course, if the iron hand has to be generally applied it simply means that the nation is not at one with the war and no nation in that condition ever *ought* undertake a war and certainly never will win one.

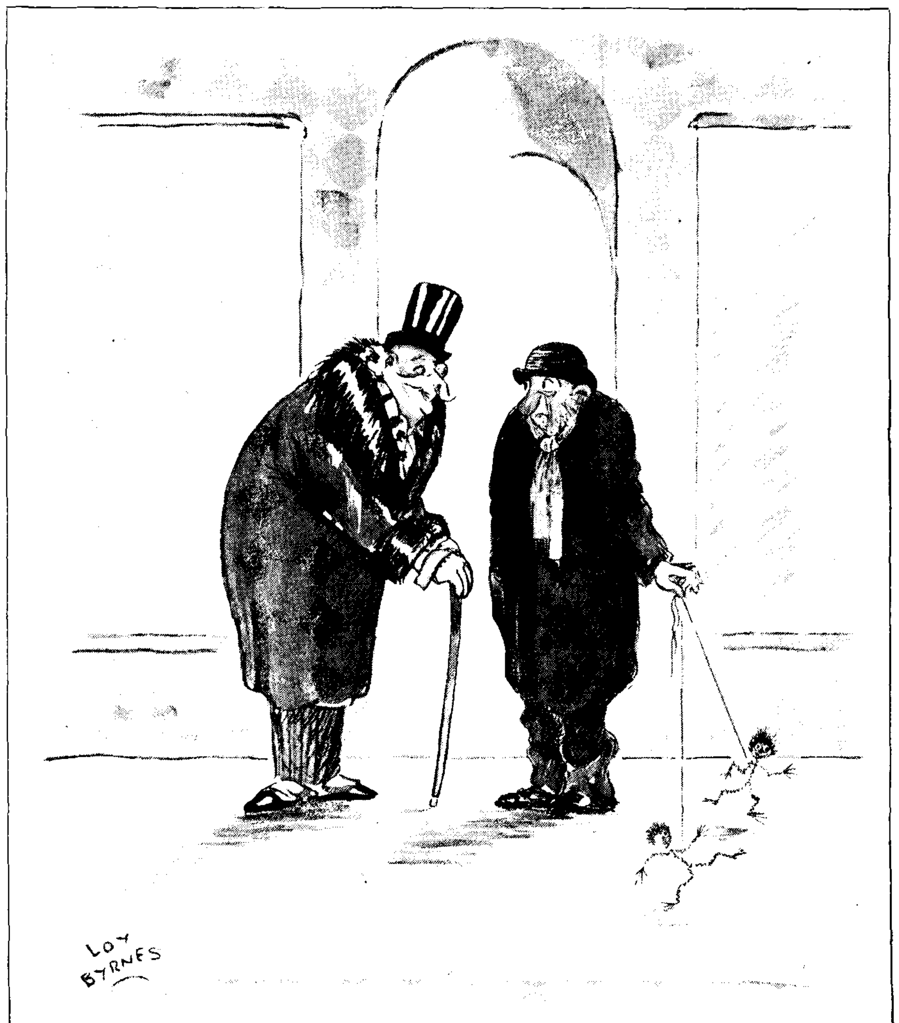
Reporting by Wireless

"Thus between the extreme drafters of everything and the extreme advocates of no control at all, I have heard no better plan than the wise, moderate and peculiarly American plan of passing the nation's problems back to the people of the nation to solve by coöperation and self-sacrifice which was adopted by the war government of the United States in the World War."

Well, however that may be—and taking everything together—Joseph Aloysius Jones and myself, as ex-war correspondents, aren't exactly certain we'll feel quite as much at home as usual in the next war.

Beside that, maybe they won't need correspondents. Maybe in the perfect war they'll want the war reporters to go riding around in tanks, broadcasting the doings, instead of writing them. That means they'll probably be drawing on the concert stage instead of on newspaper offices for their supply of war reporters.

And that would be no stranger than most of the other changes that are taking place during this mechanization of war.



"I say—damned ingenious—what?"

A Frontier Mother

Continued from page 25

that, they merely cussed a little more fervently, laid the leather to their mules with more enthusiasm and went through the danger zones on the run.

When my mother first saw the town, El Paso was, in reality, no town at all. The place consisted merely of two small collections of adobe houses which were separated from each other by a disagreeable and dangerous mile of sand hills and mesquite bushes. One of these settlements was called Magoffinsville, in honor of one of the finest pioneer families that ever went into the West; the other was named Franklin, in honor of himself, by a perpetually inebriated postmaster, and in the two there resided a permanent population of about thirty Americans and three or four hundred Mexicans.

Fatal Fascination

In advance of my mother's arrival my father had secured temporary quarters for her in the Magoffin home; and there, amid delightful surroundings, and even in comparative luxury, she remained for several weeks. During those weeks only one noteworthy incident occurred.

One morning my mother was seated in her room when in rushed a highly excited Mexican girl who was pouring forth a torrent of entirely unintelligible Spanish in which the word *culebra* was featured with emphatic frequency. Later my mother learned to speak Spanish fluently, but at that time, as she understood not a single word, all she could do was follow the girl to the front door and find out about the trouble. The door was opened cautiously and the cause of the disturbance at once visible. There, coiled up only a few feet away, and waving his head invitingly back and forth, was a huge *culebra*—rattlesnake. The solution of this difficulty, which of course called for demolishing the snake, was quite simple. My mother merely asked for a pistol and when one was produced from the Magoffin arsenal, she took it, aimed carelessly and pulled the trigger. That was all; the rattler's head vanished with the report of the gun, and the excitement was over. But not the wonder at the feat; everyone in the house marveled, and an hour later they all marveled some more. A second snake appeared, probably it was the bereaved widow of the deceased, and this time the Mexican girl made no disturbance. Instead she merely got the pistol, carried it to my mother and calmly announced that the rest of the *culebra* family was outside awaiting execution. The same thing happened; the second snake was disposed of as the first had been, with a single shot, and my mother's reputation as a gunman of the first class was firmly established. But it was entirely undeserved, because, as she use to say, those two snakes instead of having been ruthlessly assassinated, really committed suicide. Anybody, even a rank amateur, so she said, can shoot the head off a rattler. It requires no previous training and no ability as a marksman, because all one has to do is attract the snake's attention, point the gun, hold it steady and squeeze the trigger. The snake, true to the instinct by which he "charms" birds and prairie dogs, does the rest by keeping his head squarely in line with the muzzle of the gun.

Shortly after this snake episode, because of which my mother became possessed of a valuable reputation, she moved from the cordial hospitality of the Magoffin home to the dreariness of the one-room adobe which has already been mentioned. This little hut, and that was all it was, stood exactly where the geographic and commercial center of El Paso is now located, but in my mother's time the outlook from her one window took in no bank buildings, department stores, hotels or parks. On the contrary all she could see when she craned her neck out of the unglazed opening was sand hills and mesquite brush rimmed around on the horizon by the mesas and the mountains of the desert.

For a great many years, as already stated, my native town, even before *my* arrival, had enjoyed the reputation of being a tough place. As far back as 1859, a certain transcontinental traveler by the name of Albert D. Richardson wrote of El Paso as a village wherein a hundred thousand dollars often changed hands in a single night through the subtle influences of monte and poker; where every American man possessed a Mexican mistress, and where the one thing he envied the people was the unrestrained opportunity they enjoyed of getting drunk and staying drunk 365 days in the year.

The above glowing description of my birthplace, written by a casual stranger twenty years before my mother arrived, is a perfect picture, almost, of what the place was like when she first saw it. If there was any difference at all it was that in my mother's day more transient white men dropped in and quarreled, and shot one another, and were buried in dry-goods boxes, with their boots on, than had been the case in Mr. Richardson's time. Hence it is easy for anyone, even a person of feeble imagination, to understand the anxious nature of my mother's feelings when she found herself suddenly transplanted into an atmosphere which literally reeked with lawlessness, immorality, dissipation and six-shooter smoke.

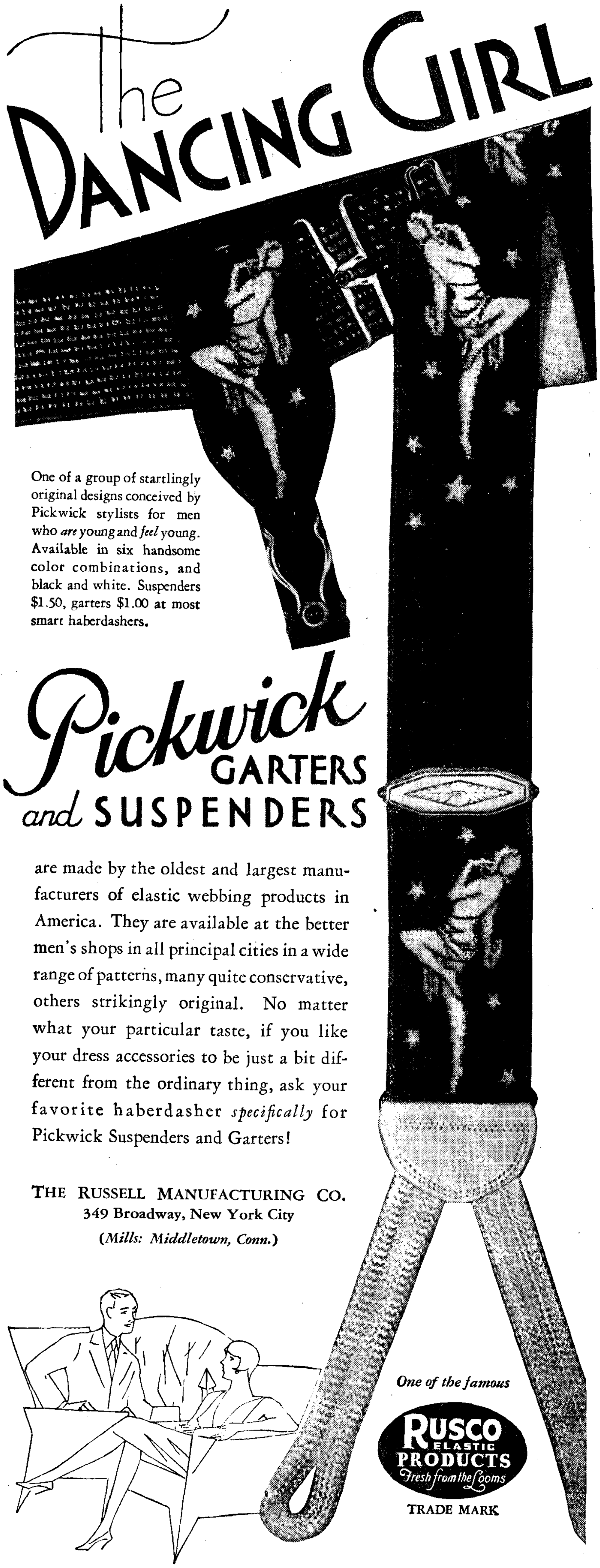
In addition to this my father's occupation was not one that was calculated to bring peace and comfort to the troubled soul of his wife. In those good old days the smuggling of live stock was the leading industry along the border, and as the gentlemen who engaged in it were always as adequately prepared for battle as is a modern rum-runner, and always resisted arrest clear up to their last bullet, the occupation of "riding the line" was novel and interesting, especially for a small red-headed man whose diploma said he was to cure and not kill. And, strange to say, my father liked it!

A Premium on Coffins

And then things got worse. To begin with I came along, and, as I was frequently informed later, I immediately took my place in the domestic circle as a kicking, squalling family nuisance. That this description doesn't malign me in the least I am quite sure, but I am also equally sure that in spite of all my disagreeable qualities, my mother loved me devotedly. She loved us all. She was just that kind of a mother, and there was never a thing she ever did for any of us that she looked upon, or even thought of, as a hardship or a sacrifice.

Unfortunately, although I was constantly present, I can remember very little about what happened during the first six or eight months of my career. My imagination, however, is quite good, and from my later familiarity with the El Paso environment and the men, manners and customs of the Mexican border, I can readily see that about all my mother and the rest of us could do during my first half-year was to live snugly

(*Continued on page 54*)



One of a group of startlingly original designs conceived by Pickwick stylists for men who *are* young and *feel* young. Available in six handsome color combinations, and black and white. Suspenders $1.50, garters $1.00 at most smart haberdashers.

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are made by the oldest and largest manufacturers of elastic webbing products in America. They are available at the better men's shops in all principal cities in a wide range of patterns, many quite conservative, others strikingly original. No matter what your particular taste, if you like your dress accessories to be just a bit different from the ordinary thing, ask your favorite haberdasher *specifically* for Pickwick Suspenders and Garters!

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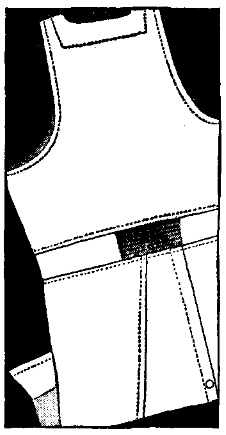
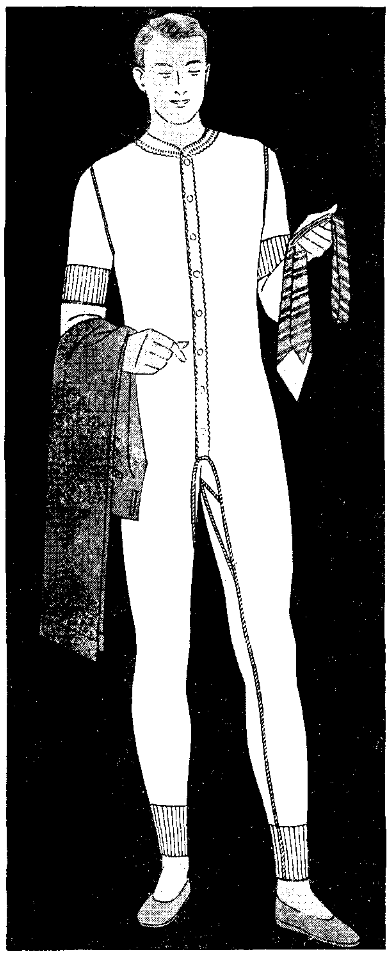
LOOK AT THE MARK

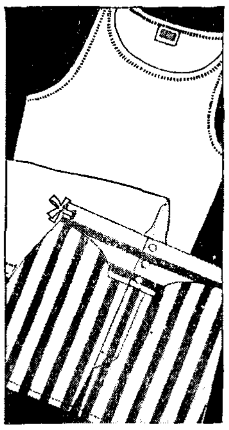
IN YOUR UNDERWEAR —CHANCES ARE IT'S HANES



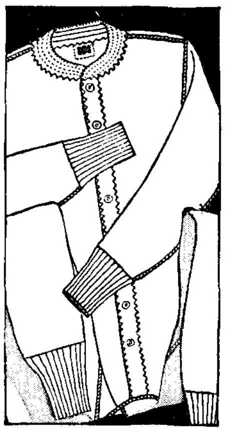
Hanes Samsonbak Athletic Union Suit of madras and broadcloth with patented belt. Only $1.



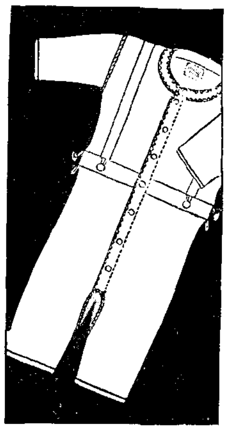
Men's Gold Label Elastic-knit Lightweights. Short sleeves, three-quarter or ankle length. Remarkable value at $1.50. *Red Label Lightweights*, $1.00.



Hanes Shirts and Shorts in smart, new styles and colors. 50c, 75c, $1. *Wide choice, real comfort.*



Red Label Elastic-knit Heavyweights, $1.25 *to* $1.50. *Shirts and drawers*, 75c *to* $1.



Merrichild Waist Suits for boys and girls, age 2 *to* 12, 85c. *Boys', age* 2 *to* 16, "*heavies,*" 75c *to* $1.

MILLIONS of HANES garments are demanded every year. You may never have bought a suit of underwear in your life because of a trademark. But you probably go to the store where you always get proper fit, complete comfort, long service. And very likely you get HANES.

But why take chances? Demand all that good underwear can give. Pay less than you would gladly pay for such quality. Simply make it a habit to look for the HANES trademark. It is a guarantee of constant satisfaction. It represents more than twenty-five years of experience in the manufacture of men's and boys' underwear, and an okehed product of one of the most up-to-date groups of mills in the whole country.

The HANES Gold Label Elastic-knit Lightweight, illustrated in the center panel, is really luxurious and ideal for work or play. Like the Red Label Heavyweights and Lightweights, it is knitted, not cut, to size—and never bunches, or binds.

HANES quality is not confined to men who wear one particular type of underwear. For HANES makes garments for every need and season. And every one of them is the biggest value you can buy. If your regular dealer hasn't the *complete* line, write direct to P. H. Hanes Knitting Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

HANES UNDERWEAR

FOR MEN AND BOYS — TRADE MARK HANES — FOR EVERY SEASON

(*Continued from page 53*)

in our one-room, floorless adobe. And "snugly" is the only word I can think of to properly describe our condition. West of the Pecos River, in those days, the barest comforts were rare and hard to get, while luxuries, such as canned tomatoes and coal oil, were far beyond the reach of all except the most aristocratic and prosperous saloon keepers. Furniture was entirely out of the question, and even wooden packing cases, owing to an epidemic of killings which created a heavy demand for coffins for the slaughtered, went to such a premium during the year 1879, that they were almost unattainable.

For all Small Blessings

All that my mother could find to clothe her family with—except for the pair of indestructible buckskin pants which my father wore, and which my brother and I, years later, transformed into catchers' mitts—was calico, cambric and Canton flannel which, bought by the bolt, was made by hand into shirts, skirts and sundry other more or less complicated articles of wearing apparel. For food we had *chile con carne*, *frijoles* and *tortillas*. This was about all, but it was enough. We were all healthy and because I still love the taste of those simple Mexican dishes, which always ring an automatic fire alarm as they slide past the Adam's apple, I do not in any way envy the modern youngsters who are fed on baby books. Thus we were physically well provided for, but spiritually it must have been rather hard on my mother to have nothing to fall back on to relieve her anxiety in regard to the personal safety of her husband except the thought that as he was small he was easy to miss whenever he was shot at by some smuggler down on the river, or by some overexhilarated patron of the barrooms.

But even for these few blessings my mother was thankful. In later years she told me she was quite happy during the months she spent in El Paso. She and my father both liked the place and learned to call it "home;" they planned for a future there, and believing the town would eventually become a city—which it *almost* has—they invested their small savings in some miserable looking sand dunes which were heavily overgrown with mesquite bushes and densely overpopulated with lizards, jack-rabbits and coyotes. Like everyone else who then lived in El Paso, my optimistic parents figured that the coming of the railroads, four of which were feverishly building in the direction of the desert oasis, would bring them a fortune, and maybe it would have, had not an unforeseen disaster arrived first.

Out of a clear sky, and when my father was least expecting such a catastrophe to befall, an unfeeling government in Washington, entirely oblivious of the fact that my mother was already having enough trouble with my brother and myself, made matters worse by ordering him to transfer himself and his official activities to Silver City, New Mexico. Nothing could have happened that would have been more of a blow. El Paso was bad enough, but Silver City, after my father had gone up there and looked the place over, was reported absolutely impossible as a place of residence.

At that time, although Silver City was as well equipped as El Paso with monte tables, *cantinas* and *casinos de baile*, it was so sadly lacking in a residential district that there wasn't a shack or a hovel in it, not even another one-room adobe palace, which would suitably shelter my father's growing family. There was therefore but one thing he could do. He couldn't leave us to struggle long without his protection in the turbulent town of El Paso; he couldn't take us to Silver City and house us in a cave, and so, on a clear, cold January morning in 1880, he loaded us all in a buckboard, kissed us good-by and started us back on the return trip, up the long trail to Colorado.

This meant, of course, another wearisome, perilous journey—with me as an added responsibility—but my mother cheerfully undertook it, and except that on one occasion we arrived at a stage station just a few minutes too late to take part in an Apache ceremony in which a man and a boy were scalped, a couple of girls stolen and the buildings burned up, nothing out of the ordinary run of hardships befell us.

The sight of those two men, however, dead and scalped, and the thought of the two girls, alive and in the hands of the Indians, remained for a long time in my mother's memory.

Up to that time her actual experience with the redskins had been somewhat in the nature of manly combat. Along with my father and Jim, at the ranch on the Platte, she had exchanged shot for shot with a shouting, yelling, visible enemy, and doubtless, even as the men, she had gotten something exhilarating and exciting from these experiences. But this thing at the stage station was different. The smoldering ruins of the buildings; the bloody evidence left behind by the Indians of the barbarity of their practices, and the soul-paralyzing thought of the fate in store for the two girls, brought before my mother's mind for the first time a clear picture of what Apache warfare really meant.

There was also a difference in that she was now a mother. Up on the Platte her life had been one that actually was, in a way, spicy and romantic because of the element of personal danger. But, up on the Platte, there had been no little ones to care for and defend. Now there were two baby boys—worthless trash, we probably were, but we were my mother's children, and knowing my mother as I later knew her, I realize that right there at that still smoking stage station in New Mexico, with no one around her except some of the rough, silent, fine men of the frontier, the weight of her responsibilities must have come down upon her with terrific force.

One Road, and that Forward

But she wasn't afraid. I don't think mothers are ever afraid, and although thereafter she was constantly preyed upon by her anxiety for the safety of her children, she didn't falter. It wouldn't have done any good if she had. There at the stage station and in the years that were to follow, there was but one course open to her. She had to go ahead and take the frontier life, with its risks and perils, just as she found it. She did do that, and as I remember her, she did it always with either a song or a smile on her lips.

We reached Evans safely, remained there in the little frame hotel for six months, and then, in response to a second long-distance edict from the red-headed doctor, who had built a house for us, mostly with his own hands, we again started south—for Silver City.

This time the trip was easier. The Santa Fe railroad, which was building as rapidly as possible toward the Mexican border, had pushed its railhead as far south as Rincon, New Mexico, and so to that point we traveled by train. But the trains were not of the de luxe variety. They were mere work trains with a dilapidated "accommodation coach," hooked on behind a string of flats. The farther along we went, the newer and softer the roadbed became, and it so happened that when we were but a few miles from the end of the rail journey, the little wood-burning engine jumped the rails, turned over on its side and lay down in the ditch. As a result of this providential mishap, we reached Rincon at noon, instead of at six in the morning as called for in the schedule.

A profanely inclined stage driver, who had been notified by my father that we would be on that train, and six restless mules, which had been standing in harness since dawn, were awaiting us at Rincon, and we lost no time in getting away. My mother put my brother and myself aboard the stage—this time it was a genuine old Concord—and as soon as the express and mail had been stowed in the boot, and the driver and a couple of guards had swung themselves to the box, we were off with the usual cloud of dust, the customary cheers from the bystanders and the regulation popping of the sixteen-foot whiplash.

Indians on the Rampage

It was all lovely and picturesque and is fine to write about. The situation was filled with romance and motion-picture action, but the beauty of it all was lost upon my mother when one of the guards, after we had been on the road but a short time, leaned down from the box and comfortingly called out to her: "Jest as like as not, ma'am, we're a-goin' to run into a little fight this afternoon 'cause the Indians has been a-rampagin' around in these hills pretty reg'lar for the past couple o' weeks."

From Rincon to Silver City is a distance of about seventy miles. Today Rincon is a prosperous little railroad town plastered all over with "Safety First" and "Turn to the Right" signs, while Silver City is a semi-aristocratic health resort composed mostly of sanitariums and sleeping porches. Along the road between the two places there now flits a constant stream of heavily laden automobiles filled with gaping tourists, industrious salesmen and hopeful loungers. But in 1881 it was not like that. In that year nobody traveled the road from "Silver" to Rincon for the sake of his health, in search of pleasure, or to gaze at the scenery.

Whether my mother replied to the guard's cheerful announcement is not in the record. Most likely she didn't. Probably she was too busy with her own anxieties to feel like indulging in any desultory conversation, and so, in silence, the miles rolled out behind us.

At the first stage station, where fresh mules should have been ready and waiting, no mules were to be had.

"The Indians stole 'em off the range early this mornin'," announced the station keeper. Then in a different tone, he added: "And they got a couple of the boys who was a-herdin' 'em, too."

That was all the station keeper said but it was very impressive. Neither of the two guards nor the driver made any reply. They looked at one another and then looked at my mother. They were thinking, and she knew it, not of themselves but of her and her two babies, and they were waiting for her to speak. She did: "Can we make it as far as Fort Bayard with these same mules?"

The driver looked up at the sun. "Yes'm," he said, "we can, by dark, maybe, and I reckon it's the best thing to do, too, 'cause this ain't no place for you and them boys, and it ain't no place for a fight neither. Let's go."

Reinforced by one man—for the station keeper went along—we were off again.

A half an hour passed and the stage stopped suddenly. My mother heard some low muttering from the men on the box, and then one of the guards jumped down, and came to the side of the coach and said, apologetically and almost as if he were to blame for it: "They're a-comin' now, ma'am, a lot of 'em. They's a big dust up the road about three miles; we can see it plain and pretty soon they's goin'to be quite a bit o' shootin'. But don't you worry none, ma'am; you jest set tight and take it easy and we'll fight 'em off. You ain't afraid, are you, ma'am?"

"No, I'm not afraid. I know you boys will get us out all right," and then, as the guard turned away from the window of the coach, my mother did a strange thing. From the inside of her dress she drew out a locket that hung from a thin gold chain, opened it, took out a folded paper, opened that, and, after making sure that its contents—a half a dozen harmless looking pills—were safe, she gathered my brother and myself close to her bosom and "set tight."

I have never liked to think of the agonized moments that followed. Over and over again my mother had promised my father that she would kill her two children and herself rather than let the Indians take us alive. In that locket was enough cyanide to kill a dozen people, and in my mother's heart, as she told me years later, was the unshaken resolve to fulfill her promise. It was to be the last thing, and of course it was never resorted to, but just the mere resolution has always represented to me a courage and determination that are sublime.

(To be continued next week)

Nameographs

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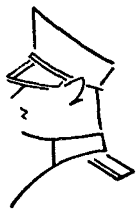
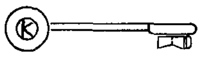
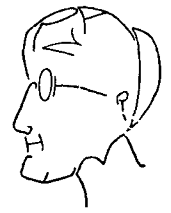


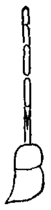
"Lieutenant," by W. E. Heede, 4207 Connecticut St., St. Louis Mo.



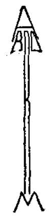
"Door key," by L. C. Edkins, 348 Ohio St., Johnstown, Pa.



"Grandmother," by Mrs. L. A. Fuller, 1019 Ridge St., Topeka, Kan.



"Broom," by Frank J. Kafka, Box 367, Walsenburg, Col.



"Arrow," by Andres Garcia Quintero, Múzquiz Pte. No. 16-A, Saltillo, Coahuila, Mexico

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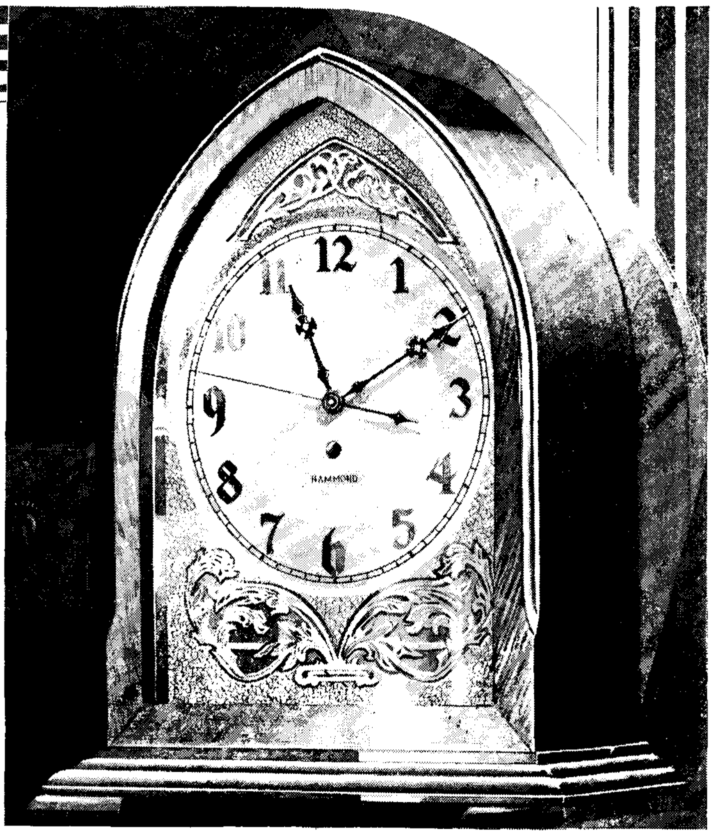

Gothic Model, a popular style for the mantel. Walnut case 12 inches high, silvered dial 5½ inches in diameter, $29.50.

TIME . . by Electricity . .

THE NEW WAY

Plug in a Hammond Clock into any light socket . . . Set the Hands . . . Flip the Starter and Electricity Keeps the Hands in Exact Step with Observatory Time . . . No Springs—No Winding . . .

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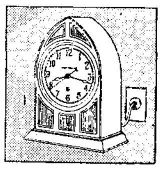
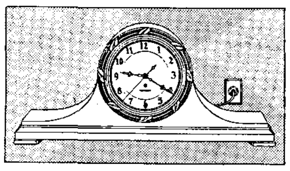
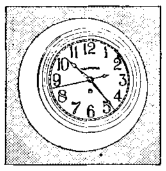


The Ravenswood, 7 in. high, 3⅛ in. dial, bakelite case . . . a beautiful little clock —$9.75



The Cambridge, for the mantel—21 in. long, 5½ in. silvered dial. Hand carved bezel ring. A DeLuxe model and of course a perfect time keeper —$32.50



The Junior wall, for the kitchen. Choice of five beautiful colors. 5½ in. dial —$14.50

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*Address*____

No News Value

Continued from page 22

all this time having a look around to see what had become of him? He tried to reason that out while waiting to gather strength for another try to haul himself up the ship's side.

There must be a reason why Steve did nothing. What was it?

Only one thing it could be. Steve must've been washed over too! He took a fresh grip of the line and tried it again. No use. Back he came.

Outlined against the stars when he next looked up he saw the heads and shoulders of two men. They were leaning over the rail under the quarter boat. He waited for a half lull in the wind and yelled. They didn't hear him. He drew a long breath and yelled again. And again. No sign. It certainly was blowing an awful breeze o' wind when he couldn't make himself heard by men not twenty-five feet away.

He took a fresh turn of the line around his hand and tried it once more; and again. No use. . . .

IN THE wheelhouse of the Pelican Tom Boyle was wondering where Andie and Steve were. On a cold night like this, one or the other of them should have been droppin' in, if it was only for a couple of minutes, to thaw out their half-frozen hands over the radiator. But no sign of them. He peeked through the after airport. No sign that he could see of them around the deck. He was liking it less and less. He drew the engine-room tube to him.

"Hullo! That you, Chief? No? Oh, that you, Johnnie? This is Tom Boyle at the wheel. Seen anything of Andie and Steve in that end of the ship this watch? No? Well, I ain't seen either of 'em around deck for half an hour. How about you hoppin' up and takin' a look around deck?"

It was Johnnie Duncan who had answered the wheelhouse call. He was a passenger, the son of the owner, making a winter trip for the experience. He had been making trips, winter and summer, since he was a boy. The word from Tom stirred him mightily. He gave the chief ten words of explanation, made his way up a ladder and out onto the port after passageway, the lee passageway.

He made his way forward, calling as he went: "Hi, Andie!" He was very fond of Andie. "Hi, Steve!" He made his way across the waist of the ship to the wheelhouse, being careful never to let go one safe hold until he had a good grip of another, something solid, something that no sea would shake loose—like the rigging or a ring bolt under the rail.

He peered around the wheelhouse into the bows of her. No one there. He started aft.

He felt the deck beginning to lift under him; he saw her stern squatting. He could hear all the water in the North Atlantic rolling up behind him. He had already started through the starboard passageway. Down the incline he skated, making no delay about it. He turned the after corner of the house and down the sloping deck; and then into the lee scuppers he went and onto his head. He didn't mind that—he was safe in the protection of the after end of the house.

He felt something moving beside him. He felt around. It was a man's body.

It was Steve, babbling to himself when Johnnie helped him to find his feet.

"What happened to you, Steve?"

"I dunno. I must 've hit my head on this iron bitt here tryin' to get away from that sea. There's a lump on my head the size of—"

"Where's Andie?"

"He ain't around deck? No? Then he's gone—washed overboard. I thought I saw him goin' but I was so busy tryin' to get clear myself I didn't stop to look back. Poor Andie!"

Steve led the way to the quarter boat to show where Andie had been standing. They both stood by the rail, each with both arms wrapped around boat davits, and peered down into the sea.

A low faint "Hi-i!" reached their ears. It came from the direction of the stern. They moved aft, stared down into the sea, and there was Andie. "I'm hangin' to the log line," he shouted. "Lower a rope's end and haul me 'board."

Steve ran to the lazarette, returned with a good length of rope, tied a running bowline in it. They lowered it to Andie, who wiggled his shoulders through the loop.

A sea came swooping down the deck. "Don't let go that log line!" shrieked Steve, and he and Johnnie hanging to the rope's end, which they hadn't time to make fast anywhere, dodged back to the lee of the house.

The sea went swashing over the stern. They hurried to the rail and hauled in Andie before another sea would come. He fell almost full length in the lee of the house, and there he lay with not a move out of him.

"Stand by him, Steve, and I'll call the skipper," said Johnnie.

"Call the skipper? For what?" Andie had rolled onto his side and was looking up at Johnnie.

"To take over your watch so you can turn in."

"Johnnie"—Andie was getting up on his feet—"since when've you been thinkin' I'm the kind o' a man who'd let somebody else stand my watch on a passage home—me with nothin' the matter except a few bucketfuls o' water I swallered? Since when, Johnnie?"

"Perhaps I did speak too quick, Andie. But one thing you will do, won't you? You'll go for'ard, you and Steve, and throw some hot coffee into yourselves, won't you? I'll stand watch while you're gone."

"We'll do that," agreed Andie. "Come on, Stevie."

Andie led the way to the fo'c'sle. "Sh-h," he warned heavily, "sh-h, boy. Everybody's turned in."

THE fo'c'sle lamp was burning low. Without turning it up, for fear the light might shine in some sleeper's eyes, they helped themselves to a mug of coffee from the big coffeepot that was always boiling, night and day, on the Pelican's galley stove.

"Feelin' better now, boy?" whispered Andie.

"I got a lump over one ear that—"

"Never mind that, boy, so long 's it's the ear ain't gone. Let's go on deck—poor Johnnie, I'll bet, is soaked to his inside shirt by this time with those seas comin' over her for'ard end. Come on."

They found Johnnie perched high in the fore rigging, gazing earnestly over the ship's bow. He climbed down, shouted into Andie's ear. "They ought to give a man a croix-de-guerre with seventeen palms for standing watch on a night like this."

"A man does have to watch out," admitted Andie. "And now you'll go below and turn in, boy—mind what I'm sayin'—and change into dry clothes. Here, wait a bit. Did you bring some dry underwear with you?"

Johnnie had brought dry underwear along, so that was all right. He went below and turned in.

The crew stood only two-hour watches on the Pelican, so Steve went off watch at midnight. With Andie and the skipper it was eight hours off and eight on; so Andie held the deck until relieved by the skipper at six in the morning.

"Still blowin'?" commented the skipper.

"Still blowin', and still no'west."

"And she made some ice for herself in the night, didn't she?"

"She made plenty. And she'll make plenty more afore she sees Boston."

"By the looks of her now she'll be all ice," returned the skipper.

Andie made no mention of his being swept overboard. The skipper had enough to think of taking the watch, and the iced-up deck of a heaving ship on a winter's morn was no place for gossip. Besides, he was beginning to feel weary and he wanted to get into dry underwear and get in a good six or seven hours' sleep for himself.

THE wind continued to make. Abreast of Cape Cod it was blowing eighty miles an hour. Ordinarily, the Pelican would make the passage home from the southwest bank in twenty-four hours. It was seventy-five hours this trip before she tied up to the Boston Fish Pier. She was pretty well iced up by then. Other arriving craft were iced up too, but Fish Pier judgment was that the old Pelican carried just a bit more ice around deck than any of 'em.

The waterfront man of the Star-Record, a morning daily of large circulation, drifted down the wharf, spied her, shouted: "Zowie! Look at this one." He telephoned to the office for a man to come down and take a photo of her.

The Pelican got a price for her fish, her crew hoisted it out of the hold. Those not hoisting out fish had the job of pounding ice off her. By and by, they collected their share of the trip and had supper. Some went up town, some stayed aboard the vessel; these last to get a good night's sleep because she was putting out to sea after breakfast in the morning.

Johnnie was one of those who stayed aboard, he yarning with such of the crew as would stay awake with him. Andie was one of those who went up town, and Johnnie did not see him again until next morning.

"Hello, Andie," cried Johnnie. "You must've come back aboard pretty late last night. Where'd you go?"

"We took in a movie—Steve and me."

"How was it?"

"Wonderful. A Wild West picture. What desp'rate men some of 'em must 'a' been, Johnnie! And tough? The things some of 'em go through an' live! You wouldn't believe it, Johnnie."

"Probably not," agreed Johnnie.

"And the movie actors themselves must be wonderful fellas."

"Some of 'em are pretty good, I guess," admitted Johnnie.

The waterfront man of the Star-Record came down the wharf with a copy of his paper in his hand. Johnnie motioned for the paper. The newspaper man passed it over.

Johnnie glanced at the front page, opened it up. On an inside page were some pictures. One was of an automobile lying fender deep in water.

"What happened to her?" asked Andie. He was looking over Johnnie's shoulder.

"There's half a column about what happened to her," answered Johnnie. "She skidded off the road and into a creek somewhere up the country. There was three feet of water in the creek and the owner of the car got wet to his hips wading to the bank o' the creek." He paused, added gravely: "At the hour o' going to press he was resting comfortably."

"Seems like a lot o' fuss to be makin' over a man gettin' his hips wet," observed Andie.

"How about that?" demanded Johnnie, with a grin, of the Star-Record man.

"Now, Mr. Duncan, I guess you know how about it without my telling you," retorted the Star-Record man. "He's a magnate, worth a hundred million dollars. Anything happening to a man worth that much has news value."

"O' course," agreed Johnnie.

"There's another photo that will interest you," says the news man. "Look—there! I got to be going along, now." He departed.

"Look here, Andie, at this picture," said Johnnie.

Andie looked and saw a steam trawler tied up to a wharf. Her bows were of monstrous size from ice—her forestay was ice halfway to the masthead, her fore rigging was thick with ice to above her sidelight boards. Her wheelhouse was a solid cube of ice except for two tiny lights of glass in front. It was ice, ice, everywhere ice on her. Under the photo was the caption:

A PICTURESQUE SIGHT: HOME FROM THE FISHING BANKS

"Picturesque!" murmured Johnnie. "As if she were some snow house in a winter carnival."

"Why, that's us—the Pelican!" exclaimed Andie.

"Sure."

"But where's her name? Wouldn't you think they'd give her a name?"

"Her name wouldn't mean anything to the reading public, Andie. Let's see if there's a word o' her crew getting their hips wet or anything like that. M-m-m. Nothing on this page, nor here, no—I don't see anything, Andie. Oh, yes, here's something about her."

On an inside page, buried among the small want and apartment-to-rent ads, was a list of the arrivals at the Fish Pier on the previous day. Thirty-odd vessels and steamers had come in, and in a column by themselves, in the smallest type the paper used, were their names and the weight of fish they brought in. Johnnie passed the paper over, so that Andie might read it for himself; and Andie read:

> Pelican (Stmr.) Haddock 70,000. Cod 10,000.

"What d' y' say about that after your winter trip? Don't it jar you?" demanded Johnnie.

"It does kind o'," admitted Andie. "Seventy thousand haddock? She weighed out 72,000 o' haddock and 11,000 o' cod. Wouldn't you think they'd give her what's comin' to her?"

THE skipper came along then, cast a weather-wise glance at the sky, drew out his watch. "Eight o'clock. Crew all here, Andie?"

"All here."

"Might's well go then, I guess."

And off she went for Georges Shoals once more, to battle night and day it might be, with fog, snow, sleet, high winds and seas—whatever the winter banks might hold for them. And then it would be home again—if nothing happened to her—a night ashore, and out to sea again. "And not a soul in the world, except those of us who know you, to ask a single question about it, except 'How much fish did you bring in?' " So Johnnie thought, and so he murmured, hailing Andie and the Pelican fair wind as they passed out of the slip.

He still held the morning paper in his hand. He looked at it:

"News value!" and then: "Oh, well!" He twisted the paper into a roll and tossed it into the slip.

We refuse to debate the shaving cream question . . . .

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let that alone decide

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But We Refuse to Argue— For we know, as you do, that words are weak things when compared to actual performance. So we just say, "Send us the coupon for one week's free supply of MOLLÉ. At the same time get samples of other shaving creams that interest you. Then use them all and judge by the result. Let performance — not conversation — decide which cream wins."

MOLLÉ Is Surely Different— It *looks* different . . . *feels* different . . . its *aroma* is different . . . you *apply* it differently . . . MOLLÉ requires no brush . . . the after-feel is *amazingly* different! Further differences are these: MOLLÉ is a true emollient, not a soft soap. MOLLÉ contains no soap in any form whatsoever. MOLLÉ contains no alkali — makes no lather—no bubbles. MOLLÉ contains no caustics. MOLLÉ is a skin specialist's discovery . . . a physician's private formula, intended to accomplish these three things:

1— *To leave the tenderest skin more comfortable and in* better *condition than before shaving*
2— *To end razor-pull and razor-scrape forever*
3— *To shorten the period of operation two to three minutes* (MOLLÉ *requires just three simple steps*).

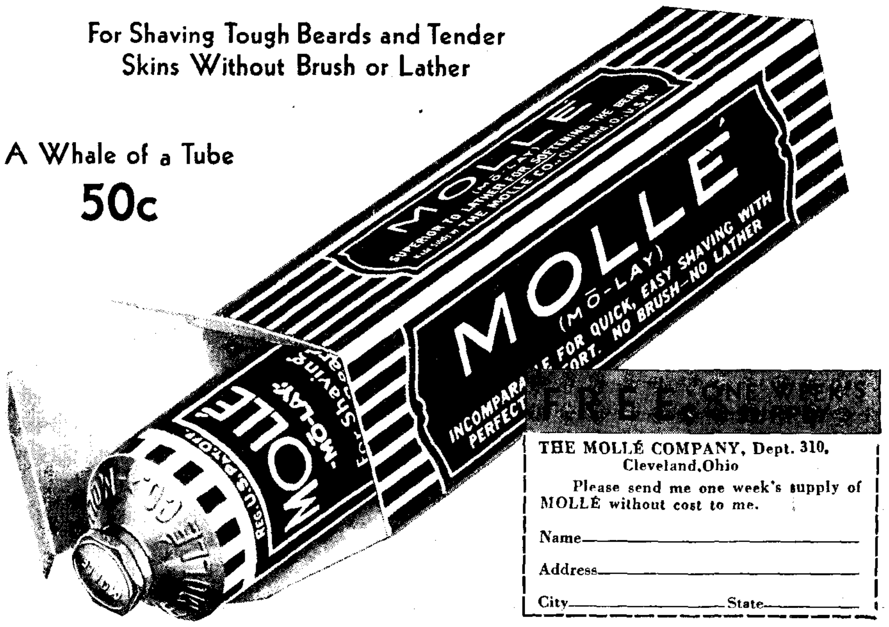
Has MOLLÉ Succeeded in actually accomplishing those things? Let the free coupon — not us — answer that question for you. Or make this unique test: There is another way besides sending the coupon for you to get acquainted with MOLLÉ (*Mō-Lay*). It is equally convenient. Buy the large fifty-cent MOLLÉ package at your nearest drug store. Use MOLLÉ for one week. If then you are not entirely pleased, send us what is left and we will promptly refund your purchase price.

Make Your Choice—Use the free coupon or secure a full-size tube from your druggist on our "make-good-or-money-back" offer.

THE MOLLÉ COMPANY, Dept. 310, Cleveland, Ohio

For Shaving Tough Beards and Tender Skins Without Brush or Lather

A Whale of a Tube
50c


MOLLÉ (MŌ-LAY)
SUPERIOR TO LATHER FOR SOFTENING THE BEARD
THE MOLLÉ CO., Cleveland, O. U.S.A.
MOLLÉ (MŌ-LAY)
INCOMPARABLE FOR QUICK, EASY SHAVING WITH PERFECT COMFORT. NO BRUSH—NO LATHER
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For Shaving
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FREE ONE WEEK'S SUPPLY

THE MOLLÉ COMPANY, Dept. 310,
Cleveland, Ohio
Please send me one week's supply of MOLLÉ without cost to me.

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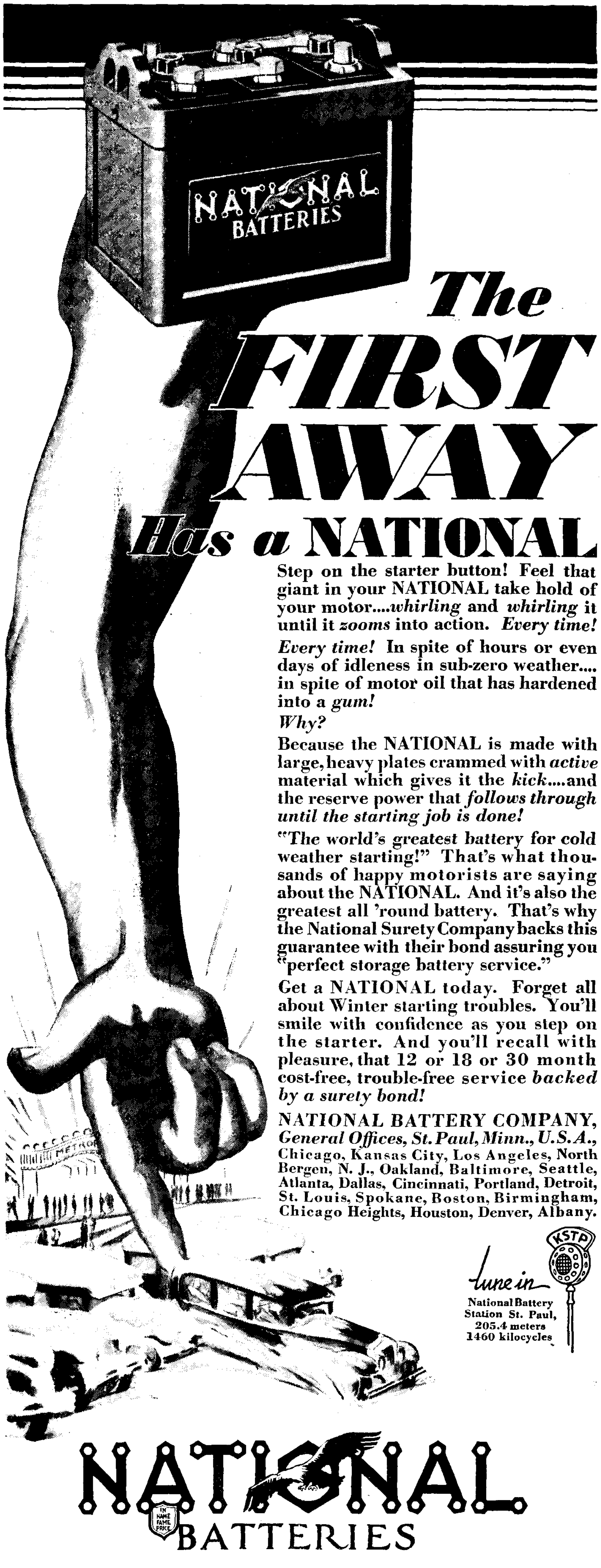


Step on the starter button! Feel that giant in your NATIONAL take hold of your motor....*whirling* and *whirling* it until it *zooms* into action. *Every time!*

Every time! In spite of hours or even days of idleness in sub-zero weather.... in spite of motor oil that has hardened into a *gum!*

Why?

Because the NATIONAL is made with large, heavy plates crammed with *active* material which gives it the *kick*....and the reserve power that *follows through until the starting job is done!*

"The world's greatest battery for cold weather starting!" That's what thousands of happy motorists are saying about the NATIONAL. And it's also the greatest all 'round battery. That's why the National Surety Company backs this guarantee with their bond assuring you "perfect storage battery service."

Get a NATIONAL today. Forget all about Winter starting troubles. You'll smile with confidence as you step on the starter. And you'll recall with pleasure, that 12 or 18 or 30 month cost-free, trouble-free service *backed by a surety bond!*

NATIONAL BATTERY COMPANY,
General Offices, St. Paul, Minn., U.S.A.,
Chicago, Kansas City, Los Angeles, North Bergen, N. J., Oakland, Baltimore, Seattle, Atlanta, Dallas, Cincinnati, Portland, Detroit, St. Louis, Spokane, Boston, Birmingham, Chicago Heights, Houston, Denver, Albany.

Tune in
National Battery Station St. Paul, 205.4 meters 1460 kilocycles

Once a Trouper

Continued from page 18

what landed him there and he's too much of a fatalist to try to find out.

Besides, what time of his isn't given to the theater is devoted to his principal interests: his wife, his home by the water out at Rye, N. Y.—and airplanes. At that, Mrs. Skelly seems to be something of what you might term an airplane widow. Most of his days are spent aloft over Albany or Philadelphia or other cities which can be reached easily by air in a brief time—at the risk, of course, of breaking his neck on the way home and disappointing a lot of good people gathered for the evening performance.

He knows the theater thoroughly but he thinks, talks and lives airplanes most of the time. He owns his own ship and maybe he isn't proud of her! One night recently when I dropped in on him at the theater he was engaged between cues at the pay-station telephone out beside the entrance where the doorman keeps vigilant watch. There are few more incongruous sights than a lanky gentleman in two-foot shoes, unbelievable check suit and brown derby with an enormous, extravagant red nose, issuing orders to a mechanic away out at the flying field, about gaskets and piston rings and struts and propellers.

A Perfect Pass

That first Chicago engagement for which Skelly deserted St. Bede's didn't last very long. A night and a first act, to be specific. He was sixteen then, but tall and he looked all of twenty, so they hired him for the chorus at $15 a week. The second night he was on, however, his uncle, the late Senator James Butler of Illinois, advised by telegraph of the youth's disappearance, got wind of his whereabouts and promptly plucked him out of the ensemble and hustled him back to school. But not for long.

A few weeks later, he was off again. This time to stick.

One day the Norris and Rowe Dog and Pony Show pitched its tents near the school. Skelly had scuttled down to the lot before even the first peg had been driven. He tripped over ropes and got in the way of the canvasmen and made himself generally such a nuisance that the boss of the show, after several futile efforts at driving the lanky youth off the grounds, decided to put him to work. Hal was elected to ride a pony in the parade.

"Just stick with him," were his orders, "till he gets to the entrance of the tent. Then he'll stop and neigh and you get off and come to me and I'll pass you in."

Skelly got into the show all right but that pony was the only pass he needed. On schedule they reached the flaps of the tent. On schedule the pony neighed. Skelly remained in the saddle.

"Get along, Bub, get along," he said, "Hal's gonna ride you in."

Into the arena trotted the pony with Skelly aboard. The boss was surprised and a bit nettled. But his was a mild mood compared to that of Skelly *père* and his various youngsters who had been enjoying (up to that moment) the show from a choice location among the star-backed seats.

However Hal made a hit—enough of a hit to please the manager, who offered him a job, and to draw reluctant consent from his now resigned parent.

They made him a clown first. He was in the parade, of course, worked the ring and before long had worked himself into a neat bit of comedy in an act with the elephants.

There was a straight man with the team who'd dive from a springboard over the backs of four elephants and land gracefully on a light pad. Skelly's slapstick task was to run off the springboard as if he were going to do the same stunt, then fool 'em and run around the bulls. It was always good for a laugh. It still is.

One day the straight man was taken ill and they went to Skelly and said "You'll have to do straight." Of course he had had a chance to practice the stunt a bit and he figured he could get away with it but he wasn't overenthusiastic. Still he would have gotten away with it if it hadn't been for a hound they carried with the outfit. That's show-talk: hound for any sort of dog; bulls for elephants.

The elephant whose place was last in the row of four hated this hound. Some time in the dim past the dog had yipped at him insultingly or something. Anyway he had it in for him. Every time the bull would see Fido he'd take a swipe at him with his trunk. But Skelly, happily, didn't know about the feud.

So Hal goes on and just as he's diving over the elephants this hound runs across the ring. The big bull spots him and smacko! up goes his trunk. Only he missed the hound. Skelly got in the way. The substitute straight man was laid up for several days, but not long enough to turn him aside from his selected sawdust road.

When Skelly recovered from his unhappy tussle with the elephant's trunk he became a "flyer." A "flyer," it seems, is a luckless gentleman whose melancholy duty it is to be tossed from one trapeze to another by a couple of aerialists whose minds, let us hope, are definitely on the work in hand.

Perhaps there are those who deliberately seek such employment. Hal Skelly didn't. He was nominated for it by Jud Anderson of The Andersons, Aerialists, with the Norris & Rowe show.

Jud spotted Skelly, looked approvingly at his build and decided that the youth would make a good "flyer." Anderson had hands like a vise and so had his partner. Besides, forty feet below the trapeze there swung a comforting net. So Skelly elected to take a chance. They took him aloft.

"To Give You Confidence"

"Now," said Jud, "don't be afraid. I'll swing you over to the other guy and he'll catch you."

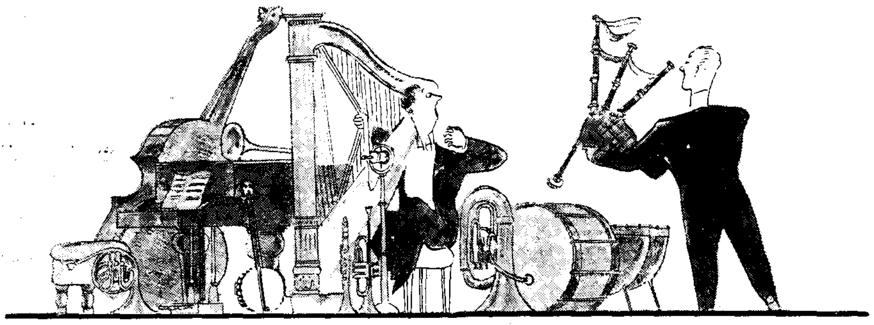
The net had looked soft and safe, almost inviting, from the ground. But from his perch all Skelly could see now was the sawdust fifty feet below. It was too late to turn back.

Anderson called "ready?" and his partner from across the void grunted "ready" and Hal tried to look as if it was all right with him. Then Anderson swung and let go. The other man made no effort to catch the rolled-up Skelly. He just sat there swinging lazily and picking his teeth. So down went Hal into the net.

Skelly scrambled unsteadily to his feet and tried to run over to the edge of the net and slide to the ground. But those nets aren't as closely woven as they look from the seats and his foot kept slipping through and tripping him up.

So it was a cinch for the experienced Anderson to chase after him, catch him by the seat of his scarlet tights and haul him back aloft.

(*Continued on page 60*)



Picked out of the Air

By Jack Binns

AN ORCHESTRA leader who broadcasts regularly over the Scottish stations has trained his fourteen men to play forty different instruments. Having achieved this economical result he is now developing "armchair dance music" so that listeners can sit in their chairs and sway to the music, and thus have all the thrill of dancing without wearing out their shoe leather.

Sweet Mystery of Hash

The managers of WENR in Chicago think they have found the champion radio listener in these more or less United States.

They introduce their candidate as Mrs. Henry Dorr, of Baxter, Ia., who recently wrote she had been listening daily to Mrs. Anna J. Peterson for the past five years. During all that time Mrs. Dorr has religiously written down each of the recipes Mrs. Peterson has broadcast.

Whether Mrs. Dorr keeps a filing cabinet to house the records of her devoted listening I don't know, but she must be able to make some wonderful hashes out of the left-overs from so many recipes.

A Tie-up Mix-up

Unless the individual units on chain systems are very careful in arranging local advertising tie-ups with the national sponsor of any particular program, some very embarrassing situations may arise. One of my readers in Colorado sent me a letter pointing out such an incident at the Denver station KOA, which occurred in the interval between the conclusion of an hour devoted to automobile tires and the opening of a coffee hour. The local announcer at KOA cut his microphone in and out with the following unhappy results from which I have omitted the real names:

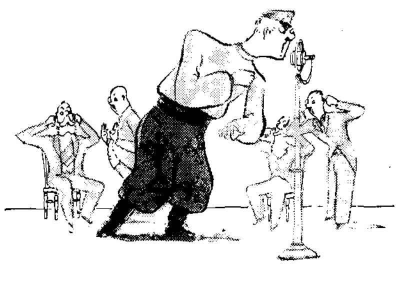
(New York announcer) "This adjustment can be made by any of the five thousand So-and-So-dealers" (KOA cuts in and continues) "So-and-So tire dealers here include the Blank Tire Company of Denver" (cut out and New York announcer cut in) "is drunk."—Soft music.

Why Listeners See Red

Are you, dear reader, one of those who, in a moment of ardent zeal, wrote your favorite broadcast station at the request of its announcer for constructive criticism, only to receive a stereotyped postcard in return bearing a message that had no connection whatsoever with your communication? If so, it may console you to know the practice is universal—especially in England, where the listeners are kicking over the continuous series of "Talks" they get over the radio. Here is a delightfully sarcastic letter culled from the columns of Wireless World of London that explains what I mean:

"All this yammer in your correspondence columns about the programs isn't worth a ha'p'orth of peas. The British Broadcast Company will read, mark and then say with a grin: 'Listen to these poor nuts, as if we don't know better than they do what is good for 'em.' If you write to them they just sling it over to a hard-shell who says to himself, 'Ah! I think form reply number A X 256/ff9 will meet the case,' and he fires back something reading like this:

" 'Dear Sir: We are sorry you don't like our programs. Such lots of people do. Write again when you have got time. Yours faithfully, John Sprigg, pro-deputy sub-assistant joint-controller of Talks programs.' "



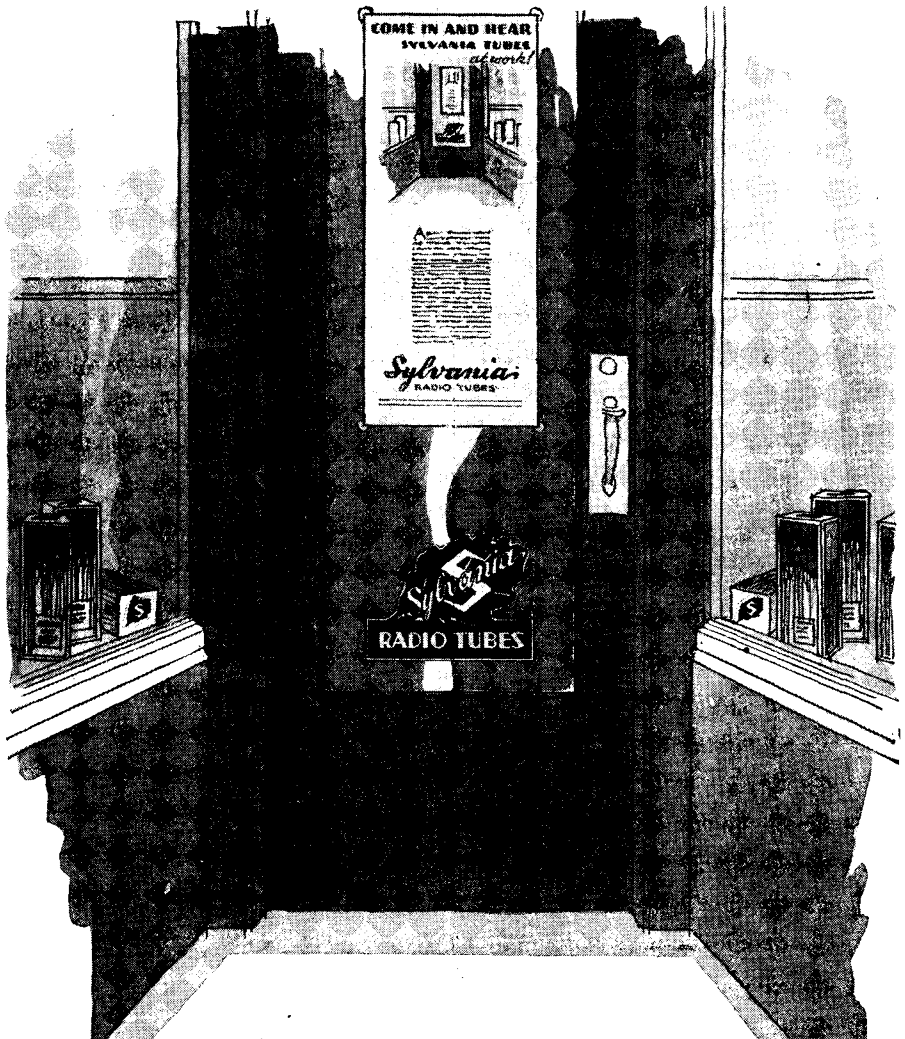
Radio's Internationale

Radio waves do not respect man-made borders or man-made laws. No tariff wall or governmental ban will keep alien programs out of the sovereign atmosphere of any country, nor can I conceive of any law forbidding the reception of foreign broadcasters that could ever be enforced. It is this quality of radio which makes it such a valuable factor in the gradual development of permanent world peace.

In Europe they have just been compelled to recognize this condition. With each country rapidly increasing the number of its broadcasting stations, a situation was developing that threatened to become as chaotic as that which prevailed over here two years ago. In order to regulate it the European nations met in council at Prague, Czechoslovakia, last April. Many of these nations have consistently refused to recognize the present Russian government, but none of them could refuse to recognize the existence of Russian broadcast stations. Consequently there is a place in the final scheme for Russia—but the big problem is whether Russia will stay put in the frequencies that have been allotted to her, and which are now in effect. The success of the Prague Plan depends upon this.

Europe has two separate wave-bands set aside for broadcasting. One ranges between 1,000 and 2,000 meters, and the other between 200 and 930 meters. In the first there are thirteen available channels and Russia is the only country to get two of them. In the other wave-band there are 126 channels, and Russia again gets the lion's (or I should say bear's) share with nineteen. This number compares with nine set aside for the British Isles and twelve for France. Ten of the channels are for common use among the nations. Some of the others are shared by two countries widely separated from each other.

COME IN AND HEAR
SYLVANIA TUBES
at work!



THE flashing S on its green oak leaf—or Sylvania's window display are signs of invitation. They say to you with pride—"This is Sylvania's dealer. Come in and hear Sylvania Tubes—*at work!*"

You're welcome, though you come merely as a visitor. Welcome to hear the new receivers, Sylvania tube-equipped—and listen to the screen grid sets with Sylvania Screen Grid Tubes.

Stop in—to look and to listen.

If it should be time for new tubes in your present receiver, there are some to suit whichever circuit you're using. Sylvania Tubes. And that's a guarantee.

Listen to the Sylvania Foresters Orchestra and Quartette every Wednesday Evening—Over WJZ and KDKA and KWK and KYW and WBZ and WBZA and WBT and WHAM and WJR and WLW and WREN and WRVA.

Visit the Dealer Whose Window Displays The Flashing S on a Green Oak Leaf

SYLVANIA PRODUCTS COMPANY
EMPORIUM, PENNSYLVANIA

Sylvania
RADIO TUBES

LICENSED UNDER RCA PATENTS

($920,000,000.00 paid to policy-holders of the Ætna Life Insurance Company and affiliated Companies in 79 years!)

It pays to be ÆTNA-IZED !

See the Ætna-izer in your community. He is a man worth knowing.

The Ætna Life Insurance Company ∢ The Ætna Casualty and Surety Company ∢ The Automobile Insurance Company ∢ The Standard Fire Insurance Company ∢ of Hartford, Connecticut, write practically every form of Insurance and Bonding Protection.

Once a Trouper

Continued from page 58

"That," said Anderson, "was just to give you confidence."

It seems rather a peculiar method of inspiring confidence in an apprentice aerialist but it must have worked. Anyway Hal developed into a gifted "flyer" and continued the season as part of the act.

Jud Anderson must have been a good teacher, for the lessons and tricks he taught young Skelly stuck with that youth so well that a few seasons ago, when he was headlining in vaudeville, he was able to sub for a young "flyer" who had been called home by the death of his father, after opening in Hamilton, Ontario. The act, which consisted of three people, faced cancellation, which it could ill afford.

A Quick Course at College

Skelly after a few rehearsals stepped in and did his old circus stuff and no one in the audience was any the wiser except possibly on closing night when one of the catchers "snapped" Skelly too hard as he swung him across the air, thereby causing the substitute "flyer" to land flat on his face on the bouncing canvas (they call it a trammer-line) below.

When the circus season ended, Skelly, at the behest of his sorely tried parents, returned to school for a spell—long enough to corral enough knowledge to allow of his entering Notre Dame University and actually remaining in that institution for no less than seven months—several of which were devoted almost exclusively to playing baseball.

He left Notre Dame to join up with a medicine show. This was an ambitious outfit carrying, if you please, two leading men and two leading women so that it might be ready for anything that happened along—and almost everything did.

If you sat down quietly with Hal Skelly and a large sheet of paper for about two hours you might be able to list chronologically the amazingly varied activities of this trouper. But it is a great deal less mind-wrecking and a lot more entertaining to sit comfortably back and let him tell you of the things that stand out in his mind. A trouper pays little attention to dates and places; they're lost in the blending of the colorful whole.

There was the time when "That Sterling Actor, Joseph Harold Skelly," according to the billboards, was thrilling them in Railroad Jack. They carried a lion with that show because there was a bit, if you recall, where, the trainer having been taken ill, his frail daughter would have had to enter the cage and put the beast through his paces had not good old Railroad Jack, beneath whose rags beat a noble and courageous heart, volunteered in her place.

When the show reached San Geronimo, California, as usual there were a lot of youngsters hanging around (even as Skelly once had done!) watching them unloading. Every time they'd hit a town they'd hire some lad of fifteen or sixteen to clean out the lion's cage. It was quite safe because the cage was divided in the center by a partition and they'd put the kid in one half while the lion was in the other. Then they'd change them around later when half the job was done.

Well, this day the hands were pretty busy. You see, as the forerunners of movie producers who advertise billion-dollar specials with fifty million actors and 100 battleships or what you will, the producers of this show found it necessary to impress the public in like manner. So they carried a lot of old canvas which, on reaching a town, they'd roll around "two by fours" and send canvasmen carrying them through the principal streets to the theater. The natives would observe it duly and remark, "Gee, lookit all the scenery they got with that show—it must be good."

The boss had installed a kid in the safe half of the cage. "I'll be back in a little while and change over," he told him and started uptown with a load of phoney scenic effects.

But something or other delayed him. Maybe he stopped off for a "snifter" or maybe he got into a crap game. Anyway, when he got back there was the kid *in with the lion*, calmly going ahead with his housecleaning job. There was a crowd around the cage but no one dared yell or do anything for fear of startling the animal who was lying curled up in one corner. They just stood there, horrified.

Finally the kid had finished cleaning all except one corner where the lion lay. He went over and hit him a smack with the back of the big wooden brush. "Move outta there," he said. And darned if the lion didn't get up and walk over to the other corner lazily and the kid went on cleaning.

When he'd finished he let himself out of the cage and fastened the door carefully. Then he started brushing himself off. The boss ran up to him wild-eyed.

"For the love of Mike," he yelled, "why didn't you wait until I got back? Do you know that you might have been killed? Do you know that lion nearly ripped the arm off a guy last week? Gosh!"

"Aw, wot the heck," said the kid, who wasn't going to have any smart-alecky show folks jollying him. "Wot the heck, he's only a circus lion."

Such laughs as this punctuated a career in the sticks and helped to make a life that you and I would think unbearable a little bit brighter.

Later Skelly hooked up with Dockstader's famous minstrels and toured the Middle West. Then he went into vaudeville. He did an act with Ernie Stanton, now of Val and Ernie Stanton. They played Boston one spring and Hal, who was a friend of Stallings, manager of the Braves, used to go out to the field mornings and play ball with members of the team. He hadn't forgotten baseball days at St. Bede's and he must have been pretty good at it still for when summer came with its attendant slump in show business, Stallings made him a substitute second baseman.

The Perfect Part

Skelly gradually moved up the line and into such musical comedies as The Night Boat, The Girl in the Spotlight, Orange Blossoms and Betsy Lee. He was beginning to be known and was headlining in vaudeville.

Most musical comedy players find themselves up against it when they want to make a shift over to straight comedy drama but the best part Skelly ever had fell right into his lap. One day he was complaining to Arthur Hopkins about his lot.

"When a musical show is sagging," he wailed, "they hand me a number and say 'go and put that over' and I do it and it gets over, but what of it? There's no chance for me to do any characterization of a part."

"Well," Hopkins told him, "I'll call you up in a few weeks. Maybe I'll have something that will interest you."

Three weeks later Hopkins sent him the second act of Burlesque. As the author of that distinguished tome, How's Your Second Act?, it is not surprising that it was this section of the manuscript which he selected to show Hal.

Skelly didn't wait to see the first and third acts. He elected himself right then and there. And why not?

"Listen, if an actor took all the best parts he'd ever played—you know I don't want to throw any bouquets at myself and all like that—but if he took all his best parts and went to a playwright and got him to cook them up into one made-to-measure perfect part he couldn't have gotten a better one. I feel like taking my hat off every time I pass the theater."

He doesn't though. He's usually engaged in chaffing the house manager or the porter or anyone of the two hundred and twenty-two friends of Hal's whom you'll encounter walking with him between the Lambs clubhouse and the playhouse. On or off he's a wisecracker. And that is set down without intending to give the impression that he's one of those parroting-comics whose daily line is lifted from the newspaper columns and comic strips of the past week. His stuff is his own.

Once he puzzled this reporter by remarking of a certain player:

"Yeah, so-and-so is a good guy but no matter what he's got on, you can always see his kilts."

Subsequent conversation brought out the fact that the so-and-so referred to was more than ordinarily careful about opening up his pocketbook.

An Embarrassing Slip

The best of them go up in their lines, as the phrase goes. But the only time Skelly was really embarrassed was when he slipped up on his last speech in the show. In the end there's a bit where Bonny has come back to Skid to get him into shape for opening with a shabby little burlesque outfit, to the level of which he had fallen. They're dancing strenuously in front of the drop, but as they dance they're talking earnestly.

"I guess it's just like the guy that hitched us said," whispers Bonny, "'for better or for worse.'"

"Yeah," replies Skid—tap-tap—"better for me but worse for you."

"It's all right with me, Baby," says Bonny as the curtains falls.

It must have somewhat amazed Doug Fairbanks, Mary Pickford and Jesse Lasky, who were out front that night when Skelly got 'em twisted and answered:

"Yeah, better for you but worse for me." Still they said they liked the show.

For all his success, Skelly hasn't lost his love for the road.

"It's the greatest school there is," he'll tell you. "I tell all the kids who ask me how to make good on the stage to get out into the great open spaces where a little laugh can go a long way. You'll learn more in a few seasons of trouping than you'll learn in New York under Belasco—or even Ziegfeld. (The order is his own.)

"And even if the going is tough there are always the laughs. You never know when something funny's gonna come along and make up for a lot of worrying and sweating.

"Ah me—those were the days. I hope they never come back."

The Yellowjacket Feud

Continued from page 17

for five minutes. So don't let it break you all up."

"My word, Uncle, but you're a life saver," replied Jim, with intense relief.

Jim left the living-room, and knocked at Gloriana's door.

"Who's there?" she called.

"Jim."

Gloriana opened the door.

"Glory," Jim said, after he had kissed her, "I just got back and I've seen Molly! . . . Imagine my luck! I ran in Babbitt's—and almost fell over her. We had a few words, Sister. . . . Then I came home. How are you?"

"JIM, I was fine until Darnell turned up here in Flag," she replied. "I told you he would. It was a couple of weeks ago. But I found out before I saw him. He came here—coaxed and threatened. I told him I would have absolutely nothing more to do with him. He has bobbed up every time I went down town, to stores, the post office, everywhere. Finally I stayed home."

"What's he doing out here, Glory?" asked Jim.

"He followed me. He's gone to work for a rancher named Bambridge—"

"Interesting—and funny."

"Jim, it's not funny to me," she spoke up, hurriedly. "I'm afraid of Darnell. I'm deathly afraid."

"Of what?" laughed Jim.

"He'll talk about me—disgrace you, hurt you in Flag."

"Talk about you, will he? Glory, what do you suppose Curly Prentis or Slinger Dunn would do—if he so much as spoke one slighting word of you?"

"I—I can't imagine, Jim," she replied, her great eyes dilating.

"Well, it will be funny—unless I get to him first. . . . Glory dear, this Darnell has no claim on you?"

"No, Jim, on my honor," she replied.

"Then dismiss him from your mind. He has struck the wrong place to hound a girl. Have you had any other trouble, Sister? Come out with it."

"Yes, with Molly. Jim, she's the sweetest kid. Honestly, I just fell in love with her. But I made a tactless start. I wanted only to help her. She misunderstood. She thought I was stuck up, and she got the idea she wasn't good enough for you. When she told me she was leaving here I begged and I scolded. I talked sense to her. I argued myself hoarse. I was sincere, too. Only she imagined me afraid of you and lying to her. Then I lost my temper—I have one, if you remember, Jim—and I—well, I made it worse by telling her how lucky she was—that you meant to marry her. . . . But she has a will of her own. She left. And I haven't been able to get her back. I've been to that store I don't know how many times. Then I heard Molly had met Darnell—one of the Flag girls, Elsie Roberts, told me. And she went to a dance with him. I—"

"Molly went to a dance with Darnell?"

"Yes, she did. But, Jim, you mustn't hold it against her," entreated Gloriana. "She's only a child. I went right down town and told Molly who and what Darnell was. She didn't believe me. Darnell is attractive and smooth. She doesn't care a rap for him, because she worships you, Jim. But in her present state of mind she'd do anything. And Darnell is dangerous and unscrupulous. You mustn't lose any time getting Molly out of his clutches."

"My God! . . . Do I want her?" groaned Jim, dropping his head.

"Yes, you want her. She is a treasure. No matter *what* she does, you must stand it, bear with her, and get her back."

"Glory, I feel as if a mountain had been lifted off my heart. . . . Now what festivities are in order for the holiday?"

"Oh, Flag is quite a social place," laughed Gloriana. "But the dance Christmas Eve, and the party here on the following Wednesday night are the outstanding events. Uncle is giving that for Molly. She, of course, thinks it's off, because she left. But Uncle says no—wait till Jim comes."

"It's not off, Glory," declared Jim, grimly. "Molly will be here if I have to pack her."

"Romantic, to say the least," replied Gloriana, with a trill of laughter. "I approve. . . . And now, Jim, tell me about Slinger and Curly? And don't forget Bud. He's a dear."

"Your Three Guardsmen, eh?" rejoined Jim, dryly. "They've managed to live together without actual murder. Slinger looks at his rivals and listens in silent contempt, as down upon lesser men who do not share his secret of power."

Because of the whiteness of Gloriana's face even a little wave of color appeared a startling blush.

"Do they talk about me, among themselves?" she asked, a little confused.

"For three weeks you have shared conversation honors with the Hash Knife."

"How flattering! And what do they say?"

"I've forgotten most of it. They were all going to marry you, I gathered."

"I—I don't know what to say," replied Gloriana, but it was plain to Jim that she wanted to laugh.

"Glory, I told you—gave you fair warning. If you flirt with these cowboys you must pay dearly for it. And of course you have flirted, if not intentionally, then some other way. It won't do out here. These boys have hearts of gold. Every last one of them would die for you. They seem like some kind of inflammable tinder. So easy, cool, droll, yet underneath all fire. Curly Prentis is the highest type of cowboy I know. He is a prince. All the same he's a strutting, conceited jackass who needs a lesson. Bud is the best-hearted of the lot, honest as the day. He speaks right out what he thinks. A raw, crude, common sort of person to any superficial observer from the East, but to me, or Uncle Jim, or anyone who sees clearly, he's a boy to love. The rest of the outfit trail along somewhat similarly, except Slinger Dunn. He's not a cowboy. He's a strange mixture of woodsman and Indian, of country boy and chivalrous gentleman. All the same if I were you I'd be careful of what I said or did before him."

"I'M AFRAID it's too late," replied Gloriana, with gravity. "You took us to the hospital to see him. He had my picture under his pillow. Told me right out he'd gazed at it until he was terribly in love with *me*. That you had taken Molly from him and he was going to take me from you."

"Well, I'm a son-of-a-gun!" ejaculated Jim.

Next morning Jim awakened very early, and lay in bed pondering his problem, and mapping out a deliberate course of what he intended to do. He did not intend to lose Molly.

It was the twenty-third of December, less than two days before the Christmas Eve dance. His leave of absence from

(*Continued on page 62*)

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SIR WALTER RALEIGH
Smoking Tobacco

It's *milder*

(*Continued from page 61*)

work on Yellowjacket would expire on New Year's Day, following which he and the Diamond outfit must ride back to the range for a long and trying stay. Wherefore he had no time to lose. But first he must consult his uncle and Locke, report every detail pertaining to what had happened down at Yellowjacket, and, consistent with their advice, plan future work.

AFTER breakfast, at which Gloriana was not present, Jim asked for a conference with his uncle and Locke. They repaired at once to the living-room. Jim began with his discovery of Diamond-branded cattle going aboard the train with Bambridge's shipment from Winslow, and slighted nothing in his narrative of what had followed, nor any of his conjectures and convictions, and lastly, the opinions of his men. After he had concluded, his superiors smoked furiously, which appeared their only indication of mental disturbance. Locke was the first to break silence: "I advise givin' up Yellowjacket."

"Naw," replied Traft, laconically.

"I don't want to," added Jim. "It's a wild, lonely, wonderful wilderness. I want to own it—improve it—and live there part of the year, at least."

"Wal, aside from Jim's leanin' to Yellowjacket, I wouldn't let it go now," went on Traft. "It'd be givin' in to Bambridge, an' I'll see him in hell first."

"Short an' sweet," said Locke, with a dry cackle. He knew his employer of old. "Then I suggest we arrange some plan of transportatin' Mr. Bambridge to the place you name."

"Aw, Ring, don't get funny. This is business. . . . How many head of unbranded stock can you round up this spring?"

"Matter of ten thousand, more or less, countin' new calves."

"Wal, slap the Diamond brand on half of them, this comin' round-up," ordered the rancher, brusquely.

Locke made a notation in his notebook, then said: "I'd advise no cattle drive to Yellowjacket till spring. Let the rustlers have a chance at the lower range."

"Reckon thet's a good idea. Put it down. Now, Jim, tell Locke what you want for the house. He'll order it. Meanwhile the sleddin' will be good, an' we'll haul all supplies such as hardware, cement, tools, powder, down to Cottonwood ranch, an' store it there. Lumber, framework, bricks, and all such to follow fast as it gets here. When the ground dries in the spring you can haul in over your new road. . . . As for the present, wal, stick to our original plan. Take the Diamond back to Yellowjacket an' clean it up—of varmints, rubbish, an' such, includin' any rustlers who might come burnin' your good firewood. . . . Savvy?"

"Yes, sir," replied Jim, quickly.

"Got thet down, Locke?" queried the old rancher, as he rose and knocked the ash off his cigar.

"I'll put it down," replied the superintendent.

"Wal, don't pester me with this two-bit stuff any more," replied Traft, testily. "Help Jim all you can. It's up to him." And he stalked out sturdily, his shaggy head erect, leaving Jim alone with the superintendent.

"Shorter an' sweeter," said Locke, tapping his book with his pencil.

"Gosh! I never heard Uncle talk like that. What ails him?"

"He's sore at Bambridge. Small wonder. He's had forty years buckin' the crooked side of cattle raisin', an' he hates it. . . . Jim, he's given you a man-size job. But you've got a hard crew in the Diamond. They're good fer it. Malloy will have to be reckoned with. If you ever meet him, anyhow, under *any* circumstances, shoot quick an' think afterwards. Don't ever fail to pack a gun, an' keep Slinger or Curly close to you."

"Ring—you mean here—at home—in town?" queried Jim, aghast.

"I should smile."

"Whew! When will I ever learn?"

After that conference, which left Jim with a poignant sense of responsibility, he stayed in his room until after dinner and then started for town on foot. Any sharp observer, at least a Westerner, could have detected the bulge of a gun back of his hip, and the tip of a leather sheath projecting an inch or two below his coat.

HOW he longed for the cool imperturbability of Curly Prentis or the aloof unapproachableness of Slinger Dunn! But these he could never attain, for he had not been born to the West. Jim had to make determination do for confidence. And when, in accordance with his plan, he walked into Babbitt's store, no one would have guessed the sinking sensation he had in his vitals.

Molly stood behind the counter, and from her wide, startled eyes he gathered that she had seen him first. It was early and he appeared to be the only customer present, and at once the object of much interest, both of which facts did not confuse him one whit.

"Good day, Molly," he said, doffing his sombrero. "Yesterday I forgot what I wanted to buy."

"Howdy—Jim," she faltered, huskily, the scarlet coming up from neck to face. How the sight made Jim's blood leap! She could not be indifferent to his presence.

"I want that red silk scarf and a pair of buckskin gloves," he said.

Molly produced the scarf, and then, with the other clerks snickering openly, she had to try glove after glove on Jim's hand, until he was satisfied with the fit. Her little brown fingers trembled so that she was scarcely able to perform the task; and Jim gloated over this manifestation of weakness, instead of feeling sorry for her.

"Thanks. I reckon these will do," he said, at length. "Please charge to the Traft account. . . . I shall tell Mr. Babbitt you are a very beautiful clerk, but a poor saleswoman."

Molly was staring at the gun-sheath under his coat.

"Jim! You're packin' a gun!" she exclaimed, breathlessly and low.

"I should snigger I am, as Bud would say," he replied, facetiously.

"Who for?"

"Well, if you care to know, that Hash Knife gunman, Croak Malloy, is looking for me—and *I* am looking for a fellow named Ed Darnell." He took his parcels, went out, and walked down the street, dropping in at all the business places where his uncle had dealings. Then he visited the saloons, which were more numerous and to him vastly more interesting. He acted, too, like a man who was looking for someone. Next he called at the post office and the hotel, after which he returned to Babbitt's store.

MOLLY did not see him enter. She was busy with a customer, which occupation permitted Jim a moment to devour her sweet face with hungry eyes. She looked paler and thinner than he had ever seen her; and these evidences of trouble were dear to Jim's heart. She had not done this cruel thing without suffering. Presently she finished with her customer and espied Jim.

"What is it?" she queried, blushing furiously.

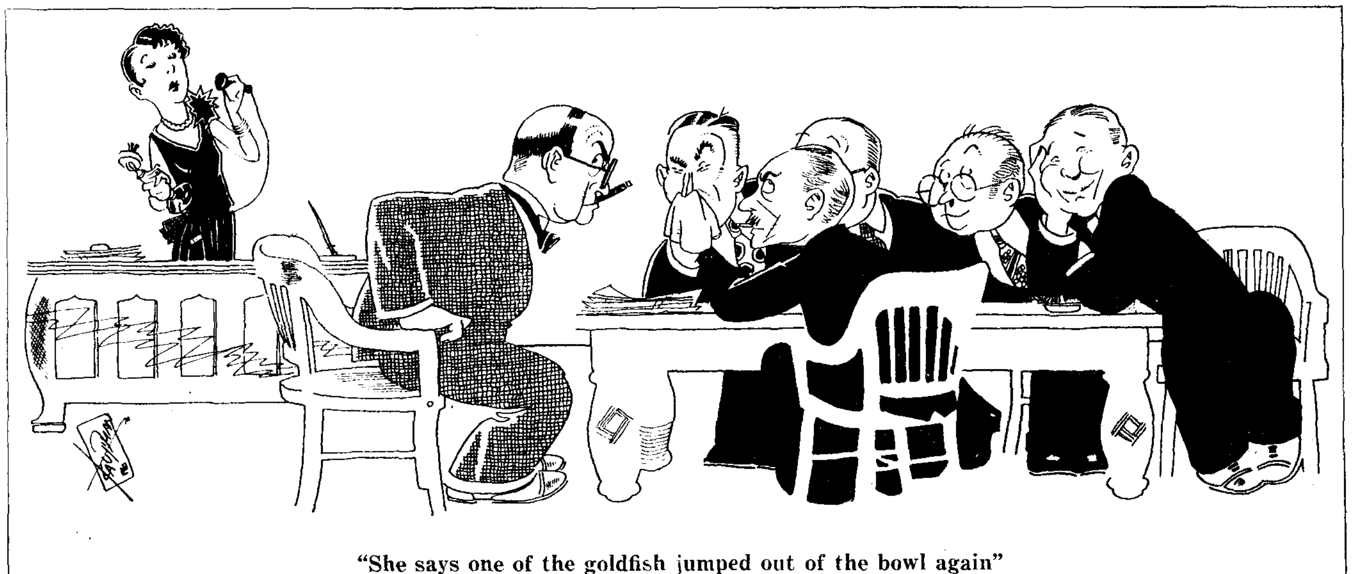
"Molly, you are to understand that I do not accept my dismissal," he said, deliberately. "I'm sorry you feel so. I—I forgive you, I guess. . . . And I'll not give you up. You're going to be Mrs. James Traft."

"I—I am—not."

"You bet you are. . . . Oh, yes, that reminds me. I forgot something else. Look here." He slipped the little ring-box out of his pocket, and bending over the counter opened the lid. The big blue-white diamond seemed to leap up. Jim glanced quickly at Molly's face. And that was enough, almost even for him.

"I thought you'd like it," he said, remorsefully, but not now meeting her tragic eyes. "We'll try it on first chance. . . . So long, till tomorrow."

Taking up his purchases Jim hurried out, his pulse tingling, his heart singing. Molly loved him still. And all the way out the bleak cold road he could have danced. Upon arriving home he



"She says one of the goldfish jumped out of the bowl again" went in to see Gloriana, who was gorgeously arrayed in a dressing gown, and demonstratively glad to see him. Jim recounted his adventure to Glory.

"Men are all brutes, devils, fiends," responded his sister. "But since the female of the species is what she is and self-preservation the first law of life, I don't see what else you can do. Hurry and get Molly back here."

"Give me a little time, Glory," declared Jim, somewhat daunted.

"Get her here before she goes to the dance with that darn' Darnell," advised Gloriana, with a wonderful purple flash of eyes.

"I will, you bet, and between you and me, Glory, I wouldn't be in Darnell's boots for a million."

HE MADE his way to the bunk-house, finding all the boys in.

"Boys, friends, pards," he began, dramatically. "If it weren't for my sister and you I'd blow my brains out."

Silence! Staring eyes and awed lean faces attested to the felicity of his acting.

"Why, Jim, what the hell?" said Curly, without the drawl.

"Listen. Let me tell it quick," he announced, hurriedly. "We go back to Yellowjacket after New Year's. No more town till spring, if then. The old man is sore at Bambridge—at this two-bit rustling. We've got the job of clearing the range of varmints, rubbish, rustlers, and so forth. He'll throw five thousand head of cattle on to Yellowjacket in less than a year. That's that, and it isn't a marker to what I'm going to tell you.

"Let me get it off my chest. Maybe you remember I hinted of a fellow named Darnell, who made trouble for my sister back in Missouri. Anyway he's here in Flag. Has taken a job with Bambridge. He has been hounding poor Glory until she has stopped going to town. She is deathly afraid of him. Afraid he will disgrace me by talking about her. Mind you—Glory is straight and fine and good. So don't get the wrong hunch. She was only a crazy girl and this Darnell is a man, handsome, slick as the devil, a gambler and cheat at cards, and crooked otherwise. He beat Glory out of money—and my father, too. . . . Now does that sink in?"

"Wal, it shore don't sink very deep in any of us, Boss," drawled Curly. "Mister Darnell has shore picked an awful unhealthy climate."

"All right . . . here's the worst: Molly Dunn has—jilted me. Broken her engagement—left my uncle's house. . . . Says she's not good enough to marry me and it's just the other way around. Poor kid! Just let that sink in, will you? . . . She's a clerk in Babbitt's store in the afternoons. Mornings she goes to school. All that's tough, boys. But listen to this: She's going around with Darnell! . . . I can't realize it, let alone understand it. But Glory says Molly is only distracted—out of her head—that it's really because she loves me she's done it. Wants everybody in Flag to *see* she's not good enough for us!"

Jim paused for breath, and Slinger Dunn, without a word, put on his cap and glided noiselessly toward the door.

"Hold on, Slinger. Where you going?"

Dunn turned. At any moment his sloe-black eyes were remarkable; just now they made Jim shiver.

"I was shore wonderin' why my sister hadn't sent fer me to come up to the house," he said. "An' I reckon it's aboot time I hunted her up. Then I'll take a look round fer this Darnell fellar."

Jim had resisted an impulse to bribe the cowboys to call in a body and singly at Babbitt's store to make purchases of Molly and incidentally remind her of him.

In his own case he went down town late, going everywhere except Babbitt's, trying to screw up his courage. It was not that overnight he had not become transformed into a thorough Arizonian, but that his genuine tenderness for Molly had asserted itself. This he knew he should not yield to. Still he did.

On several occasions he espied some of his cowboys, laden with bundles, mysteriously gay and full of the devil. They had not required prompting to do the very thing he had so sneakingly desired.

Lounging in the lobby of the hotel, all of a sudden he saw Molly go into Davis' store, on the far corner. He jumped. It was only four o'clock, and she should have at least another hour of work. What a chance! He went out, crossed the street, and stood back in a hallway, close to the door of the store, where he could see and scarcely be seen.

He had to wait what seemed an endless while before Molly appeared.

"Where you going?" he said, naturally, with a smile.

Molly looked both furious and helpless. "You—you—"

"Careful, honey, this is the main thoroughfare of Flag. People all about. If you want to swear wait till we get somewhere."

"Jim Traft—I could swear—a blue streak," she replied, and her appearance certainly verified her words.

"Where are you going?"

"Home. To my boardin' house," she said, a little mockingly.

"Well, I'll go with you," returned Jim.

They walked in silence.

"You played me a low-down trick," she said, presently, coldly.

"Me? I sure did not. How so?"

"You set thet Diamond outfit onto me."

"Molly! I swear I didn't. Honest. You know I wouldn't lie," replied Jim, most earnestly.

"You shore would. You'd do anythin'."

"But I protest my innocence."

"Innocence? You!" She gave him her eyes for a second. Jim felt shot through with black and gold arrows. "Slinger disgraced me," she burst out, almost weeping. "Right there in the store—"

"What'd Slinger say, honey?"

"Nothin' 'cept 'Come heah, you mooneyed calf!' . . . Then he pulled me half over the counter—face down—an'—an' smacked me so hard you could have heahed it out in the street. . . . I won't be able to—to set down at dinner! . . . An' then he said he'd see me later."

JIM kept a straight face, gazing ahead on the wintry street. How he wanted to shout!

"Turrible," he agreed. "For a grown girl. . . . And what did the cowboys do?"

"You know durin' the holidays Mr. Babbitt gives us clerks ten per cent on all sales. Well, Jim, the sons-of-guns cleaned me out. Bought every last thing in my department!"

Molly stopped before a modest little brown cottage, almost at the end of the street. Jim made a note of the single large pine tree in the yard, for future emergency, when he wished to find Molly after dark.

"This is where I board," she said, simply.

"Are you comfortable here?" asked Jim, anxiously.

"It's cold—but I don't mind."

"Molly," said Jim, "send word to Darnell that you won't go to the dance with him tonight."

(*To be continued next week*)

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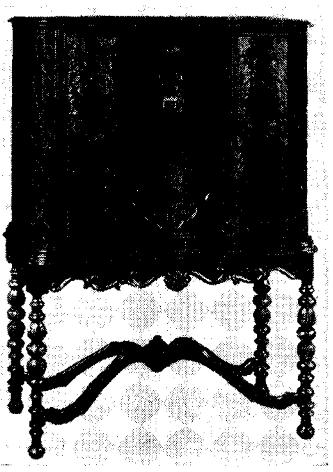

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The Prince's Darling

Continued from page 34

dismissed, Stürm gave, personally, his instructions to the two accomplished spies who had brought him so accurate an account of the movements of Madame de Rocklitz that afternoon, and then ceased his arrangements for leaving his comfortable, familiar cabinet—his for twenty years—in the Residenzschloss; he even put back his books and papers in their old places, and composed himself to rest on the little bed he kept there for use on the occasions when he worked too late to return to his house. He was always a cautious man and disliked setting his expectations and hopes too high; so he said to himself before he went to sleep:

"It is very likely there is nothing in it, after all; De Haverbeck is no fool and must know what he risks."

But, as he hung up his periwig on the stand and drew his nightcap over his ears, he repeated to himself:

"Still, there's always a chance."

WHEN Johann Georg had sent his orders to Captain Falaiseau he felt a weight gone from his heart and mind, as if he had, in some inexplicable manner, protected himself and outwitted them all, and then he turned with the greatest joy and relief to the thought of Madelon—these had been two tiresome, vexatious days, closeted with those ministers, going over the pact and the protocols and the terms and the money; he hated all the formality and the ceremonies, the banquet and the parade; he had not been alone with her for hours. Twice during the afternoon he had sent messages begging her to be in her apartments that night, for, lately, she had taken to living much in her own house, in the Neustadt, and he knew that now she was not in attendance on the Electress and might, if she chose, evade him and retire to her own mansion. But when he reached her apartments she was there and had dismissed her woman.

Johann Georg had come impetuously and hurriedly through the corridors, had flung open her door violently, and was on the threshold of her room, when he saw her there, sitting calmly, and evidently awaiting him.

She smiled at him.

"Well, you see I am here. You wished to speak to me—something about these matters with England and the Allies, is it not? But presently you must let me go home, for I am tired after the fatigue of these two days."

"You would leave the Residenzschloss tonight?" he demanded angrily.

"Indeed, but I must," she protested, with some haughtiness. "My father is coming to see me—I have to speak to him."

"But as late as this?" objected the Elector. "He can see you tomorrow. Tonight I want you, Madelon. Tonight you must stay with me—"

"I have always entreated you," she replied, unsteadily, "not to circumscribe my liberties, not to restrain me against my will—for that would make our position intolerable for both of us, sir—and a slave of me."

Johann Georg looked at her; hurt, bewildered, yet with complete adoration.

She, indeed, seemed tired; her eyes were shadowed, he might almost have believed that she had been weeping; yet he had never known Madelon to weep. She wore a plain cloth dress buttoned up to the chin, and a hood and mantle lined with fur lay ready to her hand over the back of a chair. She really intended, then, leaving him tonight. A desolate sense of loneliness swept over his spirit, and he resolved that whatever happened it should not be so. He did not in any way connect her desire to return to her own house with the story that Stürm had told him. In her presence his suspicions always died.

The silence was unhappy. Johann Georg came and stood by the mantelpiece.

"Sometimes I think I am very stupid, Madelon, and that half the time you smile at me."

He uttered this vague reproach with the utmost abandonment of tenderness, and came to her chair and knelt beside it, and placed his tired head on her knees.

Madelon stroked his yellow hair and sighed under her breath while he brought out his troubles—as he always did bring out his troubles to Madelon—all his doubts and vexations and the matters he did not understand, but which were always clear to her.

"Have you heard them say that Madame de Rosny deals in witchcraft?" he asked, drowsy from the warmth, the relief after the day's strain, and happy at her kindness.

The delicate hand stroking his head was still.

"I was always afraid of her when I was a child," said Johann Georg. "She used to frown and pinch me. I have heard this witchcraft charge against her tonight. I think she should be put across the frontier with no scandal, for," he added bitterly, "she knows too much of our old days in Arnsdorf."

"What does she know?" smiled Madelon. "She would tell lies in any place. There was no shame in Arnsdorf that we should be afraid to have it spoken of. I believe Madame de Rosny would leave the country if we wish. But she must not be harmed. And there is no such thing as witchcraft."

JOHANN GEORG felt a profound sweet languor as he rested his head on Madelon's knee.

"You are like an enchantment," he murmured, and then caught himself up on the word; enchantment and witchcraft—the same—a spell, an incantation!

He could think of nothing else but Madelon, and every moment spent away from her was full of an appalling tedium. He put his hands round her waist and drew her closer to him.

"You won't leave me tonight, Madelon. It's snowing, and cold—why should you wish to leave me tonight? Indeed, I won't let you go. I have been without you too long."

He pressed her closer still, drawing her down from the chair.

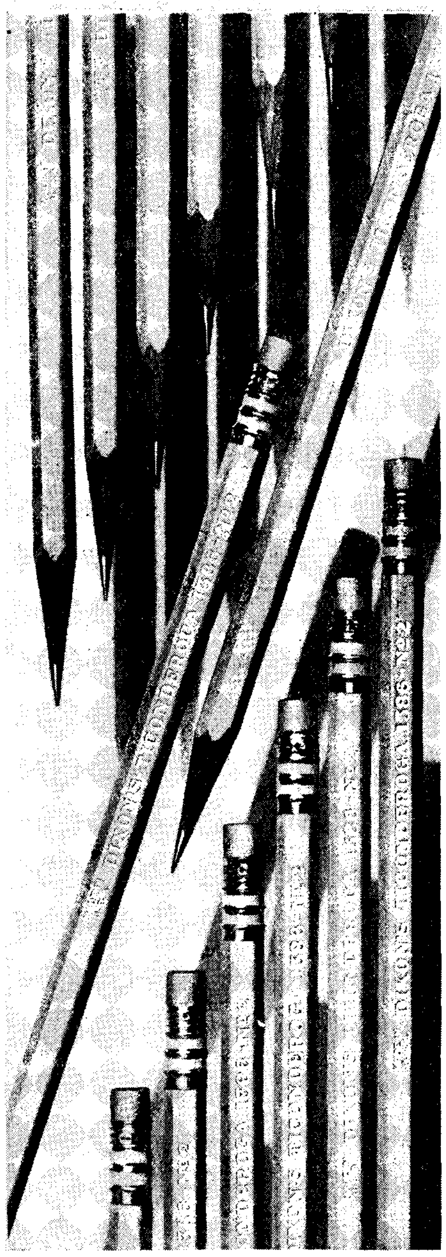
"You do not love me."

He did not mean to say that, but the words had come. Then he began to plead with her.

"Haven't I pleased you? You wanted me to be a soldier—well, I shall be. Not, perhaps," he added with a sudden fling of boyish jealousy, "a great soldier like Marshal de Haverbeck, though I might be, who knows? But I've got the army for you and I'll get you a victory, too; when I've joined the Allies and beaten the French. And, oh, Madelon, what more do you want? What can I do for you? Would you like the key of the green vaults again? Will you have more of the treasure? I'll give you everything—the Collar of the Golden Fleece, the Garter to hang over your bosom—blue favors you."

He could scarcely have said anything that more hurt and vexed her, for this was treating her like a trifle—a crea-

"FORT TICONDEROGA 1776"



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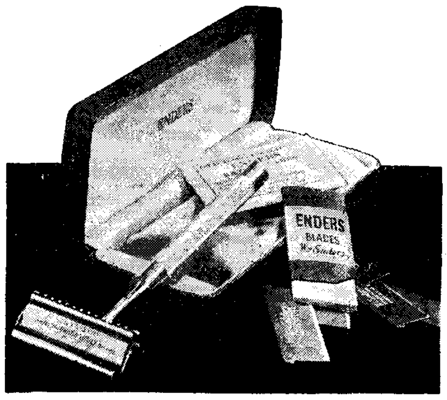

ture to be coaxed into a good humor for his pleasure.

She tried to smile, but her lips quivered as she said:

"Tomorrow—we might go to Moritzburg—tonight I have a wish, a fancy, a longing to be alone."

"And I the same to keep you."

Madelon considered the flushed, passionate young face; she thought, in horror: "Soon he'll remind me that he has bought and paid for me—"

"Why do you gaze at me like that, Madelon? You're estranged from me—what is it?"

"No—no—"

"Why do you want to get away, then? You shall not."

The veins swelled on his forehead and the blood rushed into his blue eyes.

"I'll begin to think that what Stürm said—"

"Ah, he has spoken of me?"

"Never mind. But you shall stay. I'm not a boy, Madelon. You treat me like a boy—I'm to be obeyed."

MADELON soothed him, she made no further allusion to her departure. She kissed his forehead and then his lips, and then drew herself gently away, and began unbuttoning the neat dress which reached her chin.

"Well, if you will, I'll stay. I've always stayed if you have wished it. Indeed, I am not very well tonight. And why did you talk to me of witchcraft—with Madame de Rosny's name? That's hideous, you know. Have I not always stood between the law and such miserable wretches as have been detained for witchcraft?"

"Yes," frowned the Elector, still kneeling at her empty chair, "I remember that."

She moved toward the cabinet and as she did so she passed the window, and, lifting the heavy curtains, looked out into the night.

"It's certainly snowing very fast," she said, "perhaps I was foolish to think of returning home tonight. But I must send my father some message. Yet again, perhaps he will not come either, in this storm."

She passed into the cabinet and came out again, and Johann Georg was startled by a formless dread, to see that she held a small green glass in her hand and the shape was like the goblet into which she had poured the drink she had given him on the last night at Arnsdorf.

"I'll drink no more today," he said, sullenly.

But she persuaded him.

"It is a cordial and I have been taking it myself, feeling the wintry spring had chilled me. Come, if I stay, you must be good company."

Johann Georg smiled and drank, caring for nothing save that she was kind again, staying with him, and he would have her all the night, she would not leave him, but lie close to his heart, close in his arms, with her beauty and her radiance and her dreams into which she drew him, involving his soul and his senses in a myriad delights.

He sat down suddenly and complained of giddiness; the little glass he held slipped from his hand and a few drops of the cordial fell on his laces.

"This room is too hot—I'll open the window," murmured Madelon, watching him. He seemed hardly able to hold his head up. She went up to him, pulled a handkerchief out of her bosom. As he swayed with closed eyes, she held this to his nostrils, as Madame de Rosny had directed. In a few seconds he was heavily asleep.

The Countess of Rocklitz watched him for a moment or two, then pulled the cushions easily into place under his head, buttoned her gown again, put on her hood and mantle, and carefully left the Residenzschloss by the secret passage which had been arranged for her special convenience.

It was snowing heavily, but a plain chair was in waiting, and the lady stepped within at once and was carried to her own house in the Neustadt.

THAT night, about the same hour as that when Ferdinand Stürm was settling himself to repose in the improvised bed in his cabinet, a messenger called at the lodgings of Marshal de Haverbeck with an imperative message from the Elector, demanding his instant presence at the Residenzschloss. The hour and the summons seemed alike strange to Marshal de Haverbeck. He summoned the messenger into his presence and sharply interrogated him.

The man, who was in the Saxon livery, bore no written message, but said he had been dispatched on the instant by the Elector himself. After some reflection and a closer questioning of the man, De Haverbeck decided to accompany him to the Residenzschloss, for the fellow told him that the Elector had sent a light coach that was waiting below.

When he stepped out into the night—this cold, strange April night—there was the elegant coach—a simple affair with but two horses, yet with the arms of Saxony clearly on the side—waiting in the dark street. It occurred to De Haverbeck as he entered this carriage that possibly (though it seemed most unlikely) the Elector might have heard of his meeting with Madame de Rocklitz that afternoon, and his handsome face grew thoughtful, and he wondered how he should gloss over and put a good show on her most recklessly imprudent act.

The snow was falling thick and the night was cold. So Marshal de Haverbeck drew up the window leathers as the vehicle proceeded through the streets, and thought of his estates, his fruit trees and his vines, and was sorry that they would be blighted and frostbitten. When the coach stopped he alighted and looked round, still with this thought in his mind.

IT WAS very dark and he could only just see, in that dim yellowish circle cast by the coach-lights, that the servant who had accompanied him, seated beside the coachman, had alighted and very respectfully held out a small horn lantern and indicated a door.

"Is this the Residenzschloss?' asked Marshal de Haverbeck.

"Yes, Your Excellency, it is a private door into the Residenzschloss, and the Elector particularly wished that you should enter this way and come straight to his cabinet."

De Haverbeck saw only a straight door and a blank wall; neither was familiar to him, but he did not know all the entrances to the Residenzschloss, and had no occasion to suspect that the fellow was lying. The door was opened instantly at his approach and he found himself in a short corridor with tapestries showing the loves of Zeus. The door closed behind him and he heard the coach driving away. The servant, who had followed him, took his hat and cloak and, with great deference, asked him to walk upstairs. These stairs were very light and pretty, with a gilt rail and panelled at the sides with pale garlands of myrtle, roses and poppies. De Haverbeck, halfway up, stopped short and looked round.

"This is not the Residenzschloss," he said, aloud.

The servant had disappeared. A young footboy in silver livery came running down the stairs.

"Is the Elector here?" demanded De Haverbeck. "Is Saxony here?"

(*Continued on page 66*)

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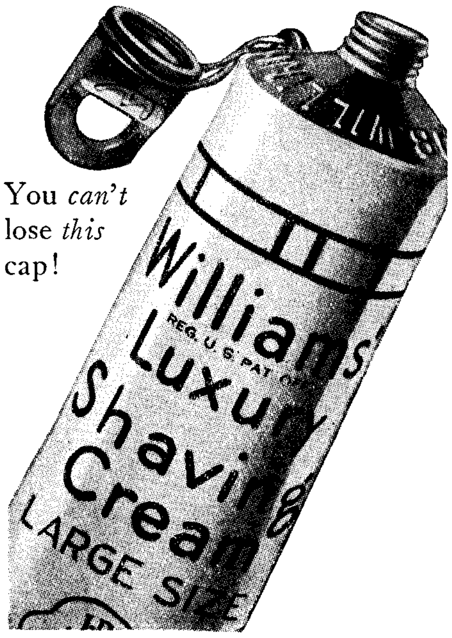

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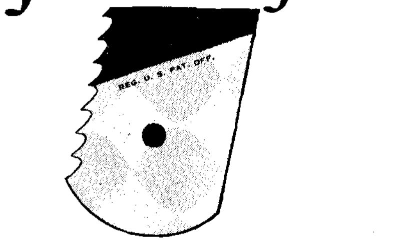
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(*Continued from page 65*)

The boy, who seemed frightened, bowed and implored him to come up a little further.

"In this first chamber, Herr Marshal."

De Haverbeck followed. The boy opened the door and De Haverbeck entered, not without some doubt and suspicion.

The room was unexpectedly large and lofty and filled with an odd dim illumination which came from a high-hung silver lamp, where the lights were concealed and only the glow diffused quietly over the large space of the lofty chamber. Directly under this lamp was standing Madame de Rocklitz in a gray gown buttoned up to the chin, with a riding hood and cloak still hanging about her shoulders, and touched with the fast-melting flakes of snow. Despite her youth there was something spectral about her appearance.

DE HAVERBECK was most angry with himself and the foolish ease with which he had fallen into her reckless and shameless device.

"This is your house?" he demanded, sternly.

"Yes," said Madame de Rocklitz, "yes."

"You have made a fool of me," he retorted. "I forgot that you could use the Elector's livery and his carriages."

Madame de Rocklitz paid no attention to these reproaches which she must have expected.

"Do you think that I could have let this afternoon be the last time—in that dark and cold, standing above the dead? Tomorrow you go away and we may never meet again!"

"And so I hoped," he answered, exasperated. "Whether we meet again or no I shall not be altered in my mind nor disturbed in my heart. Have you considered your present peril? If this caprice of yours were discovered it might bring you very low indeed."

"I am very low already," she replied, walking about a little, "very low, as I suppose."

De Haverbeck folded his arms and leaned against the wall just inside the door. His dark handsome face expressed a mounting anger and startled disgust. He tapped his foot, bit his lip, and frowned. He wondered what cursed devil had been dogging him that day, that twice he should be delivered into such an intolerable situation.

"I can't reason with you," murmured Madame de Rocklitz, still walking up and down under the soft dim light of the silver lamp. "I can't say all I thought of saying. But I'm so young—it can't be too late. You asked for me, you know. Three times you asked for me. How was I to know what I was doing—how was I to know what I should feel like when you went away? I bought your little house," she added, rapidly, "and sometimes I go away and sit there, and pretend that I am that girl, and that you are coming home to me."

De Haverbeck did not speak, but kept his glance, his slant brows frowning, on the carpet.

"And I go sometimes to see the child," she continued. "He is like you."

"I'll move him," said De Haverbeck. "I'll take him to Vienna."

"Could I harm him?" she exclaimed, overwhelmed by that. His tone was not kind, as it had been that afternoon, but dry and hostile.

"I'll not risk it," he replied. "I want no tie between us."

Madame de Rocklitz stared at him with darkened eyes that were uncertain and wild.

"I never thought that you were cruel and brutal," she said, in a faltering amaze. "I know what I have lost. I do not ask what you once offered. You will marry some other woman, of course, but I—I know what happens to a woman like me. . . . There's Madame de Rosny—it was she who made me wicked. Even as a little child I was wicked. You see, I am talking quietly—I do not entreat, or weep, or complain. I tell you I know what I can expect, yet do not think too badly of me. They say very foul things in Dresden, and, I suppose, in all the Empire. Yet I have never had another lover, I have been like a wife to him. . . ."

"And what's that to me?" asked De Haverbeck.

Madame de Rocklitz was standing erect, beating one hand on the other.

"I am a woman, and I am unhappy, and I am asking you to pity me. The time is going very fast—we have so little chance, any of us, of happiness."

De Haverbeck left the wall against which he had been leaning and walked toward her with a measured and thoughtful tread, holding himself carefully, with a controlled pain and stateliness. The light fell vaguely on his straight and handsome features, clouded by his inner distress.

"You want no pity or help from me," he said, in quiet tones. "You have got a prince and a princedom to dispose of, and I have not heard yet that you have hesitated to take advantage of that—this whim or fancy by which you seek to entrap me must be some wanton perversity. But let's be done with all this," he added, with sad impatience, "which makes but fools of both of us. It was not well to trap me here."

Madame de Rocklitz said: "I am afraid I am not so secure as you think; I have so many enemies and my brothers help them. I think sometimes he, too, begins to be suspicious and terrified. There's the other woman, you know—the Electress—and all the clergy, her friends, and the French party—"

"But," interrupted De Haverbeck, "you have but to kiss him, embrace him, flatter him, and he is all yours again and Saxony with him—"

"You're jealous of him," she cried, wistfully, "you're jealous of that—"

"I'm sorry for him," said De Haverbeck. "The boy had some good in him, some manliness, some enterprise. Now he's violent, drunken and fuddled. He leaves his affairs in the hands of your father and your brothers and ignores what is going on around him—corruption and disgrace, disorder and scandal. He's paid too dearly for you, to my thinking."

"You would once have paid more."

"Madame de Rocklitz, it is useless to scan the past."

"Why did you come to Dresden?" she demanded.

"That is a question I have answered already, and you will not catch me with it a second time into any different interpretation."

"I would go with you," implored Madame de Rocklitz, "if you asked me—I would leave it all for you."

"I do not ask you," said De Haverbeck.

HE REMINDED her how late the night was growing and how recklessly imprudent was her lingering here.

"The Elector is known to be jealous and suspicious—and your enemy, Ferdinand Stürm, is still in the Residenzschloss."

She interrupted him. She would hear none of that. She continued her low, frantic pleading:

"Could you not forget for a few hours, just for one night?" she entreated, in a fallen voice. "It is not so long till the dawn—could you not stay with me till then? Take me but as a toy, as an amusement. Think of me vilely as you will, but do not go, Delphicus."

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"As for that, I am in your power," he answered drily. "It seems you hold me prisoner here. But, for the rest, you speak to a man whom you do not move, you do not even entice. In these matters I am nice, Madame de Rocklitz, and take no woman straight from another's handling. Get back to your lover and make the best terms you can with him, for in no way can I serve your ends."

He spoke with, for him, uncommon harshness. That afternoon she had been an object worthy indeed of compassion, but this second trick seemed to him common and wanton. He thought she defiled the memory of their recent parting which had not been without tenderness and dignity. Now she revealed, he thought, how she had been degraded by her position and he was degraded with her, their relationship further smirched, and he felt sickened and humiliated past endurance.

HIS honor was stung, too, at the thought of the Elector. He believed that Johann Georg had every right to her complete fidelity, for he had been very loyal to every pledge made to her, even at the price of his own shame and discomfiture; and she seemed already an adept at deceiving the ingenuous, confiding youth. How, De Haverbeck wondered, had she contrived to keep away tonight from the Residenzschloss? She must be, for all his own reluctance to believe it, a light woman, heiress of the bad blood of the House of Neitschütz.

Madelon, seeing his distracted and angered looks, cried softly:

"Why, I might threaten you, Delphicus. You forget that I have power, as much power as any man, and I might make you smart for your incivility."

"I did expect some womanish malice," he replied, sadly. "I do not doubt you are ill to do with."

De Haverbeck was contemplating her, as if his faculties, usually so quick and active, were clogged and compassed by emotion. She thought that, perhaps, at last he was stirred. His face was flushed. In spite of his severity and sadness there was a grandeur and fervor about him—an outline, a light, a strength and a passion—even if it were a strength and a passion of indignation, sorrow and wrath—that utterly commanded her. If he had caught hold of her to kill her she would not at that moment have resisted but been grateful for the punishment, she thought. He did not touch her but walked past her to the window, drawing aside the curtains and gazing out at the silent storm of snow that showed swift, dim, in the light of the street lamp.

Madame de Rocklitz moved across the vaguely lit room to a long low settee with Chinese figures on the satin cover by the fireplace, where a handful of ashes but faintly stirred with heat and the chill of the large apartment. She was broken in spirits and bewildered in mind. She put her hands before her face, not knowing what to do next. She dropped her hands and looked at him, standing looking out of the window with his back to her, like a man disheartened, distressed and passionately resisting an odious depression of the soul; she marked greedily, every detail of his person.

He certainly appeared older than last summer—she had noted that the other day. He was graver, too; not, she thought, so often gay. Where had he been going tonight when her bold ruse brought him here? He wore the Imperial uniform, but none of the formal decorations she had observed on the parade ground that morning. That morning! And it seemed æons ago. His sash of knitted silk, his baldric of gold-fringed embroidered leather, his sword with guard and quillions of cut steel, were all admirable though plain. Delphicus had always been expensive in his appointments even when he was poor. Now, Madelon, supposed, he had money enough.

He moved a little with a sad impatience, and she could see his straight profile shaded by the full dark curls and the faint sparkle of a rose brilliant brooch in his cravat. All these details, very dear to her, Madelon noted in this moment of anguished fatigue; when all her schemes and contrivances seemed, in his presence, so futile and mean. She would never know what he was seeing, what he was thinking. She would let him go. He would love some other woman as he had once loved her—some woman who would make him forget this. A horrid dryness contracted her throat; he might have been kind, even if he no longer loved her; she was beautiful, surely; she had not believed it would be so difficult to rouse him to at least a transitory gust of passion, for she had judged him by her lover, Johann Georg, thereby showing her great inexperience of men and the differences between them.

Madelon was as rigid on the Chinese settee as he by the window. In her plain gray gown buttoned to the chin, with her colorless face and numbed air, she seemed a phantom of herself. She endeavored to command herself. How useless that desperate, fantastic visit to Madame de Rosny! How had so dull and stupid a trick entered the compass of her inclinations? Yet her cold, trembling hand went to her pocket where there was the second little bottle from the leather case which Madame de Rosny had given her—one had been used in exchange for the golden egg and the dose within had proved efficacious. Perhaps, this . . . but it was the vilest of all vile expedients.

She had the phial out and in the palm of her hand, but he would not drink. She could not entice him. He was not easy like Johann Georg. He was standing there now like a figure of granite, of bronze, of wood, of marble—like anything but a human being.

SWIFTLY and unexpectedly he turned and walked toward her where she crouched over the dying fire. Madelon's fingers closed over the phial; he appeared to have commanded himself and decided on his line of action.

"Madelon, I do earnestly beg of you to put an end to this, for we murder our souls in this contention."

"Do not withstand me so. Show me some kindness."

"Madelon, there is much you must consider. Think that the very power by which you hold me here you owe to the favor of another man. Recall that he pays for this house, the carriage I came in, the servants you seduced to deceive me. . . ."

"All that is of no importance—how can you put my pain so low? *He* has had what he pays for."

"You use his indulgences to betray him—he must be very easy for you to have so much liberty. He has put you before his Church, his wife, his subjects, his line. The man who secretly steals you from him must be gross indeed. To me you are pledged to him, deeply, and I find it amazing that you should not feel some loyalty to him. Why, you are so much more shrewd and able than he that you should disdain to deceive one so much your inferior."

"None of that matters to me," said Madelon, dully. "I love you. Don't you see?" She shivered.

"Then God help us, Madelon. If you loved me how could you sell yourself to him? And how, being in his possession all these months, fawning for his fa-

(*Continued on page 68*)

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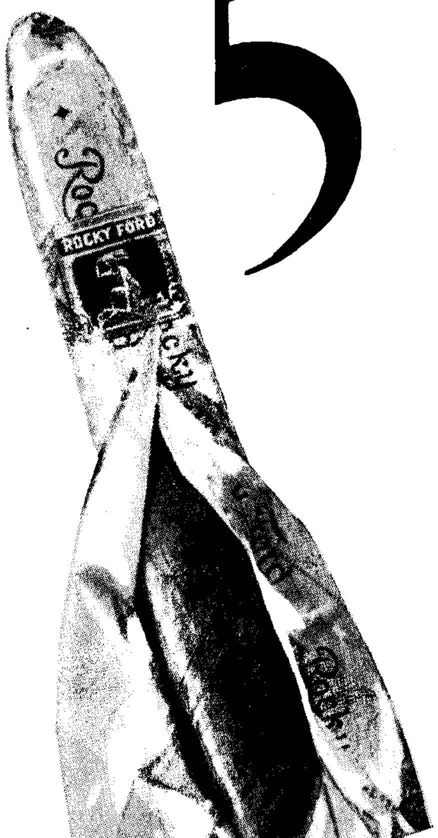

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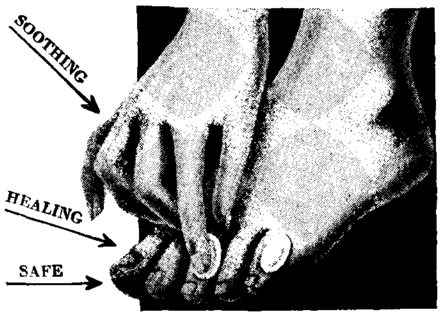

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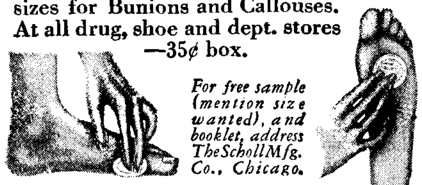

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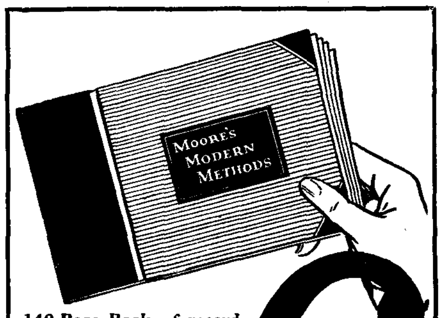

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(*Continued from page 67*)

vors, can you still talk of love at all?"

"I do not know," she answered, with a ghastly smile. "I do not know."

"Allow me to go now—this so humiliates us both; yes, you and no one else have been able to humiliate me. Madelon"—he could hardly control his distress, his scorn of these degrading circumstances, his passionate need of escape from this dim-lit room.

Madelon opened her fingers and stared at the phial in her palm.

"I am asking you to stay, Delphicus, offering myself to you. I am lost and vile. As I suppose, I sold myself, as you say. And more than I knew. My soul as well as my body. I doubt not I'm damned, if there are any hells. I'm twenty-one, and think of the years ahead. They will have me, my enemies —I cannot always be so prudent. . . ."

"Hush, Madelon," he leaned over the settee, careless of everything but her desperate need of comfort. "Johann Georg will protect you. He is a prince and a generous one. We but con over the misery of this afternoon—you were always above womanish qualms and vapors—"

"I'll hush," she interrupted, "if you'll stay. Only till the dawn, and that is earlier now. He's safe—I've arranged it all. If you want to go, the doors are open."

Leaning so near to her he observed the little phial in her outstretched palm. She had forgotten it. All her arts, her hopes, were exhausted. She turned to stare into the troubled face so close to her own, and asked:

"Delphicus, will you kiss me once?"

INSTEAD of replying, he took the little bottle from her open palm and flung it into the fire. The glass shattered in the ashes and the thick liquid ran out and steamed into an acrid smoke.

"Poor child," he said, under his breath. "Poor child! Yes, I'll kiss you, Madelon—farewell!"

De Haverbeck bent and kissed her forehead; she sat immovable, watching the drug that was to have enmeshed and chained his senses, ascending into that foul smoke. Even when he kissed her she could not stir, for this was a different manner of caress from any that she had imagined in all her wild longings for his endearments; it was more final than any rebuke.

At the door, De Haverbeck looked back at her, sitting slack and exhausted in the chair.

She appeared to be ill and to support herself with difficulty, and her loveliness was eclipsed by the slow fumes which rose from the hearth.

"This is the ugliest night that ever I have passed," sighed De Haverbeck, in so low a tone that she did not hear it.

He left her and, without opposition, descended the light gay staircase, opened the door on the snowy street and was, as he thought, free.

WHEN the agent had returned to the Residenzschloss, and reported to Count Stürm (who sat up eagerly in his bed to hear the news) that Marshal de Haverbeck had been shadowed that night and seen to take one of the Elector's coaches and travel in it to Madame de Rocklitz's house, the minister, hardly crediting such good fortune, instantly went to the apartments of the Elector and demanded in peremptory tones to see his Master.

The alarmed valet declared that Johann Georg was with Madame de Rocklitz and must not be disturbed. Count Stürm, in nightcap and bedgown, was past all such considerations. He insisted, with his dry air of authority, on two of the Elector's gentlemen accompanying him to the apartments of the Rocklitz. Her women were aroused and summoned, but knew nothing and were terrified, swore and protested, and were dismissed harshly by the stern minister, after they had given up the keys of her private chambers.

In her anteroom, which Stürm entered immediately, they found the Elector, hunched in a chair, his head on a cushion, breathing heavily and purpling in the face.

Count Stürm bent over him eagerly.

"Drugged!" he exclaimed. He fingered Johann Georg's lace. On it there were a few drops of a curious dead purplish color.

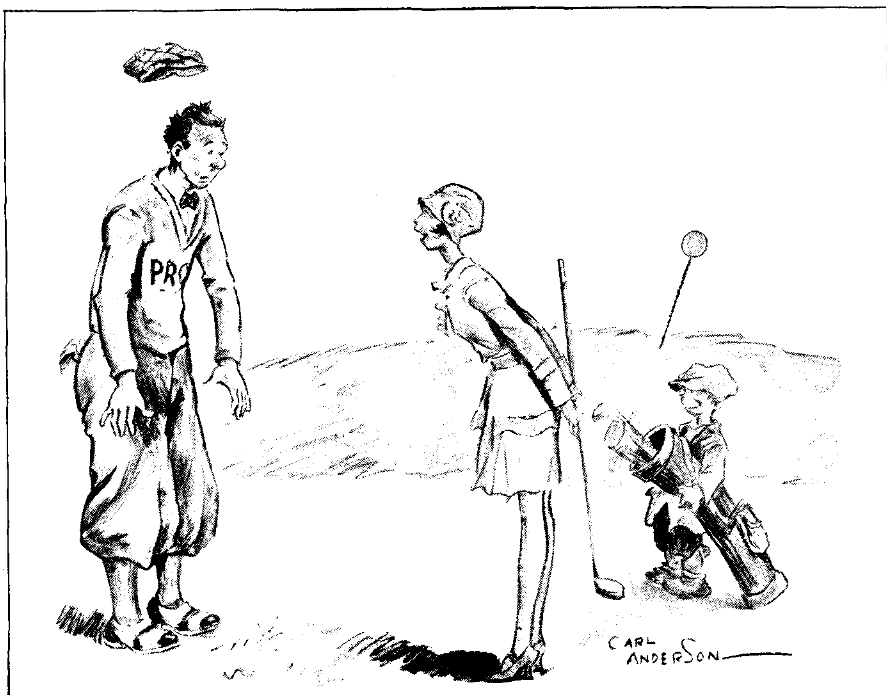
"Laudanum—he's been drenched with laudanum!"

He passionately ordered the two amazed and horrified gentlemen to endeavor to wake their master, but they could not do so, though they shook him and called him by name, and fetched cold water to dash in his face. He only groaned and turned about in his seat.

"She had him safe till morning," grinned Stürm.

Without losing any more time he sent a command, in the Elector's name, to Captain Falaiseau, commander of the guard this night. . . . Well, with a woman one did not have to wait long, after all!

(*To be continued next week*)



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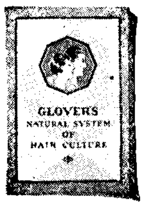

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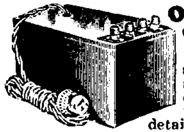

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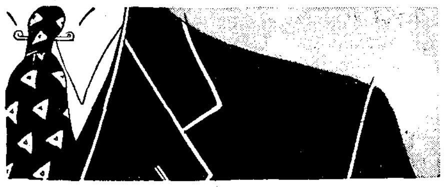

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Dandruff? Here's a *sensible* treatment

Physicians consider cleanliness and pine tar two of Nature's most effective remedies for dandruff. The simple, commonsense treatment suggested below combines *both*. Doctors have endorsed it for over 60 years:

Wet your hair. Work the rich, tonic pine-tar lather of Packer's Tar Soap well into the scalp. Rinse. Again lather, massage and rinse thoroughly—finally in cold water to close the pores. Dry thoroughly.

In severe cases do this every other day at first. In milder cases, every 4 or 5 days. To prevent recurrence of dandruff, keep up *regular* weekly Packer shampoos (*No* now-and-then care will keep your scalp dandruff-free).

Sample cake and book on hair health, 10¢. PACKER'S, Dept. 23-J, 101 W. 31st Street, New York.

Instead of this:

Send 10¢ for sample of

PACKER'S Tar Soap

The Girl at Zinky's

Continued from page 9

no one here who even resembles you."

"Not yet, perhaps," whispered Mary, a warm spot of color on each of her cheeks, "but wait till I tell you something. When we walked past the head waiter, he shook his head as though he were warning me about something. You were in front; so you couldn't see it. And when we walked past the orchestra, two of them smiled at me. And one of them blew a funny little note out of his clarinet, and the other one pretended to hide behind his drum."

"Then our theory is sound," young Mr. Chilthorn sagely nodded. "There is someone who strongly resembles you and she comes here. Let us hope that she appears tonight."

TO PASS the time, they ordered chicken sandwiches and mineral water—the mineral in which was probably gold, at least, considering the price on the bill of fare. And it was all so exciting. . . .

"Don't look right away," whispered Mary, "but there's a man by the side of the archway who thinks he knows me."

Young Mr. Chilthorn registered unconcern with a sip of his priceless water and then carelessly let his glance roam the room until it came to rest for a moment on the one by the side of the archway. Only a moment, but that was enough for Robert to catch sight of a dark, sallow man of about thirty—a dark, sallow man with a scarred cross on his cheek and a beak like a bird of prey.

"I don't particularly like your friend," said young Mr. Chilthorn, returning to his mineral water.

"But he isn't my friend," said Mary quickly. "I never saw him before."

"Of course you didn't," he said, smiling to reassure her. And still filled with the same purpose, he added, "What do you say? Shall we dance?"

They danced; and when they reached the archway they were relieved to see that the man with the scar on his face had disappeared.

"That was heavenly!" said Mary, applauding for an encore as loudly as anyone.

"You'd make anything heavenly—the way you dance," said young Mr. Chilthorn.

And indeed Mary was enough to make any man forget Blackstone and all the legal commentaries that ever were penned. She was dressed in a light silk dress of misty blue, which played such tricks with her eyes that an underwriter might have told himself that the risk was extra hazardous.

They didn't return to their table till the orchestra needed rest.

"I wonder," said Mary, with a start—as though suddenly recalling the object of their visit to Zinky's, "I wonder if *she* happened to come in while we weren't watching."

"We'll stroll around the rooms and look before we dance again," he said. "It seems to me, though—"

He was interrupted by the head waiter, who confidentially leaned over his chair.

"I beg your pardon," he murmured, "but would you mind coming to the coatroom for a moment? . . . Some misunderstanding about a hat which the girl thinks belongs to you."

Moving briskly he led the way to a hive-like door through which a line of laden waiters was constantly emerging. Passing through this door and into a short corridor, the head waiter opened another door marked "Private. Keep out."

"In here, please," he said, stepping aside.

Unsuspectingly, young Mr. Chilthorn entered and the door clicked behind him. He suddenly felt the hair tightening on his head and turning quickly to try the door, he discovered that it was locked. . . .

The room in which young Mr. Chilthorn so unexpectedly found himself was lined with boxes, crates and barrels—evidently a shipping-room which communicated with the street outside through a door at the other end. But between this other door and Mr. Chilthorn stood the dark, sallow man with the scarred cross on his cheek.

"Here's your hat, and here's your coat," immediately remarked the latter, without wasting any time in vain preliminaries.

Young Mr. Chilthorn looked at his hat and coat on one of the barrels, but he made no move to take them. It was evident that Scarface had also mistaken Miss Kernochan for the girl who had thrown the bottle in the drum the night before.

"And this," continued the latter, pointing backward over his shoulder toward the other door, "is the way out. But now let me tell you something before you go: After this, you stay away from that girl, you —— ——"

But no sooner had Scarface embroidered the fancy epithet, than young Mr. Chilthorn, his legal lore forgotten, erred by hotly telling him that he was neither blessed nor wise.

See now how error begets error.

Hardly had Mr. Chilthorn warmed to his criticism when Scarface flung his hand around to his hip pocket; and again acting upon curly-headed instinct, young Mr. Chilthorn leaped upon his antagonist with a flying tackle and they both went down together in a struggling crash—all among the cases and the barrels and the crates which supplied the raw materials for those who came hungry to Zinky's.

AS SCARFACE went over backward, his hip pocket empty and his forefinger curving for the trigger, the side of his head struck the corner of a wooden box which had been bound with strap-iron—struck it with such pointed force that young Mr. Chilthorn presently arose and stared down at the limp body on the floor—at the crimson mark which was slowly spreading over the other's temple.

"Dead? Of course he isn't dead!" he quickly tried to scoff—but there was something like a sob amidst his scoffing. At such moments the mind isn't necessarily a logical thinking machine. The first thought which came to him, for instance, was a picture of his father—that dignified and handsome old jurist, hurrying back from a Canadian holiday to defend his son against a charge of manslaughter in a questionable night club. . . . But his second thought was more sensible. . . . He thought of Mary. . . .

"I must get her out of here before—before anything happens," he almost passionately told himself.

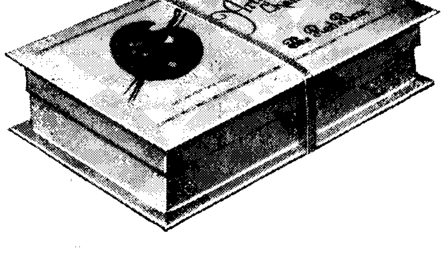
Fortunately his hat and coat were within reach of his hand; and hurrying into the street and back through the main entrance, it didn't take him long to reach his table.

"Do you mind if we go now?" he asked, somewhat breathless still from his struggle and flight. "I hardly think she'll be here tonight. We can come some other time."

(*Continued on page 70*)

Rexall

SWEETEN THE DAY WITH ARTSTYLE

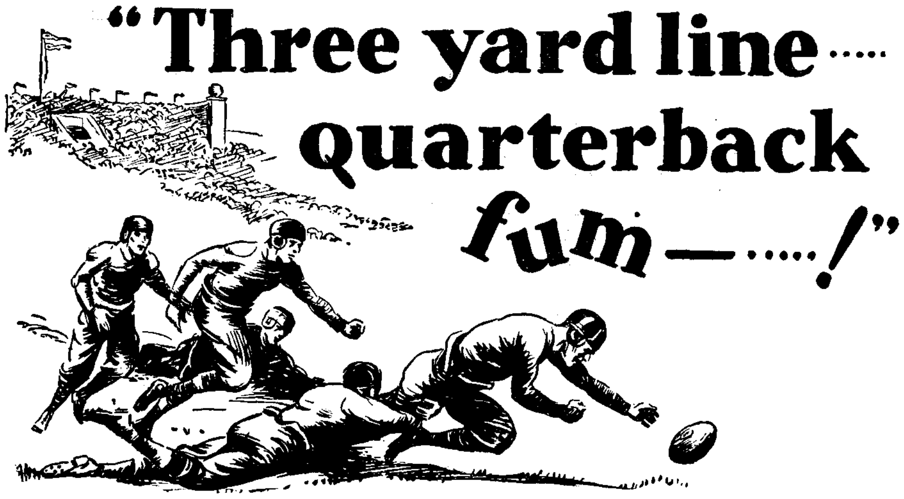


Sweetest Day is *candy* day—Saturday, Oct. 19. Celebrate it the sweetest way with Artstyle Chocolates. This Sweetest Day Package is filled with the choicest favorites—nuts, nougatines, caramels, creams—19 different kinds—all coated with rich, crispy chocolate. Delicious Artstyle Chocolates are sold only at Rexall Stores. On Sweetest Day, save with safety at your

Rexall DRUG STORE

There is one near you. You will recognize it by this sign. Liggett's are also Rexall Stores.

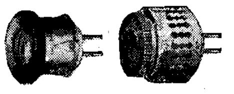
"Three yard line..... quarterback fun—.....!"



DEEP, bitter silence at the game's crisis. A good tube gone dead—burned out by those constant current overloads, those ever-recurring voltage "surges." The family frantic—dad raging to know who got the ball. The whole day ruined!

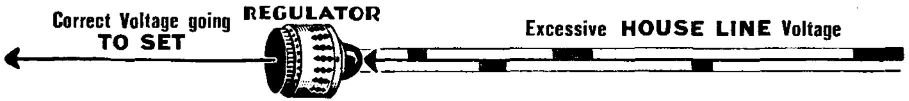
The best of radio tubes do burn out, but they can at least be protected against overloads and "surges," and their life lengthened with a Wirt "Safety Valve" Voltage Regulator. Radio set manufacturers invariably endorse the principle of Wirt Voltage Regulation—indeed, many of them praise the educational work that Wirt is doing to help A. C. set owners get better service and longer tube life.

Wirt Voltage Regulators are small, good-looking and fit any convenient outlet. There are two sizes—they cover the range of every kind and make of radio. No. 211 ($2.25) for sets with seven tubes or less; No. 211-B ($3.25) for sets with more than seven tubes and sets with dynamic speakers.


No. 211 No. 211-B

Get your Wirt Regulator *now*. Put it to work—feel confident that your set and each tube is fully protected. Your dealer can supply you or write us—we'll ship direct.

WIRT COMPANY, 5221 Greene Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



CURRENT OVERLOAD AND VOLTAGE "SURGES" SUPPRESSED

This drawing shows what happens when you use a Wirt Voltage Regulator. The current overload and the voltage "surges" are suppressed. Besides protecting tubes and set, the Regulator in a great majority of cases improves reception by eliminating the line noises and hum from fan, refrigerator motors, etc. Selectivity is often increased, and purity of tone enhanced.

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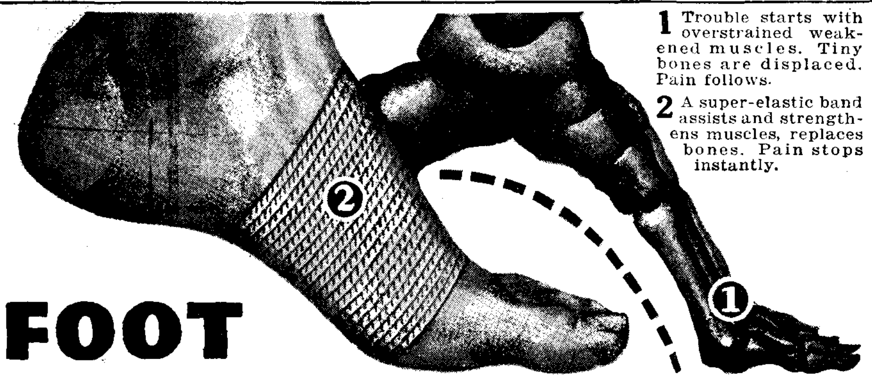

1 Trouble starts with overstrained weakened muscles. Tiny bones are displaced. Pain follows.

2 A super-elastic band assists and strengthens muscles, replaces bones. Pain stops instantly.

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Burning, aching, tired feeling in the feet and legs—cramps in toes, foot calluses, pains in toes, instep, ball or heel—dull ache in the ankle, calf or knee—shooting pains from back of toes, spreading of the feet, or that broken-down feeling—all can now be quickly ended.

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☐ Money enclosed. ☐ Send C. O. D. plus postage.
Shoe Size................ Shoe Width................
Send Free Booklet
Name..
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Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto. Add 25c to above prices

JUNG'S ARCH BRACES

(*Continued from page 69*)

There was no mistaking her surprise; but she gracefully arose, and he followed her to the doorway. Pausing for a moment to slip into his overcoat, he glanced over his shoulder and saw that two men were hastening toward them through the maze of crowded tables.

"All right!" he said to Mary, quickly opening the door.

They skipped up the steps together, and Mr. Chilthorn called to an empty taxi which was pulling away from the curb.

"Washington Square!" he exclaimed to the driver, and the next moment he was following Mary into the dim shelter of the cab.

FOR nearly a block they rode in silence: Mary all in misty blue—a vision of puzzled loveliness—and young Mr. Chilthorn in black and white, and busy enough with his thoughts.

He became aware that Mary was speaking to him.

"I wish you'd tell me what happened when you went to the coatroom—and the reason we came away so suddenly. You—you didn't see *her* by any chance, did you?" she asked.

Again young Mr. Chilthorn took hasty thought with himself. To be evasive—to refuse to tell—to leave her to make wrong guesses: that was one alternative and not a particularly appealing one. He was certain that it wouldn't appeal to Mary! But, on the other hand, if he could first bind her to secrecy and then tell her why they were hurrying away from Zinky's so soon in the evening, he was sure at least that she would keep her word. . . .

"Will you promise, very solemnly, not to tell anyone?" he found himself asking her—speaking in a whisper so the chauffeur couldn't hear.

"Do you think I ought to make such a promise?" she whispered back.

"I do," said he.

"All right," she breathed. "Then I promise." And she moved along the seat more closely to him—and bent her head till it almost rested on his shoulder—so that he could tell her with a minimum of sound, you understand, with the chauffeur's ears looking so large and practical just on the other side of a thin sliding panel of glass.

"Oooh!" she murmured once. And "Oh! Oh!" she murmured again. And when the story was finished, she turned and looked straight into young Mr. Chilthorn's eyes—her glance so full of so many things that for some strange reason he discovered that he was trembling a little.

"You think you killed him?" she breathed.

"No, no, I don't think so," he hastily—too hastily—told her. "I wish he had moved after he fell—I can't deny that—but I'm sure he only knocked himself out when he struck his head against the corner of the box."

"You would have killed him, though, before you would have left me there alone," she breathed again.

For as long as it would take you to count five, she continued to give him the glance already described—the one which had the tremolo effect—and then she said, "Now I'm going to tell you what happened to me, while I was waiting for you to come back from the coatroom."

For a moment young Mr. Chilthorn forgot the chauffeur.

"Sh!" Mary cautioned him. "It wasn't anything dreadful. I—this may sound funny, but I was powdering my nose, and my bag was open in my lap. And that head waiter who spoke to you, he came over and pretended to be showing me a big bill of fare which he spread out in front of me, and he said in a low voice, 'I've just dropped something into your bag. Gyp wants you to keep it for him until he sees you again.' "

Young Mr. Chilthorn slowly nodded.

"Still thinking you were the other girl," he said. "And did he drop something in your bag?"

"Yes," she breathlessly nodded. "A little package not as large as a matchbox. I was going to ask you what to do about it when you came back—but we ran away in such a hurry—"

She opened the bag which had been hanging on her wrist and drew out a small, rectangular box covered with white paper and bound with an elastic band. After a moment's hesitation, young Mr. Chilthorn opened it, and two stately solitaires and a diamond brooch slowly jingled into the palm of his hand.

"Ooh!" murmured Mary again as the light of a street lamp silently revolved in and out of the cab.

"Stolen, of course," said young Mr. Chilthorn. "You had better let me have them."

Opening the sliding glass, he gave the chauffeur the number of Mary's house; and a minute later the cab came to a stop.

"Hasn't it been a wonderful evening!" said Mary—as though regretting that it was drawing to a close.

They were very close at the moment and he had her hand in parting; so perhaps it wasn't strange that he answered in a low voice, "I don't believe it's possible for any girl to look like you."

They were closer than ever then; and after all, he had fought for her that evening—fought for her like a knight of old and carried her off, if not on a pillion, at least in a battered taxi. Yes . . . she was near at hand—perilously near—and Blackstone and all his dusty works were far, far away. Indeed, it was probably just as well that the door of the taxi opened at this particular moment, and young Mr. Chilthorn and Mary both turned to stare at the two men who had opened the door.

One of these men was making no secret of the fact that he was armed.

And the other was displaying the badge of the Police Department of the City of New York.

"What's the matter?" asked young Mr. Chilthorn; trying to look as frowningly legal as the time and place would permit.

"Followed you from Zinky's," briefly answered he with the badge. "You know what's the matter."

"Is he—is he dead?"

"Dead?" demanded the other, staring. "Get that, Mike? Sounds to me like we'd fell into something rich."

"NOW wait a minute," said the curly-headed young man by Mary's side. "Please get this straight. My name's Chilthorn. My father is Judge Chilthorn. And this is Miss Kernochan, who lives in this house and who is one of our clients. Miss Kernochan has been annoyed by being mistaken for a girl who is apparently well known at Zinky's. . . ."

In short, speaking as briefly as he could, he gave a summary of the evening's adventures, including the episodes of the storeroom and the jewelry-dropping waiter.

"I saw the package drop in the bag," nodded the one with the badge. "That's why we followed you. There's been a lot of jewelry pinched at Zinky's lately—you're not the first one who's been whispered into that storeroom—and we set out tonight on orders from the chief himself to round up the gang. If you got Jersey Gyp instead of his getting you, all I can say is: you're lucky. All the same, you'll have to come to the station house. Even a crook can't be bumped off without a report being made to the desk."

"But Miss Kernochan," protested young Mr. Chilthorn earnestly. "Surely she needn't go—"

"I want to go," said Mary, more earnestly than he. "You only went to Zinky's tonight to help me; and I'm not going to hide now and let you take all the blame—"

There was an argument; but when it was over, they were all in the cab together—Mary and Bob Chilthorn in the back seat, and the two detectives on the two spring perches in front.

"We'll drive around to Zinky's first and take a look inside the storeroom," said the marksman.

BUT they never reached the storeroom. When they arrived at Zinky's, a patrol wagon was backed to the curb, and the whispering head waiter was being escorted across the sidewalk and into the waiting wagon. After him came two men whom Bob didn't recognize. Next, still looking dazed and walking without much strength in his knees, came Gyp himself—a bandage almost hiding the scar on his cheek, a pair of handcuffs on his wrists. And finally, at the end of the procession, two detectives were escorting a girl who might have been Mary's double—same height, same form, same features—even the same blue eyes. . . .

"That lets you out of a technical charge of homicide," whispered one of the detectives, still staring after the scar-faced Gyp, "but you'd better come over to the station just the same, and make a report about the jools and Miss Kernochan's bag."

So with one thing and another it was after midnight before Robert started taking Mary home for the second time that evening.

"Talk about excitement!" he exclaimed, as the taxi started again for Washington Square.

Mary was silent.

"What's the matter, dear?" he gently asked—the "dear" being inadvertent, irregular and immaterial, and not to be found in any of the legal commentaries.

"I don't know," she sighed. "You—you saw that girl, didn't you, crossing the sidewalk in front of Zinky's? Well, I've been thinking about her—and—and I can't get it out of my head that we might easily have been in each other's place—if you know what I mean. . . ."

He didn't; all men being dense in some things, which is probably as well for their peace of mind.

"Anyhow," she said, evidently trying to think of something else, "you know now that I didn't throw the bottle into the drum."

"I wouldn't have cared if you had thrown twenty bottles into twenty drums," he told her in a low voice.

Perhaps there was a something in his tone which made her look at him as she did—some mysterious inflection for which every girl's ear is tuned by nature.

"You wouldn't?" she asked him in the same low voice.

They looked at each other and then young Mr. Chilthorn suddenly opened the sliding glass behind the chauffeur's ears.

"Never mind Washington Square," he said. "Drive up Fifth Avenue and Riverside Drive."

And recalling at last the good advice which his father had given him that afternoon, he added just before he closed the slide, "Remember now. . . . We aren't in any hurry. . . ."

Crazy Gal

Continued from page 13

wanted and passed the rest to his friends, and occasionally peddled the nicer ones to the white folks for tobacco money. If he didn't catch anything, it was all the same to him.

Just one thing plagued Conge. He couldn't keep an oar in his boat. There were a dozen or more bateaux tied up around the landing, belonging, apparently, to no one in particular. When a man wanted to use a boat he just untied the first one he came to, stepped in and shoved off, using such oar as happened to be lying in it. Usually the oar was nothing more than a piece of plank or the paling pulled from somebody's fence.

The arrangement satisfied Conge for a time, but having little to do, he took the trouble one day to whittle out a nice, shapely paddle from a cypress plank. He used the paddle that day and left it in the boat. The next morning the boat and oar both were being used by someone else.

There was no mystery about it; someone else had wanted to use a boat before he got there, and the boat with his paddle in it was handiest. He patiently whittled out another paddle that day. The next morning, it too was gone. He whittled another, and yet another. And he lost them in the same fashion.

That irritated Conge. He resented being put in the position of making paddles for everyone at the landing.

He made just one more oar. But instead of leaving it in his boat when he finished with it that evening, he took it to the front porch of the store and stood it against the wall.

"Dis," he announced, "is my boat paddle. When I come down tomorrow I want hit to be settin' righty hyar whar I'm settin' hit."

The thing probably would have ended there had not the devilish Zillah heard the remark. A man had a natural right to a private boat paddle if he wanted it and nobody would have thought of violating a man's natural right. But Zillah was a fool.

"Whyn't you let me tie a ribbon 'round hit, so's you'll be sho' hit's de right one?" she taunted, and laughed that piercing, crazy laugh. And the others added their chuckles at what they considered a very witty remark. "Zillah, she's a good'n! She jest won't *do!*" they said.

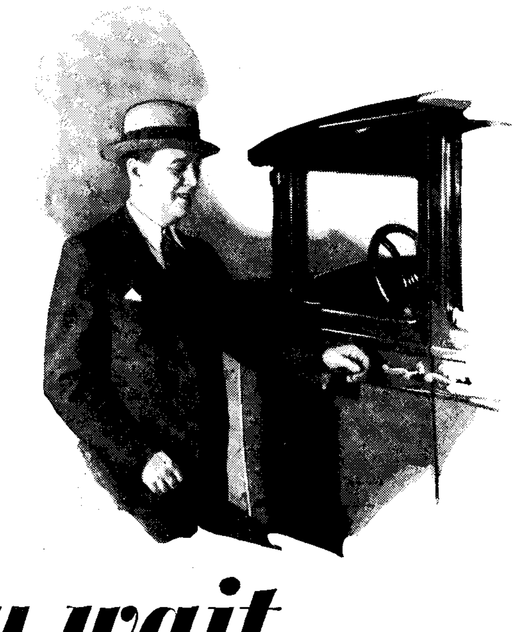
The laugh dug into Conge's weary soul, and the chuckles were as salt upon an open wound. "No mind dat stuff," he retorted gruffly. "Jest don't tetch de paddle, nobody."

Weeks dragged by uneventfully. The men in the woods cut and split staves industriously and Conge fished listlessly.

THEN suddenly and from nowhere came a rumor that a steamboat was coming to get the staves! The people argued and talked excitedly. Some said a steamboat couldn't make the river. Others pointed out that steamboats had made the river, regularly, a long time ago. To which it was argued that during the twenty years since that happened the channel had become filled with snags. And that was countered by the statement that the winter rains made the water high enough for a boat to ride over the snags.

The argument was settled only when the Boss Man set all the wagons to

(Continued on page 72)



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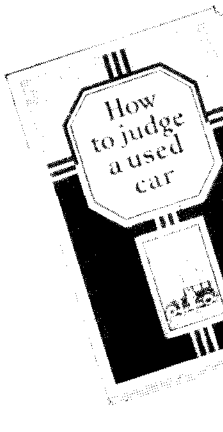
How to judge a used car

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THIS Fall thousands of ordinary steam heating systems will be converted into modern vacuum systems. A few hours' work; that is all it amounts to. And *what* a difference it makes!

Vacuum-izing the steam heating plant *triples* the "hot-periods" of every radiator. This is why. In a vacuum, water boils at low temperatures. In a vacuum heating system, radiators heat far quicker. In a vacuum system, they *stay* hot far longer, for air cannot possibly enter and destroy the low-temperature steam.

Ask any good heating contractor to vacuum-ize your system. He tightens up the connections, to keep out air. He places a Hoffman No. 16 Valve on the basement main, to clear the system of air. He installs a Hoffman No. 2 Valve on each radiator. When he leaves, you have a modern one-pipe vacuum system. When you turn on the drafts, you'll have hot radiators in *15 minutes*. When drafts are closed, or the oil or gas burner shuts off, the vacuum keeps them hot for *three hours* or more, just as though you had steam up all the time. The "Hot period" of every radiator is tripled.

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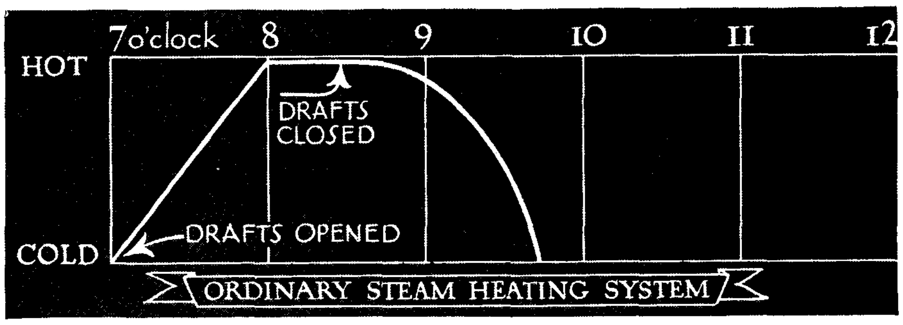
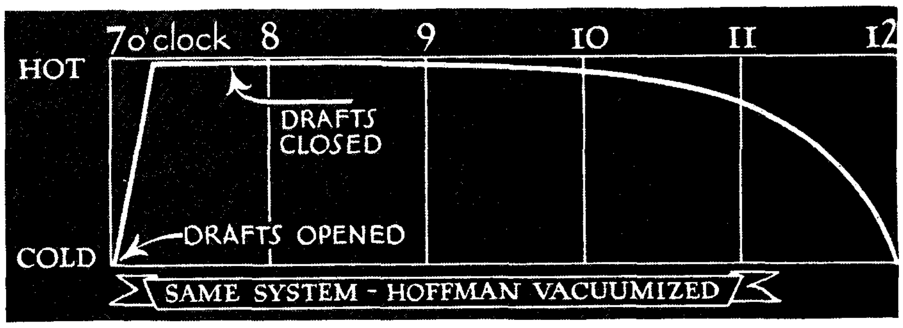
If you like, we'll send you a copy of the Hoffman vacuum-izing booklet, "How To Lock Out Air, the Heat Thief." Hoffman Specialty Company, Inc., Dept. R-6, Waterbury, Connecticut.





Charts showing rate of heating and cooling of radiators in an ordinary steam heating system and in a Hoffman vacuumized system.

(*Continued from page 71*)

hauling staves to the river bank. Then everybody knew the boat was coming!

Old residents began recalling the gladsome, drunken, fighting days, and the local preacher delivered a long sermon on the sin and evil of steamboats, warning all his flock to stay away from the river when this floating chariot of Satan should arrive.

The warning, however, went for naught. The steamboat came into Hatch's Landing, cordeled around in the narrow river, and tied up at noon the Sunday following the harangue. She was the trim packet John D. Grace, of New Orleans, and except for some hogs picked up in Black River, she was riding light. She was to take on five thousand staves at Hatch's Landing. And every man, woman and child, white or black, within a radius of five miles, was on hand to see the steamboat. The fun soon started.

WHILE the officers held reception on board for the planters and their families, the rousters got busy toting the heavy staves aboard. They hit the pile with noisy, swaggering talk for the benefit of the country Negroes that thronged the head of the stage, but soon the hot sun and the heavy staves changed their gayety into an ingrowing silence. And then finally the inner broodings found expression in meaningless pop-outs:

"Chop yo' cotton,
Plow yo' cawn, and
Haul yo' ashes
Ev'y mawnin'—
Burr-haided mama,
What's de matter now?"

The song popped out of the mouth of one Bugaboo Jones, the biggest rouster and the fastest talker of the lot. And whether by design or accident, he was looking straight at Zillah when he sang it.

Chuckles and giggles were general, but Zillah was the only one to take the song as personal.

"I ain't yo' mama, you big rascal," she giggled. "I ain't de mama er nothin' as black and ugly as you is, you crow-colored baboon wid his tail chopped off."

The rouster gave Zillah a swift, appraising glance. She was large and black and easy looking, dressed in her Sunday best. She was sitting on a stump beside a man who apparently was trying to make up for his small size by the vicious tilt of his hat and a small, scrubby mustache. The big rouster grinned.

"Yeah, aiah!" he said. "Brim full er hell and old Af'ica, ain't you, little old good-lookin' country gal! Well, hit's womens scattered plum' f'm hyar to N' Awlins which gits like dat ev'y time dey sees me!"

He went up to the stave pile, stood while two heavy staves were lifted to his shoulder, and trotted gracefully down the gangplank in the swingy coonjine of the river.

When he came back for the next load he walked boldly out of line and to the stump where Zillah and Little Joe sat. Ignoring Little Joe, he said: "Come on and say me somethin' else, Country, and watch me put you right square back in de dozens!"

For once in her life Zillah found herself speechless! That big, audacious rousterbout completely overwhelmed her! She retired into maidenly shyness while she tried to think up some cutting remark to hurl at him.

"Come on, gal," he urged. "Wawk down de plank wid me dis time and I buys you some pop on de boat."

Zillah liked soda pop, and the big rouster had challenged. All she would have to do would be to walk on the boat where it was sold. She looked nervously at Little Joe and Little Joe grimaced. "Keep off'n dat boat, gal," he ordered.

But the other Negroes encouraged her. Even Conge broke his silence of more than a month. "Go on, Zillah, gal," he urged. "Git on de steamboat and drink de pop. Be game! I bet you's too skeered!"

"I b'lieve I'm gonter go, Little Joe," she told her companion.

"You go," he promised, "and I whup you good."

Zillah hesitated. It was a daring thing for a girl to do, all right. But a bottle of soda pop was a bottle of soda pop. And a "set 'em up" by a big steamboating man was a compliment that a girl couldn't boast of every day of her life. Already the rouster who offered the treat was swinging past her to the gangplank.

"Wait a minute," she called. "Lemme git holt er yo' arm whilst I wawk down dat bridge thing. I's skeered!"

She caught Bugaboo's arm and, tugging at the sleeve of his jumper, made her way down the stage to the main deck of the boat.

"Now you take and wawk up dem stairs," Bugaboo told her, "and ax de man at de window to sell you somethin'. Hey, Mister Henry, sell dis gal somethin' and write hit down agin my wages!"

Zillah explored her way to the steamboat's bar, nervously. But when the barkeeper opened a bottle of red soda pop and passed it through the window to her, she regained confidence. She saw a stalk of bananas hanging inside and ordered a "nickel's wuth."

Then, with the pop in one hand and the bananas in the other, she stepped to the companionway rail, and in full view of the throng upon the bank, ate bananas and drank soda pop with the air of a person who had never done a thing all her life but eat bananas and drink soda pop on a steamboat!

Her big rouster, returning with yet another load of staves, spotted her and sang:

"Burr-haided mama,
What's de matter now!"

"No matter a-tall, Big Boy," she called. "You tote dem staves whilst I stand hyar and pats my foot for you!"

The ice having been broken, other rousters invited other women on the boat and treated them. And the men, not to be outdone, came aboard also, buying for cash money where the rousters merely spent their credit. In half an hour the shyness of the country Negroes wore off, and the lower decks fairly swarmed with them.

IT WAS late afternoon when the staves at Hatch's Landing were loaded. The next landing, at Miller's Bend, was fifteen miles down by water, but only four miles across by land. So the Hatch's Landing Negroes crowned a glorious and hilarious day by a fifteen-mile boat ride and a four-mile hike back home in the moonlight.

But although Little Joe himself had made the trip and had enjoyed it immensely, he had told Zillah to stay off the steamboat and she had disobeyed him. So he whipped her—a passing incident in their companionship.

They had tramped back the four miles across the fields and were sitting on the porch of the store, resting and exchanging experiences. In the two hours' ride Little Joe had acquired, so he intimated, a complete knowledge of steamboating, and he was expatiating at length. But Zillah had had experiences too, and she wanted to talk some.

"Hod dog my skin!" she exclaimed. "Dat old steamboat sho' did kick up a powerful heap er water goin' around dem bends! I was too skeered! And when dat whistle blowed! Lawd, Lawd! I thought to my soul I could die!"

"Yeah, you was skeered," challenged Little Joe. "But you wan't too skeered to git on dat boat when I told you not to."

Zillah recognized the challenge as a forerunner of the promised slapping—an event that would climax a thoroughly perfect day. "I was, too, skeered," she declared, "I was plum skeered."

"I told you to stay offn dat boat," Little Joe was trying to work himself into the proper temper to administer the necessary whipping.

"I was skeered to git on," Zillah declared, contritely, "and den again, I was skeered not to git on. 'Cause you don't know what one er dem big old roustin' niggers gonter do you effn you don't git on de boat like he tell you."

"You was skeered er dat roustin' nigger, hunh?" Little Joe snorted. "But you wan't skeered er me!"

"I was, too, skeered er you," Zillah stated. "But I was more skeereder of him."

THAT was the spark that Little Joe needed to ignite his synthetic wrath. When a man's sweetheart is more afraid of a stranger than she is of him, it is something to fire one's temper. But not very hot, after a glorious day of steamboating on the river. He slapped her disinterestedly, and she cringed and whimpered.

Then, as an afterthought, he slapped her again and added: "I'd a whupped him, too, effn he'd a opened his mouf."

His duty done, Little Joe was willing to forget it. But Zillah could not help comparing the small, cocky stave splitter to the huge, smiling rousterbout who lifted two heavy stave bolts as though they were match sticks and who trotted up and down the plank all day, gabbing and sassing with the women, buying them pop and going on, all the time.

Little Joe looked awfully smart in his little mustache with his hat pulled down over one eye. And when he talked rough and slammed her with his fist, he was a terrible sight to behold! These were the things that made Zillah love him.

But some way or other, she could not picture him whipping that big, grinning, easy-going giant of a rousterbout. And the more she tried to picture Little Joe whipping him, the more ridiculous it looked. Suddenly she broke into that high-pitched, crazy laugh.

Little Joe knew exactly what she was laughing at, and it made him mad.

He pummeled Zillah with his fist again, more sincerely this time, and she whimpered again, but suddenly she burst into another fit of laughter. He hit her again, as hard as he could, and she whimpered and begged, only to break into uncontrollable laughter in the midst of her whines.

That made Little Joe sure enough mad! He went wild! The first thing he could lay hands on in the nature of a club was Conge's pet boat paddle which was leaning against the wall near by. He seized it and swung it viciously upon Zillah's head. It splintered to pieces with the first blow.

"Dat'll knock de laugh outn you, you fool!" he declared.

It did. It knocked the cry out of her too. The blow hurt. Her mind cleared of the silly laughter, and the whipping took on a different aspect. A man was entitled to whip his sweetheart to show that he loved her enough to take the trouble. But with his hands. A man that couldn't demonstrate his affections without resorting to a club wasn't much of a man. And Zillah demanded nothing less than much of a man to sweetheart her around. And her head hurt terribly—kept right on hurting.

The more her head hurt the madder she got, and the madder she got, the more her head hurt.

"Dat ain't no way to 'buse me, Little Joe," she said. "You tuck and hit me wid dat paddle. And Gawd ain't gonter bless you for doin' me dat."

"I told you did you git on dat boat," Little Joe argued, "I was gonter whup you. And you got."

"And you whupped me," Zillah declared. "And I jest sot and tuck hit and begged you to stop. But you hit me wid dat paddle, and Gawd ain't gonter bless you for doin' me dat."

"I whup you wid anything I wants to," he snorted roughly but not very convincingly. Already Zillah's attitude was frightening him.

"You hit me wid dat paddle," she repeated stupidly, "and Gawd ain't—"

Little Joe recalled that his best weapon was bravado and he put all he could into it when he said: "I'll hit you again, too." But he didn't put very much bravado into it. Zillah's eyes were wide open now, staring wildly, and she was getting to her feet.

Suddenly she swung, open-handed and viciously. There was a resounding smack, a squeal of surprise, and Little Joe went down.

Zillah was on him before he hit the floor, biting, scratching, clawing, beating and gouging. Little Joe begged, but in vain. "You hit me wid dat paddle," she kept on repeating, "and Gawd ain't gonter bless you for doin' me dat."

When the rumpus was at its height, Conge wandered up with another group who had walked over from Miller's Bend. They heard the noise on the store porch and walked over to investigate. In the bright moonlight, Conge saw two things. He saw his broken paddle and he saw the hateful Zillah who had smart-talked him about it.

"Who been foolin' wid my paddle?" he demanded. "Who busted my paddle?"

Zillah tried to tell him between punches. But he wouldn't hear.

"You done dat, you little whelp!" Conge roared, and he grabbed her by the scruff of the neck and snatched her to her feet. "You busted my paddle!"

"Hit was Little Joe," Zillah maintained. "He hit me wid dat paddle, and Gawd ain't—"

"You made him done dat!" Conge interrupted, shaking her roughly.

"Aw, Conge, darlin'—" But Conge gave her a mighty shove that sent her spinning to the floor, and then turned his attention to Little Joe, who still was too surprised to comprehend what was happening.

CONGE grabbed for him, but he missed by an inch. The menacing approach of the enraged big man brought the little stave splitter to his senses in time, and he eeled off the low porch, landing on his feet, running.

Zillah, still huddled in a shapeless heap on the floor where Conge had knocked her, whimpered and cried. "Conge, darlin'," she begged, "he done hit. I was whuppin' him for breakin' we's paddle, sugar."

"*We's* paddle?" demanded Conge. "*My* paddle!"

"*We's* paddle," pleaded Zillah. "I and you's paddle, darlin'. I didn't know hit was we's paddle till you tuck and knocked me down, baby, but when you knocked me down, hit cleared my mind. I knowed f'm dat time on dat Little Joe had done busted we's paddle on my haid."

Conge's rage melted into a big, good-natured grin. "*We's* haid, maybe, hunh?" he suggested.

Zillah grinned confirmation. And then she added, seriously: "He hadn't ought to done dat, too, Conge. Gawd ain't gonter bless him for doin' me like dat."

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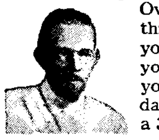

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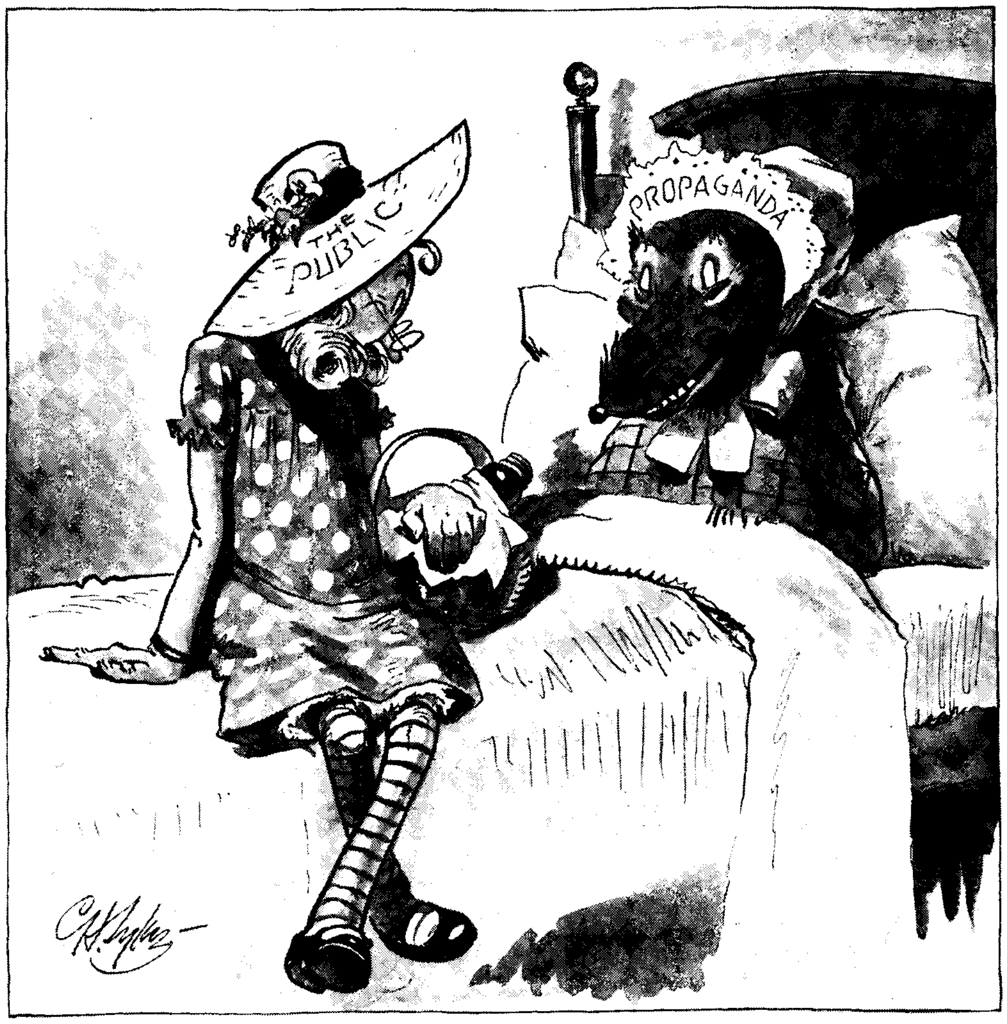
How We Get That Way



IF THE hullabaloo at Washington over W. B. Shearer, the so-called naval expert, does nothing else, it will at least have reminded us how much like sheep we are.

Mr. Shearer made a business of distributing canned opinions. He believed in a big navy and he had nice stocks of resolutions, arguments and principles ready for all customers.

The shipbuilding companies could afford to hire him because big navies mean more contracts for their shipyards. The rest of us listened to him because we are lazy or busy.

War, peace, naval building and such are "deep" affairs. A lot of thinking and some work are required before heads or tails can be made of such matters. We haven't time for that and so, in many instances, a can of predigested opinions comes in handy.

Don't imagine that Mr. Shearer is essentially different from several thousand other lobbyists and propagandists who earn their livelihood in this branch of the canning business.

It is true he made two mistakes. He let it appear that he was just a patriot worried over the naval weakness of his country, worrying very publicly because he knew so much more than most of us. He omitted to mention the fact that he was a sort of business getter for shipyards.

That was mistake number one. Number two was more serious. He went to Geneva to take a hand in the conference concerning naval reduction.

Uncle Sam doesn't allow his little nephews to mess into diplomatic affairs. This business is reserved for official persons. Consequently President Hoover and the Senate leaders got quite busy when it appeared that this "naval expert" had been putting his fingers into the pie. We don't have to worry about that. Lobbyists ought to know enough to avoid such blunders.

We might, however, look about and see how many of these canned opinions we have individually consumed.

The propagandist is an insinuating fellow. Often he supplies the food for our thought without letting us know just what is happening.

He writes speeches and articles and resolutions and then goes about getting organizations to adopt them.

A while ago upwards of 4,000 lobbyists were said to be in Washington. Their business is to distribute their canned goods both to congressmen who pass laws and to voters who elect congressmen.

If we take a look at our opinions upon almost any subject we are apt to find the propagandist's handiwork.

What we think about prohibition, whether we are wet or dry, has been largely affected by the publicity sent out by the Anti-Saloon League. We hear a radio talk or read an article or glance at a headline in the newspaper and we retain an impression. We forget its source but we have an opinion.

Tariff, women's rights, World Court, League of Nations, Zionism, child labor, germs, even our political preferences, are very largely the fruit of some propagandist's efforts.

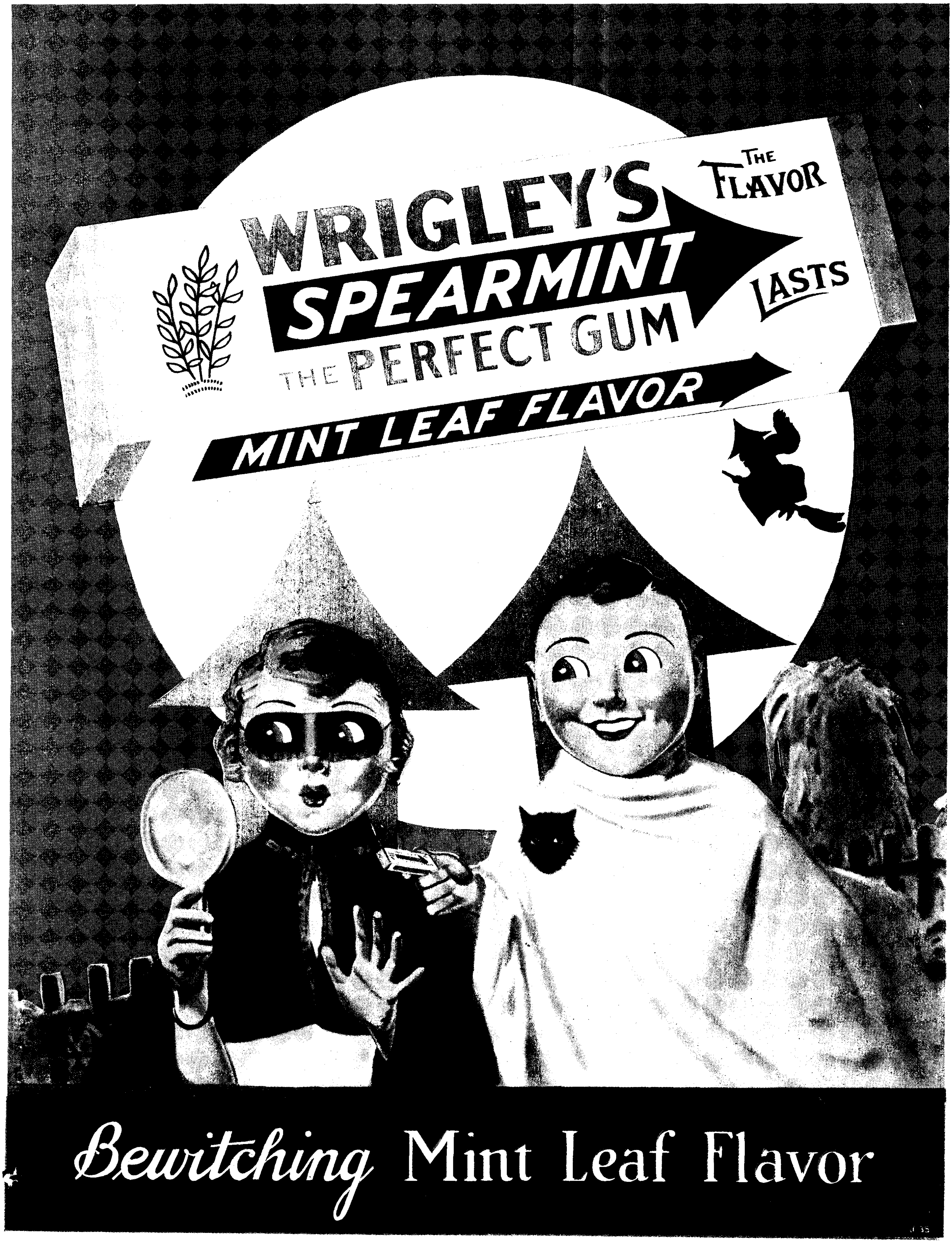
It is important to know, however, who is selling a particular brand of canned thought and why.

The can is safe enough if it is correctly labeled. We are naturally annoyed if we find that what we thought was patriotism was merely a good sales talk.

We are going to have more rather than less of this propaganda business. We are called upon to have opinions upon more subjects than the wisest of us can investigate. What chance have most of us to learn enough facts to justify the reaching of a reasonable judgment about naval rivalry, tariff, or even prohibition? Not much. We must look to experts, even though they are lobbyists, for help.

We can insist, however, that our propagandists wear their own clothes and use their own names so that we may recognize them.

If the present excitement at Washington results in a sort of pure-food law for lobbyists, compelling them to wear proper labels, great good will have been accomplished. Incidentally, we shall all be reassured as to the soundness of the opinions we cherish.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But the better plan is to start at once with a full-size tube from the drug store. For that lasts over a month, a much fairer test of Ipana's power to invigorate and tone your gums, while keeping your teeth clean, white and brilliant.